Sept. 14, 1987

THE NEW YORKER

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D. Ehrenberg

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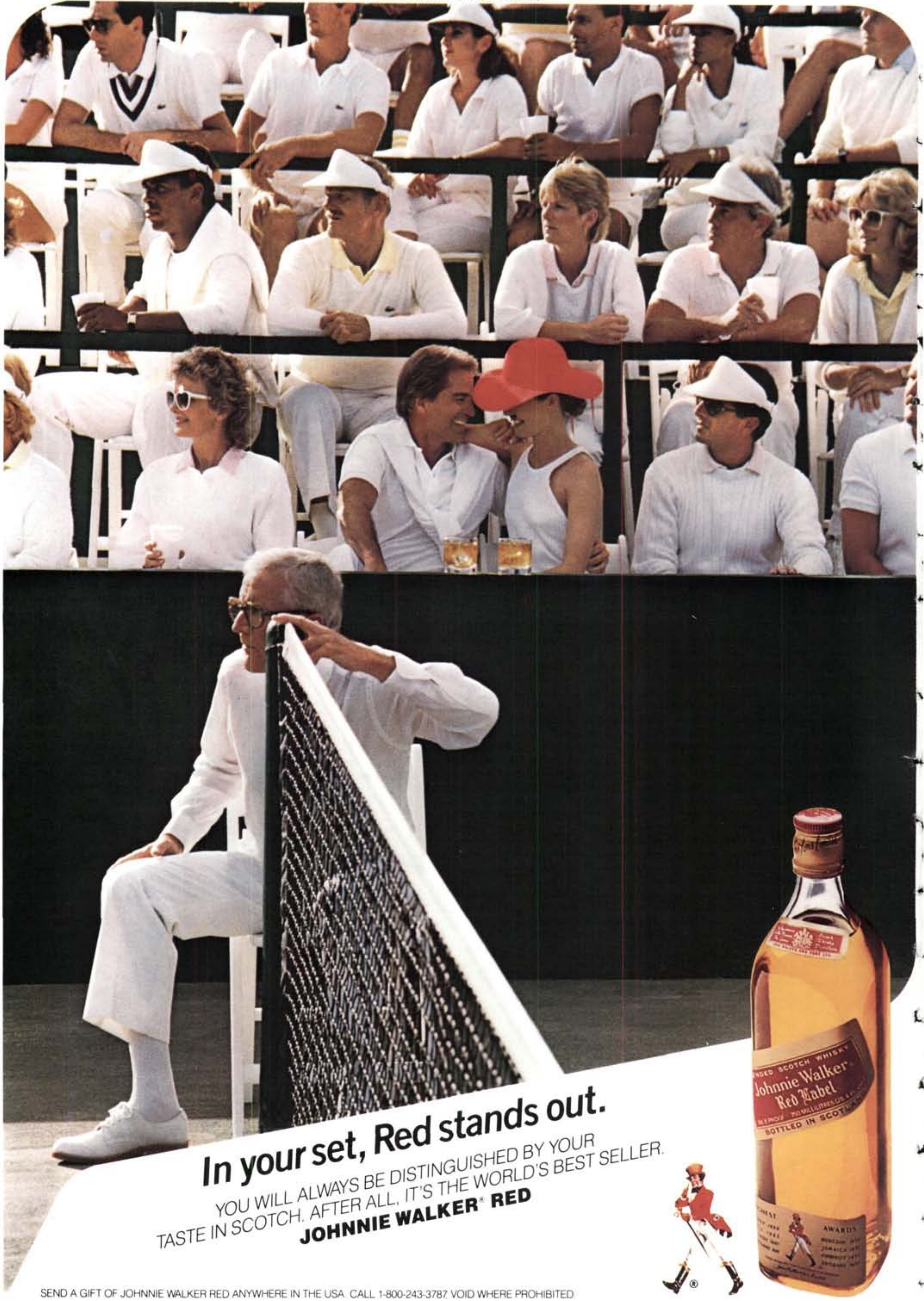
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Broadway Bound—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags. Gene Saks directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—A revival of Michael Bennett's 1981 musical. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger wrote the music. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells, in a series of brief scenes, of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is Ron Lagomarsino's direction. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Happy Days—An unsatisfactory production of Beckett's play. Caveat emptor. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting **GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY**, a musical loosely adapted by Raymond Allen, Jerry Gotham, and Todd Ellison from George M. Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones." (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Moms—A celebration of the great black comedienne Moms Mabley, as impersonated by Clarice Taylor. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

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Negro Ensemble Company—A revival of Trevor Rhone's 1985 farce **TWO CAN PLAY**, with Hazel Medina and Sullivan H. Walker. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2; Saturdays at 3; and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Psycho Beach Party—This romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch—and significantly funnier than Mr. Busch's earlier work—uses the conventions of drag comedy to lampoon the mores and assumptions of heterosexual behavior. The production—which stars Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem—is directed by Kenneth Elliott and includes a dance number that may single-handedly bring back the limbo. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sherlock's Last Case—A relentlessly jokey entry in the Baker Street files that is more tiresome than funny. Frank Langella is Holmes, Donal Donnelly is Watson. (8/31/87) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steel Magnolias—The setting of this first play by Robert Harling is a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and much of the content is the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. A rather pathetic story is told, as well. The performances are good, especially those of Betsy Aidem, Rosemary Prinz, and Kate Wilkinson. The impressive setting was designed by Edward T. Gianfrancesco; Pamela Berlin directed. (8/17/87) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Talk Radio—A strong and funny play by Eric Bogosian, with Larry Pine as the scornful

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ALDO FALLAI

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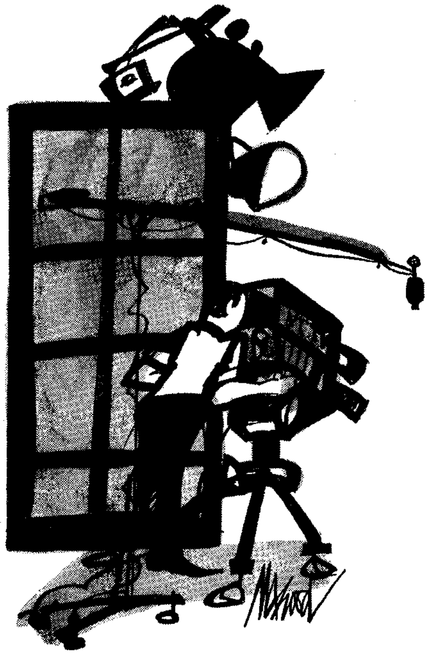
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 20.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **COASTAL DISTURBANCES:** Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Carole Rothman was the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,392 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Jack Klugman and Ossie Davis,. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

Lillo Way Dance Company—"Boundary: White" (première), "Quintet with Chairs and Cigarettes" (New York première), "I Am Rose and Other Songs," and "Remember When." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 10-12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)



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Trisha Brown Dance Company—A one-week engagement—Monday, Sept. 14, at 8 (a benefit performance); Wednesday, Sept. 16, and Friday, Sept. 18, at 8; and Sunday, Sept. 20, at 3: "Lateral Pass," "Opal Loop," "Newark" (American première), and excerpts from "Carmen" (American première). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 15, Thursday, Sept. 17, and Saturday, Sept. 19, all at 8: "Group Primary Accumulation," "Glacial Decoy," "Set and Reset," and excerpts from "Carmen." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Montgomery, Plant & Stritch, a zippy, polished vocal trio, sing and patter in the Oak Room starting Tuesday, Sept. 15. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. Drummer **MEL LEWIS'S** trio (threesomes are the rule here) will be aboard Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, and on the following weekend, Sept. 18-19, singer **LODI CARR'S** crew will be in charge. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. The early-evening shift (six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays) belongs to singer, pianist, and show-tune scholar **ARTHUR SIEGEL.** Singer-comedian Marilyn Sokol performs at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Carl Anderson sings at eleven Thursdays through Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. **ERNIE ANDREWS,** a singer who worked with Harry James' big band in the fifties and sixties and, more recently, with a West Coast aggregation led by Nat Pierce and Frank Capp, sings with bassist **RAY BROWN'S** trio through Sunday, Sept. 13; pianist **KENNY BARRON'S** combo performs on Monday, Sept. 14; and **PHYLLIS HYMAN** starts singing on Tuesday, Sept. 15. Music after nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, New Agers, and followers of **UNCLE BONSAI,** a Seattle-based folk trio (sopranos Arni Adler and Ashley Kristen and tenor and guitarist Andrew Ratshin), which does a funny, gibing song called "Boys Want Sex in the Morning," a funnier song called "Don't Put It in Your Mouth" (a list of things mothers like to say), and less funny numbers about cheerleaders and other battered symbols of American empty-headedness. Uncle Bonsai performs on Saturday, Sept. 19. The rest of the lineup: Friday, Sept. 11, **TAJ MAHAL;** Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 12-13, British jazz-rock guitarist Allan Holdsworth; Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 14-15, the **LOUNGE LIZARDS;** and Friday, Sept. 18, "The Third Annual La Bamba & the Hubcaps Big Band Event." Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where first-rate pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **RONNIE MATHEWS** works with **SANTI DEBRIANO** through Saturday, Sept 12, and with **RAY DRUMMOND** on Sunday, Sept. 13; **BOB DOROUGH,** a bop-rooted pianist and twangy-voiced, country-hip singer, arrives with his faithful sidekick, bassist **BILL TAKAS,** on Monday, Sept. 14. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **OLU DARA,** a Mississippi native who plays punchy, sweet-toned riverboat cornet and sings raffish blues, leads his quintet through Sunday, Sept. 13. Singer-pianist **FREDDY COLE.** Nat's younger brother, takes over on Tuesday, Sept. 15. Mondays are in the swell hands of seven-string guitarists **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Frank Owens presides at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar through Friday, Sept. 11. Singer-pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** will be back in the saddle again on Tuesday, Sept. 15. Music from nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* **TOOTS THIELEMANS,** the Belgian guitarist, harmonica whiz, and whistler, guides his quartet through Sunday, Sept. 13; pianist Marc Cohen's trio will be on hand Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 15-17. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music nightly from eight, except Mondays, when sets begin at nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** will be on duty through Saturday, Sept. 12; **HAL SCHAEFER** takes charge on Tuesday, Sept. 15. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays

Karl Lagerfeld

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, pleasant, quirkily constructed corner bar from which the human pageant (upper-middle East Side wing) is visible. Singer Stan Edwards' trio holds forth through Monday, Sept. 14. Tuesdays are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, pianist **WARREN CHIASSON**, and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING.** Music from ten.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **JOANNE BRACKEEN**, a brilliant, million-noted romantic of a pianist, works with bassist **CECIL MC BEE** through Saturday, Sept. 12; **ROGER KELLAWAY**, a dashing, wide-ranging pianist, swings into action with bassist **SANTI DEBRIANO** on Tuesday, Sept. 15. Harry Connick, Jr., flies all by himself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, advanced rock, Breathe Easy medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. Wednesday, Sept. 9, at eleven, alto saxophonist **TIM BERNE**, cellist Hank Roberts, and bassist Mark Dresser; Thursday, Sept. 10, at eleven, multi-instrumentalist **ELLIOTT SHARP** and percussionist Takashi Kazamaki; Friday, Sept. 11, **HUGO LARGO**, a percussion-less rock quartet that likes molasses tempos and dense, inscrutable lyrics; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 12-13, cornettist **BUTCH MORRIS** and others; Monday, Sept. 14, alto saxophonist **JAMEEL MOONDOC'S** quartet; Tuesday, Sept. 15, Whooping Cranes and King Missile; and Wednesday, Sept. 16, guitarist **BILL FRISELL** at nine and guitarist **VERNON REID** at eleven. Music after nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 9-10, **JORMA KAUKONEN** and **RICK DANKO**, plus Peter Kaukonen; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, **LEVON HELM'S** band, with E Street drummer Max Weinberg; Sunday, Sept. 13, loose-limbed lounge singer and ethnomusicologist **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Tuesday, Sept. 15, Deidre McCalla & the Harp Band; and Wednesday, Sept. 16, blues and folk people **JOHN HAMMOND**, **ERIC ANDERSEN**, Josh White, Jr., and Cliff Eberhardt. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub, Englished up with pictures of lions and monarchs and with mirrors that double as advertisements for vintage whiskeys. The fourteen-piece Great American Swing Band, conducted by clarinettist Walt Levinsky, is playing "King Porter Stomp," "Down South Camp Meeting," and other Benny Goodman numbers through Saturday, Sept. 12. **MEL TORMÉ** sings a salute to Fred Astaire and Buddy Rich starting Tuesday, Sept. 15. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen usually sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A lively uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. **MICHEL CAMILO**, a driving Latin-jazz pianist, works out with his band Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 17-19. Music from around ten. Dining.

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Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. Pre-cotillion activities include watching videos, milling around, and showing the bartender the plastic wristband you have to wear if you want to drink. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 10-11, the **RAMONES**; Saturday, Sept. 12, Urban Bight; Thursday, Sept. 17, the **RADIATORS**; and Saturday, Sept. 19, the Hoodoo Gurus. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Hip-swivelling music from Brazil and elsewhere. Jugs and drums are suspended from the rafters, and a dioramic slice of jungle life is affixed to the wall above the bandstand. The Nigerian juju master **KING SUNNY ADÉ** will be here with his big band Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 16-17. Mr. Adé's juju is gentle, cheerful, rhythmically exciting music; it's made for dancing—marathon dancing, apparently, since Mr. Adé gives non-stop eight-hour concerts in Nigeria—and it can sometimes do what Art Blakey says music ought to do: "wash away the dust of everyday life." The rest of the schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 9, the soul-calypso singer King David Rudder, with Charlie's Roots Orchestra; Thursday, Sept. 10, Byron Lee & the Dragonaires; Friday, Sept. 11, **TABOU COMBO**; Saturday, Sept. 12, **MIKATA**; Tuesday, Sept. 15, **BURNING SPEAR** (the nom de reggae of Winston Rodney); and Friday, Sept. 18, the Chilean folk-rock band Los Jaivas. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **PHIL WOODS**, a hard-blowing alto saxophonist underneath his jaunty little leather cap, directs his quintet through Sunday, Sept. 13. **MC COY TYNER**, whose dense, thundering, rhythmically insistent piano style works like an incantation on some people, arrives with his trio on Tuesday, Sept. 15. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Sweetwaters, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—What would a night club be without smoke, mirrors, and a white piano? It wouldn't be this sleek soul and jazz room. Sarah Dash, an original member of Patti LaBelle's long-running soul trio, sings here through Saturday, Sept. 12, and on Tuesday, Sept. 15, singer-songwriter **OSCAR BROWN, JR.**, begins a five-night stint. Music after nine. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. **VALERIE WELLINGTON**, a young, conservatory-trained blues singer from Chicago whose voice is as big as a house (and is most satisfying when she lets you hear it unamplified), will be here with her band on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12. **PINETOP PERKINS**, the Mississippi-born piano thumper who spent a dozen years with Muddy Waters, brings in his crew on Friday, Sept. 18. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Adept salsa bands perform in the refectory-like downstairs room on Mondays after nine-thirty. On Sept. 14, tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** will take a solo or two with ensembles led by **HECTOR LAVOE** and Eddie Santiago. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, **KENNY BARRON** and **LARRY RIDLEY** play piano-bass duets every night but Monday. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** Bach-to-blues trio is also present. Music from around ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserves landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that has a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. Tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** and guitarist **MUNDELL LOWE** co-pilot a quartet through Sunday, Sept. 13, and on Tuesday, Sept. 15, former Jazz Messengers **BOBBY WATSON** (alto saxophone) and **CURTIS LUNDY** (bass) move in with their quintet. The **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** works out on Mondays. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. **DAKOTA STATON** sings here through Sunday, Sept. 13; **LITTLE JIMMY SCOTT**, the fervent, high-voiced ballad singer who worked with Lionel Hampton's band in the late forties and early fifties, comes in for four nights starting Thursday, Sept. 17. Music from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Osso buco and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a back room reserved for trenchermen and a front-room bar. **TAL FARLOW**, a wonderful guitarist whether he's playing at lickety-split bebop speed or at a more relaxed gait, and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** wind up their visit on Saturday, Sept. 12. Pianist **JANE JARVIS** and bassist **MILT HINTON** go to work on Monday, Sept. 14. Sundays are once again reserved for guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music weeknights from eight, and Sundays from seven.

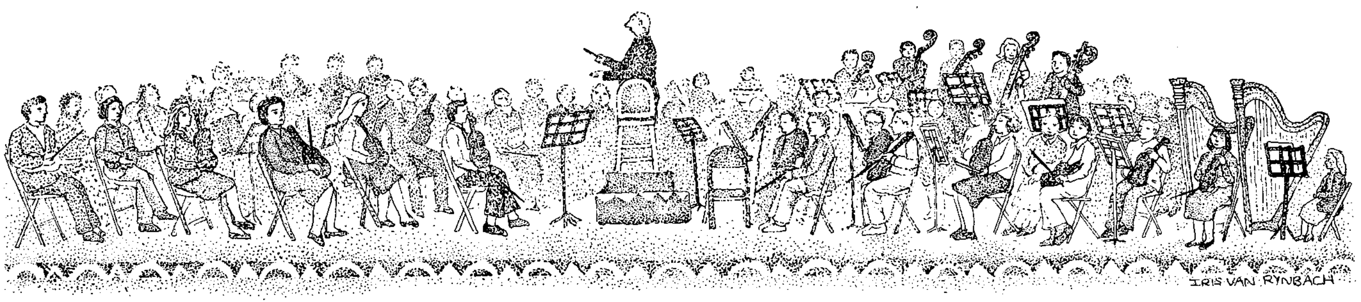
JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

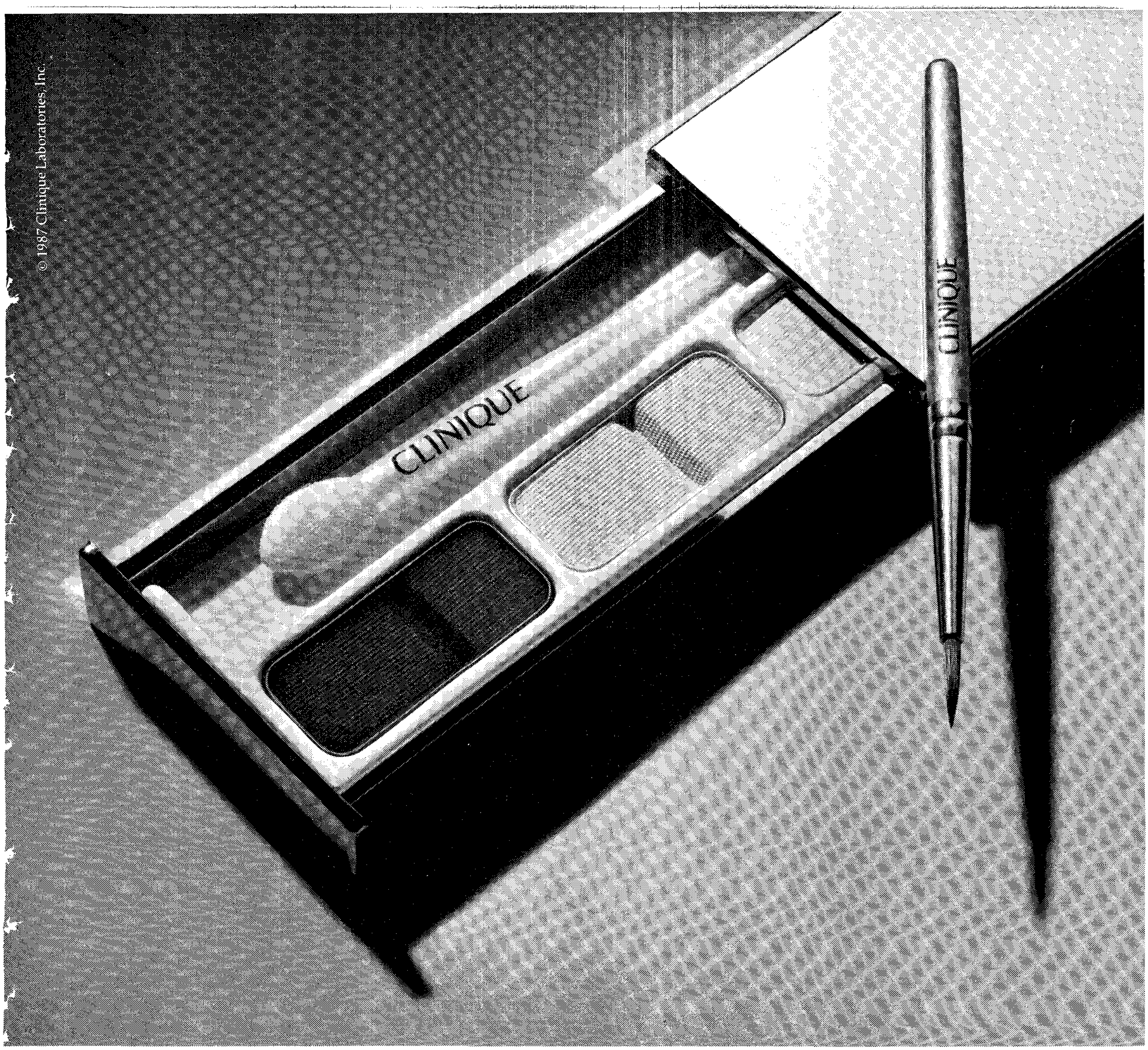
Whitney Houston—With Kenny G. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Wednesday, Sept. 9, at 8.)

Frank Sinatra—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 10-12, and Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 15-19, at 8.

Tribute to Cannonball Adderley—With the Nat Adderley quintet and the Blackman Brothers. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, Sept. 12, at 8.)

Absolute Music Group—Performing works by





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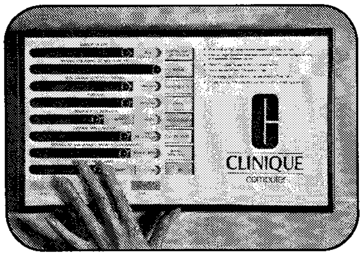

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Scott Johnson, Lenny Pickett, A. Leroy, and others. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 14-16, at 8.)

Grateful Dead—Madison Square Garden. Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 15-16, and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 18-20, at 7:30.

Crowded House—With Paul Kelly & the Messengers. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 8.)

Larry Carlton and the Yellowjackets—Beacon Theatre. Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8.

Gershwin Songs—With Arthur Siegel and Judy Niemack. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Friday, Sept. 18, at 8.)

Frankie Valli & the Four Seasons and the Four Tops—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, at 8.

Jay Hoggard Quartet—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the evenings of the concerts.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Richard Erdman—New marble and stone sculptures. Through Oct. 2. (Weintraub, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Vladimir Zakrzewski—Paintings and drawings that combine geometry and Expressionism. Through Oct. 10. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Max Cole / Junko Yoda—Canvases with horizontal stripes that, on close inspection, reveal within them fine freehand vertical lines. / Painted paper wall constructions with allover textures and patterns. Through Saturday, Sept. 19. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Friedel Dzubas / Michael Steiner—Large-scale abstract monotypes. Through Oct. 10. / Angular steel sculptures painted black. Starts Thursday, Sept. 10. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alexandre Hogue / Janet Monafo—Recent works on paper and paintings of the Southwest. / Pastels of still-life subjects. Through Sept. 26. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Doris Lee (1905-83) / **Ben Shahn** (1898-1969)—Genre paintings. Through Sept. 30. / Eight pochoir prints based on his series of paintings called "The Dreyfus Affair." Through Sept. 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Isabel McIlvain—Cast-bronze figures and wall reliefs. Through Sept. 30. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Avner Moriah / Bruce Cohen—Contemporary Israel is the subject of these new paintings. / Paintings of interiors with still-lifes. Through Oct. 3. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joe Shannon—Paintings. Through Oct. 3. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

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William Tucker—New bronzes. Through Oct. 3. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: New sculptures by Joel Fisher, Mel Kendrick, and Robert Lobe. Through Oct. 3. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Forty or so pastel drawings in a show comparing works by contemporary artists using the medium (Janet Fish, Warren Brandt, Wolf Kahn) with works by some of their well-known predecessors (Picasso, Degas, Milton Avery). Through Oct. 2. . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Work from the early seventies by American artists, among them Richard Tuttle, Tina Girouard, William Wegman, and Dennis Oppenheim. Through Sept. 26. (Open Mondays.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Bill Jensen, Alan Cote, Ronald Bladen, Norman Bluhm, and Ilya Bolotowsky are each represented by a large- and a small-scale work. Through Sept. 26. (Closed Saturday, Sept. 12.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Dina Gustin Baker—Recent abstract paintings. Through Oct. 3. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Ken Greenleaf—Abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through Oct. 3. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Jay Milder—Paintings from his 1966 series "Messiah on the IND and Other Biblical Tales." Through Oct. 17. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

Peter Plagens—New abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Oct. 7. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Pam Steele—Mixed-metal wall constructions that have been treated with acid to create various patinas. Through Sept. 26. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

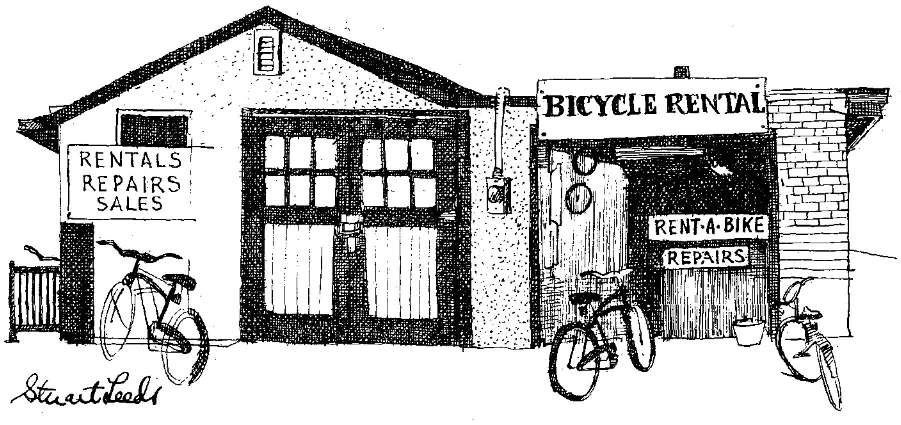
Group Shows—At the **COWLES**, 420 West Broadway: Ceramic sculptures by Betty Woodman, Andrew Lord, Ron Nagle, Ken Price, and Peter Voulkos, and a group of abstract versions of Japanese teapots by Jeff Perrone. Through Oct. 3. . . . **M-13**, 72 Greene St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs in a show titled "Lust." Robert Beauchamp, Nancy Grossman, Lucas Samaras, and Robert Mapplethorpe are among the twenty-one artists represented. Through Sept. 26.

OTHER GALLERIES

Luis Frangella—New paintings. Through Sept. 27. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Peter Campus—In the front room of the Paula Cooper Gallery are four photographic projections of isolated stones, and in the back room are black-and-white photographs of stones in their natural habitats. Through Oct. 3. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)



Henri Cartier-Bresson—The Museum of Modern Art will mount a show of his early prints. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

David Graham—Color prints of American people and landscapes, including a souvenir vender, a mobile-home park, and a young boy standing in a yard next to a life-size statue of Jesus. Through Saturday, Sept. 19. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

David Robbins—New work. Through Sept. 27. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Cindy Sherman—The Whitney Museum has a ten-year survey of her photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Edward Weston (1889-1958)—Approximately a hundred and twenty prints will be at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A retrospective show of works by American photographer Edward Weston which also includes personal letters, memorabilia, and portraits of the artist. Starts Friday, Sept. 11. . . . ¶ The rooftop sculpture garden (all twentieth-century works) is open through Nov. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Photographs from the early thirties by Henri Cartier-Bresson, whose work at that time pioneered the use of 35-mm. film for still photography. Starts Thursday, Sept. 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

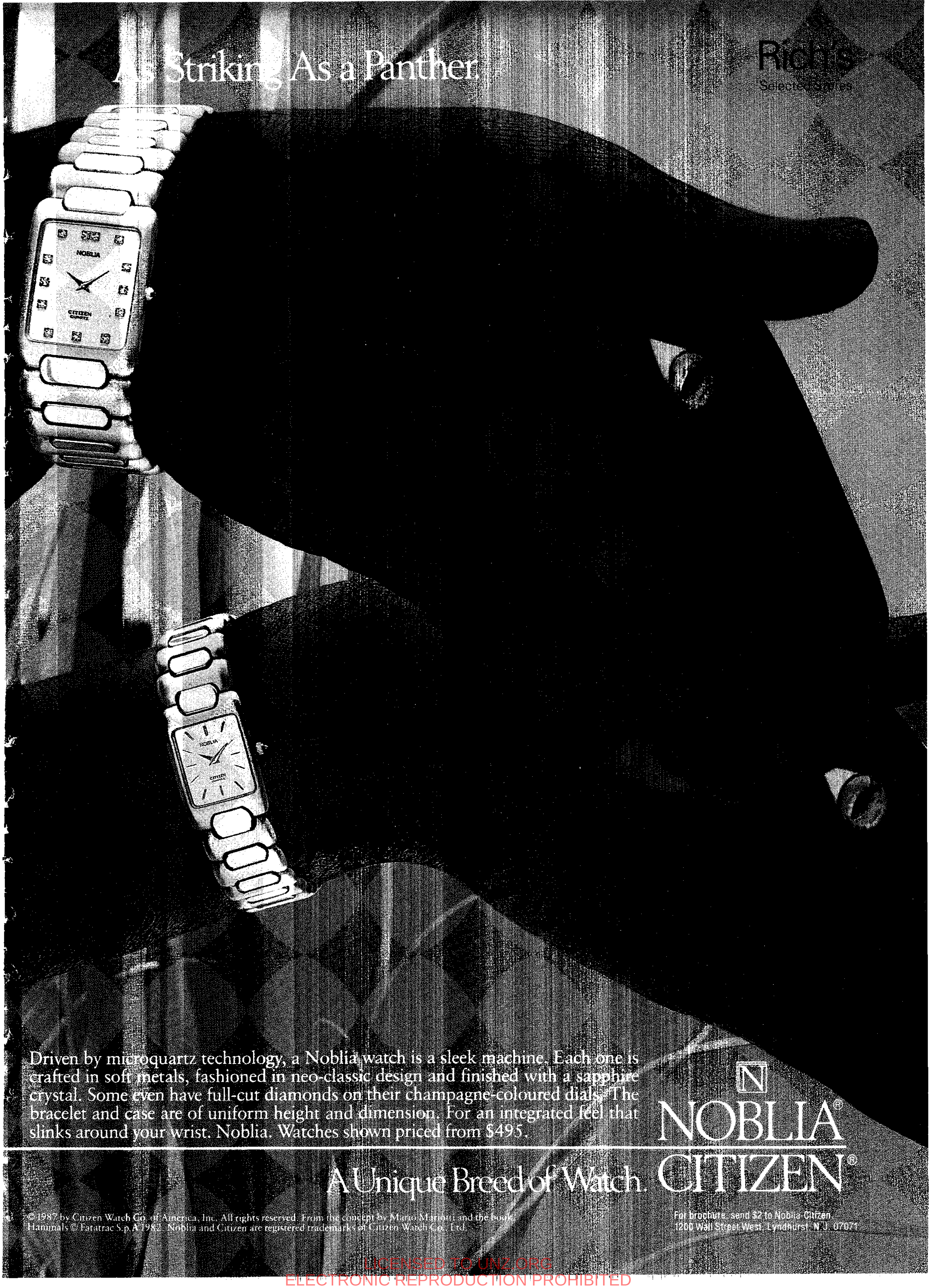
Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of works by Jan Dibbets, a Dutch contemporary known for his abstract compositions combining photographs and drawing. Starts Friday, Sept. 11. . . . ¶ A show of paintings, photographs, installations, and sculptures which highlights the museum's past nine annual exhibits of works by emerging artists. Barbara Kruger, Rex Lau, Nic Nicosia, and Enzo Cucchi are among the fifty-one artists represented. Through Oct. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large-scale exhibition of high-spirited sculptural tableaux by Red Grooms, including "City of Chicago," "Ruckus Manhattan," and "Ruckus Rodeo." Also, paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ A show of Cindy Sherman's photographs dating from 1977 to the present. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A display of Shirley Burden's photographs of Ellis Island in the fifties. Through Monday, Sept. 14. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **NOTE:** A jazz concert will be given by the Saheb Sarbib Unit in the museum's sculpture garden on Sunday, Sept. 13, at 3.

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A two-part exhibit of ceramics, with pieces by winners of the twenty-seventh national ceramics competition and by artists who influenced them, such as Mary Frank, Peter Voulkos, and Robert Arneson. Through Oct. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of decorative arts centering on the Parisian entrepreneur and Art Nouveau booster Siegfried Bing (1838-1905). The objects on display—painted porcelains by Edouard Vuillard, wall coverings by William Morris, prints by Edvard Munch—were among those seen in Bing's shop and workshop at 22 Rue de Provence. Through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ An exhibit of drawings done by the



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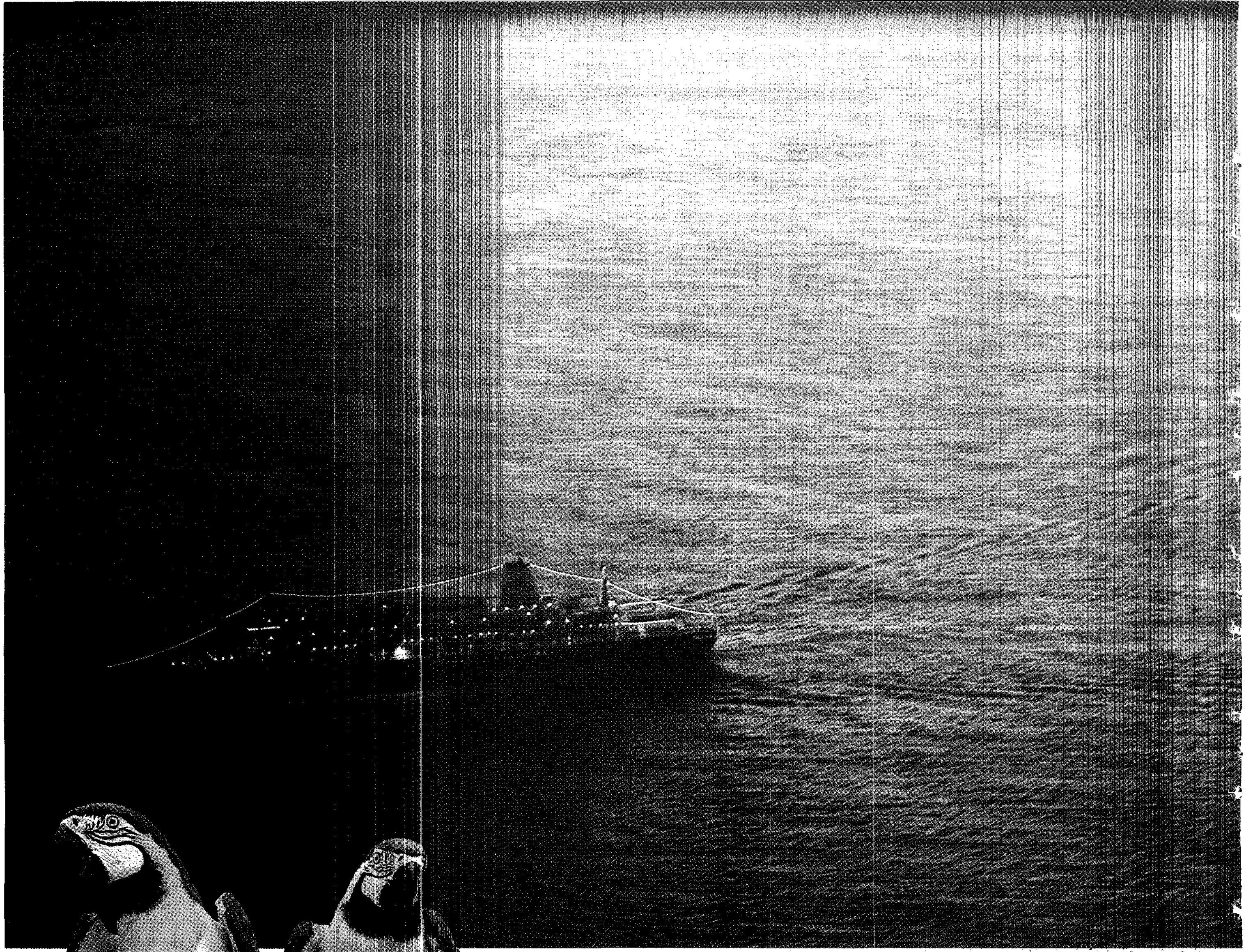

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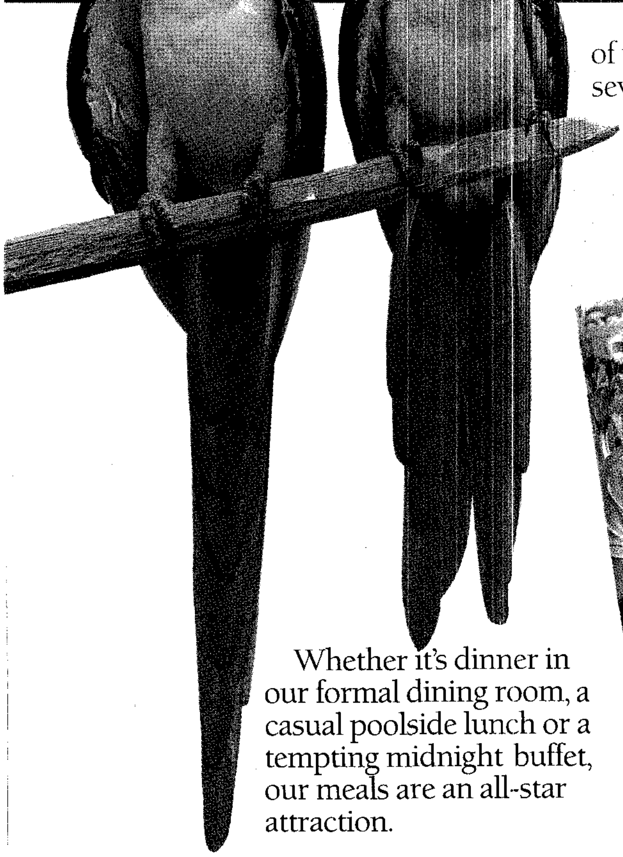

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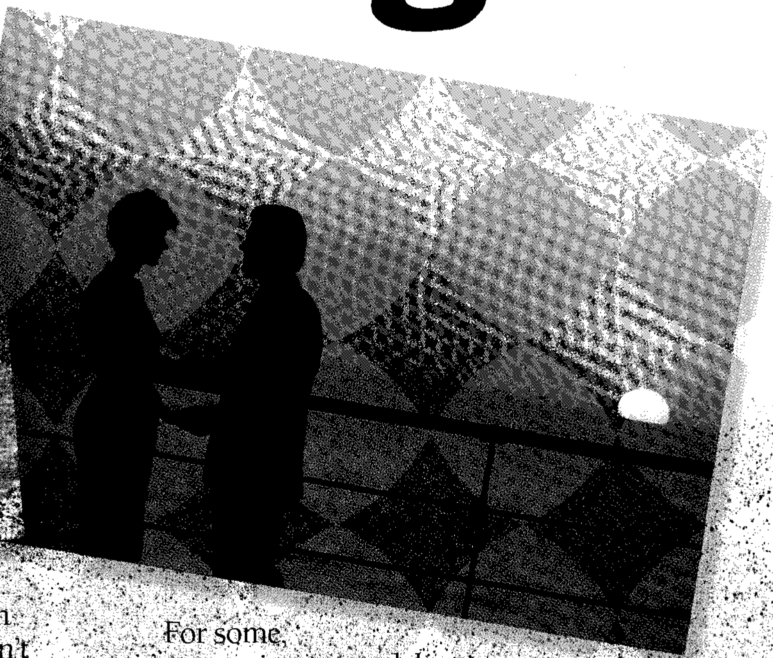

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eighteenth-century Scottish architect Robert Adam for Kedleston Hall, a Neo-Palladian mansion in Derbyshire. Through Sept. 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of eighteenth-century drawings of Florence and other areas of Tuscany by Giuseppe Zocchi. Through Sept. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A large show of drawings by the conceptual sculptor Bruce Nauman which were executed in the past twenty years. Starts Friday, Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Joel Reynolds and Maurya Wickstrom (performance), Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—John Jesurun's theatre-video production "Shatterhand Massacree–Riderless Horse," Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 9-13, and Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 16-18, at 8:30; and Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8:30 and 10:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Carmelita Tropicana's multi-media production "Memories of the Revolution," Fridays at 10 and Saturdays and Sundays at 8. Through Oct. 4.

Note—The Duck's Breath Mystery Theatre will present "Table for One," a musical cabaret, at the Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St., opening Wednesday, Sept. 16, and running through Sunday, Sept. 27. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; daytime performances Sundays at 3. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 9, at 8: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Maria Spacagna, Jon Fredric West, and Mark S. Doss; conducted by Elio Boncompagni. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 10, at 8: "La Rondine," with Leigh Munro, Claudette Peterson, Jon Garrison, and Stanley Wexler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 11, at 8: "Tosca," with Linda Roark-Strummer, John Absalom, and Julian Patrick; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 12, at 2: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elizabeth Hynes, Gianna Rolandi, Cynthia Rose, Kurt Link, and Timothy Nolen; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 12, at 8: "La Traviata," with Marilyn Mims, Mark Beudert, and Frederick Burchinal; Michael Morgan. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 13, at 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Elizabeth Holleque, Cynthia Rose, Robert Grayson, and Rodger Hugh Wangerin; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 13, at 7: "La Bohème," with Frances Ginsberg, Sheryl Woods, Richard Leech, and Kenneth Shaw; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 15, at 8: "Tosca," with Linda Roark-Strummer, John Absalom, and Julian Patrick; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Edith Davis, Gail Dobish, Jane Bunnell, Stanley Wexler, and William Parcher; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 18, at 8: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Maria Spacagna, Jon Fredric West, and Mark S. Doss; Elio Boncompagni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 19, at 2: "La Rondine," with Leigh Munro, Claudette Peterson, Jon Garrison, and Stanley Wexler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8: "La Traviata," with Gianna Rolandi, Mark Beudert, and Frederick Burchinal; Michael Morgan. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

New York Philharmonic—Colin Davis conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Friday, May 27. Tuesday, Sept. 15, at 8: A nonsubscription concert for the benefit of the Philharmonic, with Murray Perahia, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8; Friday, Sept. 18, at 2; and Saturday, Sept. 19, and Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 8: Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," with Anne Sofie Von Otter, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Moser, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass; Terry Cook, bass-baritone; and the New York Choral Artists. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

New York Chamber Ensemble—Playing chamber transcriptions of modern European orchestral pieces which were made by Arnold Schoenberg and his students. With Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Sept. 12, at 8.)

Karl Weigl Concerts—The second of two evenings commemorating this composer. With the New World String Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, Sept. 12, at 9.)

Walter Hautzig and Maria Powell—Piano and soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Sunday, Sept. 13, at 8.)

Kurt Weill Festival—The first of five concerts, whose programs will include cabaret songs, lieder, chamber music, and choral works. Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8: The American premières of "Bastille Music," an instrumental suite, and "Marie Galante," a musical drama, here in concert version; also, other works. With Faith Esham, soprano; William Parker, baritone; William Huckaby, piano; and the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. Directed by David Atherton. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719.)

Bach at the Cathedral—The first in a series of five concerts, this one with Lucy Shelton, soprano; Humbert Lucarelli, oboe; Caroline Stoessinger, piano; and Yuval Waldman, conducting and playing the violin. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Sept. 19, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Sept. 9, at 7:35. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Friday, Sept. 11, at 7:35; Saturday, Sept. 12, at 2:20; and Sunday, Sept. 13, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 14-15, at 7:35. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 14-16, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Toronto, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 17-18, at 7:30, and Saturday, Sept. 19, at 1:30.

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Oct. 19. The Maskette, Saturday, Sept. 12, and the Flower Bowl Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 19. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Dec. 19. The Pegasus Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 19.

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 9-10, at 11 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, at 11; and Sunday, Sept. 13, at noon. For information about tickets, call 1-718 271-5100.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway:** Nightly at 7:30; through Wednesday, Oct. 14. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:45; through Saturday, Nov. 21.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **henry iv, part i.** With Donald Moffat, Tony Soper, and Michael Zaslow; directed by Joseph Papp. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Through Sunday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

Central Park Bandshell—Friday, Sept. 11, at 8: Butch Morris and Travis Preston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 12, at 3: Seven pieces, written by Mark Helias, Lenny Pickett, A. Leroy, and others, for a stationary marching band. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 13, at 3: Glen Velez. (For rain-date information, call 860-1335.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 12-13, from noon until sundown.

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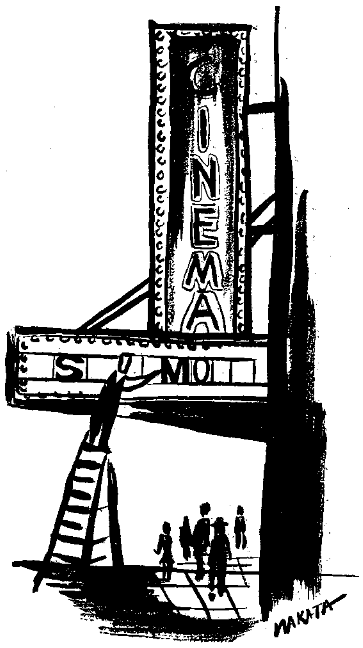

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Sept. 10: (Separate admissions) "Rio 100°" (1955; directed by Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Buffet Froid" (1980; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Jean Carmet, Bernard Blier, and Geneviève Page.
From Sept. 11: (Separate admissions) "Sera Posible el Sur" (1985; Stefan Paul; an Argentine film, in Spanish); and "Buffet Froid."

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Rosary Murders" (Fred Walton), with Donald Sutherland and Charles Durning.
Theatre 3: "The Lost Boys" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"No Way Out" (1987 †).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Stakeout" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "RoboCop" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.
Theatre 3: "Hamburger Hill" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Big Easy" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 10: "Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.
From Sept. 11: "Deadline" (Nathaniel Gutman), with Christopher Walken.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Maid to Order" (Amy Jones), with Ally Sheedy.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Hamburger Hill" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"La Bamba" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Big Easy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 10: "Can't Buy Me Love" (Steve Rash). From Sept. 11: "A Prayer for the Dying" (Mike Hodges), with Mickey Rourke, Bob Hoskins, and Alan Bates.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Wish You Were Here" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Fourth Protocol" (John Mackenzie), with Michael Caine and Pierce Brosnan.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Whistle Blower" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Matewan" (John Sayles), with Chris Cooper and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 2: "Family Business" (Costa-Gavras; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Johnny Hallyday.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 2: "Nadine" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Stakeout" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.
Theatre 2: "The Rosary Murders" (Fred Walton), with Donald Sutherland and Charles Durning.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Sept. 10: "The Whistle Blower" (†).
From Sept. 11: "I've Heard the Mermaids Singing" (Patricia Rozema).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"No Way Out" (1987 †).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 10: "Maid to Order" (Amy Jones), with Ally Sheedy.
From Sept. 11: "Deadline" (Nathaniel Gutman), with Christopher Walken.

86th Street Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "La Bamba" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Big Easy" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "House II: The Second Story" (Ethan Wiley).
Theatre 2: "Hamburger Hill" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 10: "Penitentiary 3." From Sept. 11: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Dirty Dancing" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 15: "Flames in the Ashes" (1985; directed by Haim Guri and Jacquot Erlich; mostly in Yiddish and Hebrew). From Sept. 16: "Gap-Toothed Women" (Les Blank), a short documentary; and "Miss . . . or Myth?" (1986; Geoffrey Dunn and Mark Schwartz), a documentary.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "The Wolf at the Door" (Henning Carlsen), with Donald Sutherland.
Theatre 2: "Through Sept. 10: A two-week festival of jazz films. From Sept. 11: "Eat the Peach" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Big Easy" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Fourth Protocol" (John Mackenzie), with Michael Caine and Pierce Brosnan.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 15: "Blood Diner."
From Sept. 16: "Street Trash."

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "La Bamba" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 10: "Can't Buy Me Love" (Steve Rash). From Sept. 11: "A Prayer for the Dying" (Mike Hodges), with Mickey Rourke, Bob Hoskins, and Alan Bates.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Whistle Blower (†).
Theatre 3: "Withnail and I" (†).
Theatre 4: "Wish You Were Here" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Maid to Order" (Amy Jones), with Ally Sheedy.
Theatre 2: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 3: "Stakeout" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"No Way Out" (1987 †).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Fourth Protocol" (John Mackenzie), with Michael Caine and Pierce Brosnan.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Dirty Dancing" (†).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Sept. 10: "Born in East L.A." (Cheech Marin), with Marin.
From Sept. 11: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Through Sept. 10: "Withnail and I" (†).
From Sept. 11: "A Prayer for the Dying" (Mike Hodges), with Mickey Rourke, Bob Hoskins, and Alan Bates.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"My Life as a Dog" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Sept. 17: "Jean de Florette" (†).
From Sept. 18: "Maurice" (James Ivory), with James Wilby.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Wolf at the Door" (Henning Carlsen), with Donald Sutherland.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"No Way Out" (1987 †).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Living on Tokyo Time" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Wish You Were Here" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 10: "Backlash" (Bill Bennett). Sept. 11-17: "Coming Up Roses" (Stephen Bayly; in Welsh). From Sept. 18: "The Mozart Brothers" (Suzanne Osten; in Swedish).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Stakeout" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "Can't Buy Me Love" (Steve Rash). From Sept. 18: "Hey Babu Riba" (Jovan Acin; in Serbo-Croatian).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.
Theatre 2: "Hamburger Hill" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 4: "RoboCop" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Rosary Murders" (Fred Walton), with Donald Sutherland and Charles Durning.
Theatre 6: "The Lost Boys" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "The Big Easy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stakeout" (†).

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
"The Whistle Blower" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Living Daylights" (directed by John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.
Theatre 2: "The Lost Boys" (†).
Theatre 3: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).
Theatre 4: "Disorderlies" (Michael Schultz).
Theatre 5: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Monster Squad" (Fred Dekker).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Big Easy" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Stakeout" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 17: "The Rosary

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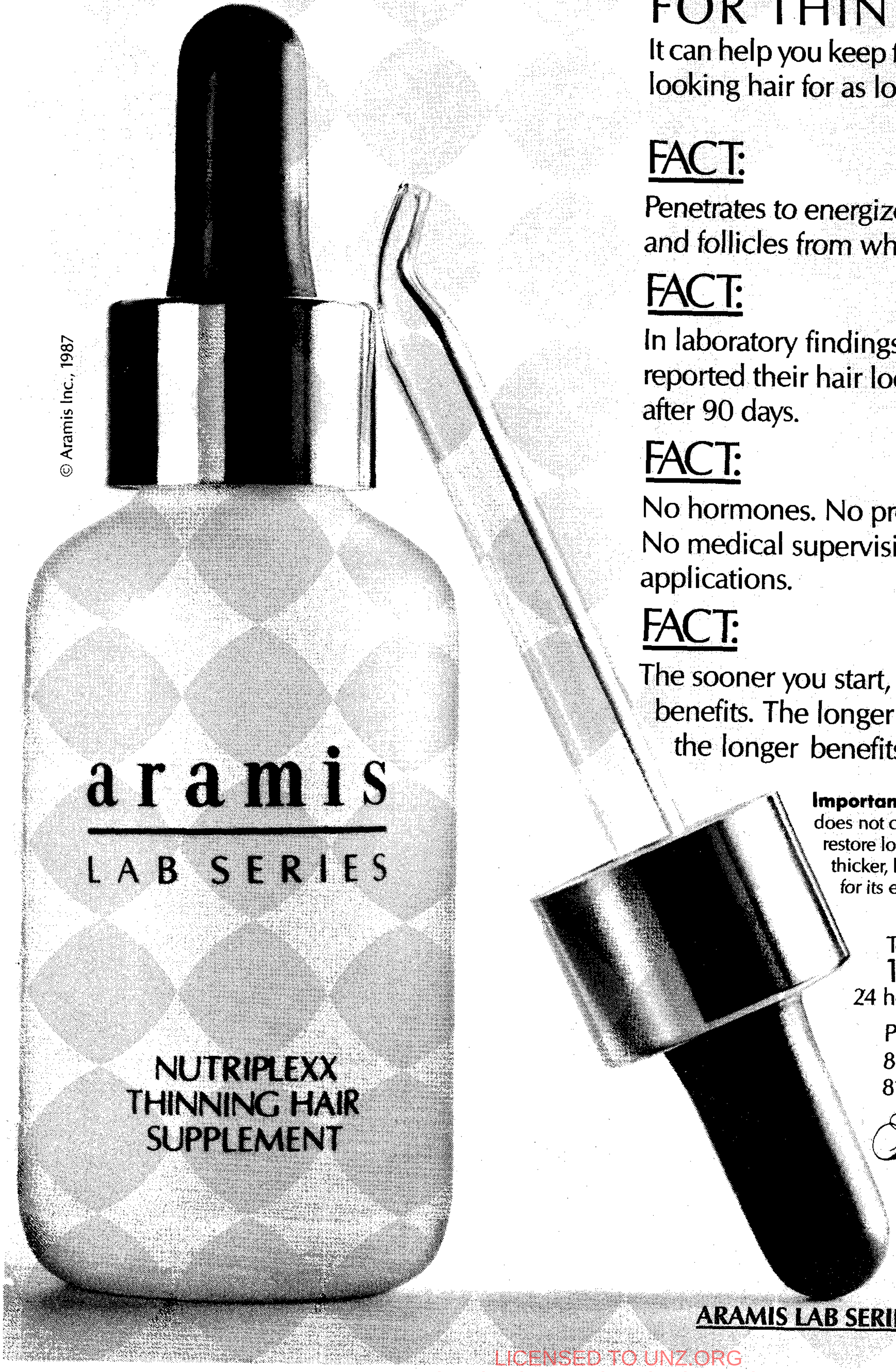

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Murders" (Fred Walton), with Donald Sutherland and Charles Durning. From Sept. 18: "No Way Out" (†).
Theatre 4: "La Bamba" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Hamburger Hill (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Penitentiary 3."

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 2: "RoboCop" (†).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"House II: The Second Story" (Ethan Wiley).

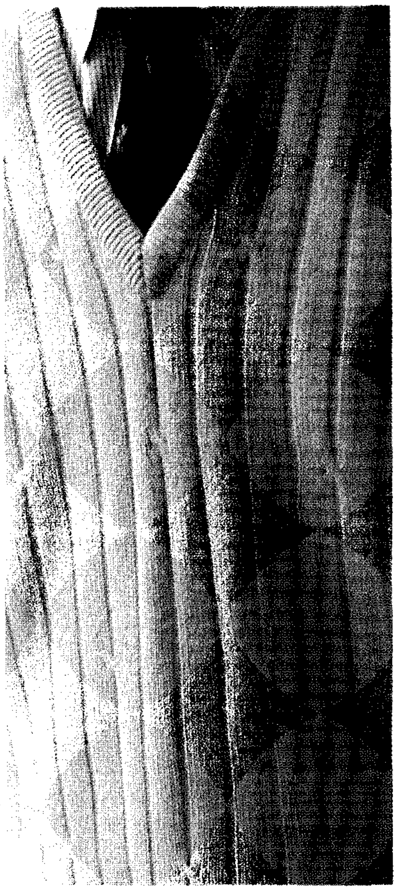
REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 10: "Dance Hall Racket" (1956), with Lenny Bruce; and "Lenny Bruce Without Tears" (1972), a documentary.
Sept. 11: Parts 1 and 2 of "Our Hitler" (1980; directed by Hans-Jürgen Syberberg; in German).
Sept. 12: Parts 3 and 4 of "Our Hitler."
Sept. 13: "The Tin Drum" (†); and "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey.
Sept. 14-15: "Gallipoli" (†); and "Witness" (1985; Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford, Kelly McGillis, Lukas Haas, and Josef Sommer.
Sept. 16-17: "Five Easy Pieces" (†) and "The Last Detail" (†).
Sept. 18-19: "Aliens" (1986; James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver; and "The Terminator" (1984; James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Sept. 9: "It! The Terror from Beyond Space" (1958; Edward L. Cahn); and "Lifeforce" (1985; Tobe Hooper), with Steve Railsback.
Sept. 10: "The Time Machine" (1960; George Pal), with Rod Taylor, Alan Young, Yvette Mimieux, and Sebastian Cabot; and "Conquest of Space" (1955; Byron Haskin), with Walter Brooke and Eric Fleming.
Sept. 11-12: "War of the Worlds" (1953; Byron Haskin), with Gene Barry; and "When Worlds Collide" (1951; Rudolph Maté), with Richard Derr and Barbara Rush.
Sept. 13-14: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (†).
Sept. 15: "These Are the Damned" (†); and "Five" (1951; Arch Oboler), with William Phipps.
Sept. 16: "Devil Girl from Mars" (1956; David MacDonald), with Hazel Court and Hugh McDermott; and "Stranger from Venus" (1954; Burt Balaban), with Helmut Dantine.
Sept. 17: "Le Dernier Combat" (1984; Luc Besson; a French film, without dialogue); and a program of short science-fiction films.
From Sept. 18: "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright; and "Aliens" (1986; James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Sept. 9: "L'Atalante" (1934; Jean Vigo; in French), with Michel Simon; and "Zero for Conduct" (1933; Jean Vigo; in French).
Sept. 10: "The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living and Became Mixed-Up Zombies" (1962; Ray Dennis Steckler); and "Rat Pfink Boo Boo" (1966; Ray Dennis Steckler).
Sept. 11-12: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Miracle in Milan" (1951; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica.
Sept. 13: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (†); "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish); and "Un Chien Andalou" (1928; Luis Buñuel), a short silent film.
Sept. 14: "Calcutta" (†) and "Elevator to the Gallows" (†).
Sept. 15: "The Naked Kiss" (1965; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers; and "Shock Corridor" (1963; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers, Peter Breck, and James Best.
Sept. 16: "The Go-Between" (†) and "Georgy Girl" (†).
Sept. 17: "The Lady from Shanghai" (†) and "Gilda" (†).
Sept. 18-19: "The Heartbreak Kid" (†) and "A New Leaf" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Sept. 9: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962; Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn; and "Summer and Smoke" (1961; Peter Glenville), with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel.
Sept. 10: "Le Jour se Lève" ("Daybreak;" 1939; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean Gabin, Jules Berry, and Arletty; and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (1937; Marcel Carné; in French), with Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay, Jean-Louis Barrault, Michel Simon, and Jean-Pierre Aumont.
Sept. 11-12: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.
Sept. 13: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
Sept. 14: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (1946; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.
Sept. 15: "The Horn Blows at Midnight" (1945; Raoul Walsh), with Jack Benny, Alexis Smith, and Margaret Dumont; and "The Meanest Man in the World" (1943; Sidney Lanfield), with Jack Benny and Priscilla Lane.
Sept. 16: "Road House" (1948; Jean Negulesco), with Ida Lupino, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde, and Celeste Holm; and



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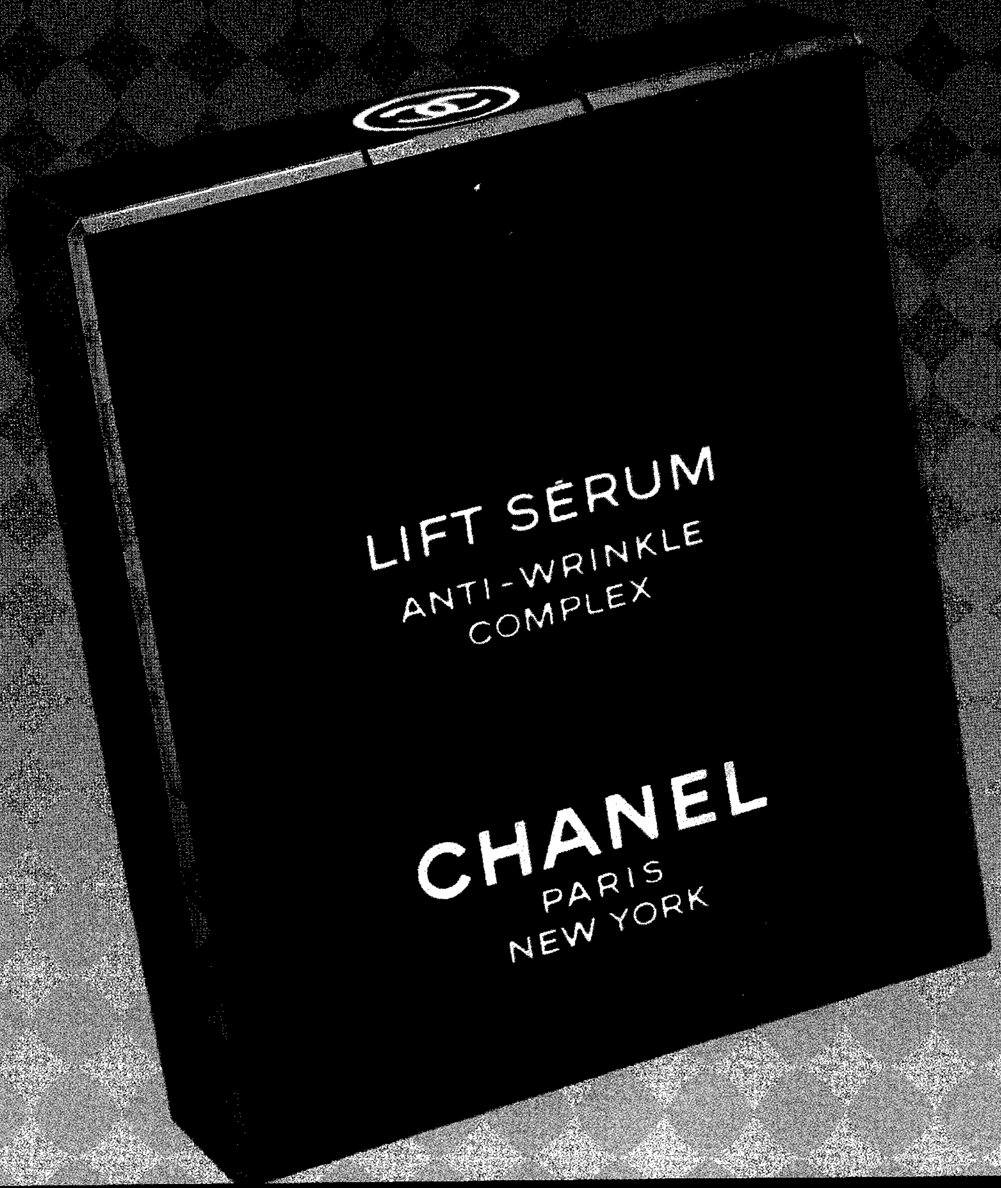

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Sept. 17: "Affair in Trinidad" (1952; Vincent Sherman), with Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford; and "Nightfall" (1957; Jacques Tourneur), with Aldo Ray, Brian Keith, and Anne Bancroft.

Sept. 18-19: "Trouble in Paradise" (†) and "Design for Living" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre I: Sept. 10 at 2:30: "The Country Girl" (1954; directed by George Seaton), with Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, and William Holden. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 6: "War of the Worlds" (1953; Byron Haskin), with Gene Barry. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 2:30: "Artists and Models" (1955; Frank Tashlin), with Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Shirley MacLaine, Dorothy Malone, Eva Gabor, and Anita Ekberg. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 6: "The Court Jester" (1956; Norman Panama and Melvin Frank), with Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns, Basil Rathbone, Angela Lansbury, and Mildred Natwick. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 2: "War of the Worlds." . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 5: "Artists and Models." . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 2: "The Court Jester." . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 5: "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, and Kay Thompson. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 2:30: "Career" (1959; Joseph Anthony), with Anthony Franciosa, Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine, and Carolyn Jones. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 6 and Sept. 15 at 2:30: "Fear Strikes Out" (1957; Robert Mulligan), with Anthony Perkins and Karl Malden. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 6: "Career." . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 2:30: "Heller in Pink Tights" (1960; George Cukor), with Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn, Margaret O'Brien, and Steve Forrest. . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 6: "The Ten Commandments" (1956; Cecil B. De Mille), with Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner, Anne Baxter, Edward G. Robinson, and Yvonne De Carlo. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 2:30: "King Creole" (1958; Michael Curtiz), with Elvis Presley, Carolyn Jones, Walter Matthau, and Dolores Hart. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 6: "Heller in Pink Tights." . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 1: "The Ten Commandments." . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 5: "King Creole."

Theatre 2: Theatre closed.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Sept. 26: "Elvis Presley: The Television Work," a retrospective. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. (288-2742)—Sept. 18 at 3 and 7: "The Householder" (1963; James Ivory), with Shashi Kapoor and Leela Naidu. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 7:30: "The Terrorisers" (1987; Edward Yang; in Mandarin, with English subtitles).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Brendan Gill, Penelope Gilliatt, and Terrence Rafferty.)

La Bamba—Written and directed by Luis Valdez, this is the life story of the Chicano rock 'n' roller Ritchie Valens (Lou Diamond Phillips), who had three hit records before he died at seventeen in a plane crash, in 1959. Valdez isn't primarily concerned with Ritchie Valens as the bullet of talent he must have been. The film's Ritchie is simply a warm, friendly Latino version of the boy next door. Ritchie Valens' music, as it's performed by the group Los Lobos, with David Hidalgo singing for Phillips, is what carries the movie along, but even with the music and brief appearances by Stephen Lee, Brian Setzer, and Howard Huntsberry, this is a leaden, lachrymose piece of filmmaking. With the fiery, hammy Esai Morales as Ritchie's tormented, bad-boy half brother, Bob; Elizabeth Peña (she has a comic side) as Bob's wife, who keeps looking at him with disgust; Rosana De Soto as the boys' mother; Joe Pantoliano as Bob Keene; and Marshall Crenshaw as Buddy Holly. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/10/87.) (Plaza, 86th Street Twin, Art Greenwich Twin, and Embassy.)

The Big Easy—It has an amateurish, fifties-B-movie droopiness. Dennis Quaid plays a vain, irresistible New Orleans police lieutenant, half-Irish, half-Cajun, who is relaxed about accepting free meals and small favors; to him that's friendly, it has nothing to do with crime. Ellen Barkin plays a new assistant district attorney from up North who believes in the letter of the law—you can tell that from her drab tailored suits and her asexual prissiness. The lieutenant goes to work on her immediately in a few fairly explicit devilish-charmer-and-nervous-novice scenes, and her inhibitions melt away. The carnal humor of these moments gives the film a distinctive amiability, but there's too much TV-style drugs and killing, and the director, Jim McBride, has Quaid and Barkin playing too broadly; he also has the camera too close in—the performers stick out of the film frame. With Ned Beatty, John Goodman, Grace Zabriski, Lisa Jane Persky, and the great Charles Ludlam, who thrives on broadness. As a gentleman lawyer of Old Dixie, he rolls his eyes and wraps the picture like a ribbon around his panama hat. The script is by Daniel Petrie, Jr., and Jack Baran. (9/7/87) (34th St. East, Manhattan Twin, 86th Street Twin, Waverly, Metro Cinema, and Embassy 1.)

Calcutta (1969)—In the late nineteen-sixties, Louis Malle, fed up, he said, with "actors, studios, fiction, and Paris," took off for India for a period of "total improvising." Working with a minimal crew (a cameraman and a soundman), he shot the footage out of which he made the ninety-two-minute "Calcutta" and the seven-part "Phantom India"—masterful personal documentaries. Malle himself narrates in English, and his soft, cultivated voice and observations are integral to this film, which fuses squalor, death, and beauty. It's an incomparable vision of the poetic insanity of India. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 14.)

Design for Living (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht. Though Hecht swore that he had deleted all but one of Coward's actual lines, the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is not right for Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster some of the freebooting stylishness.—P.G. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 18-19.)

Dirty Dancing—Set in a Catskills resort in the summer of 1963, this bright dance musical is about the role that dancing had in the embryonic counterculture. It's also a girl's version of that old phony: the-summer-I-grew-up-and-everything-changed. In the boys' version, the hero typically came down to earth with a jolt. But this is a girl's coming-of-age fantasy: the seventeen-year-old heroine, Baby (Jennifer Grey), ascends to spiritual and sensual perfection. For Baby, a doctor's daughter, the change occurs as the result of self-discovery through dancing and then through her sexual initiation and her full and open commitment to the resort's working-class dance instructor, Johnny (Patrick Swayze). Too many life lessons are learned in this bubble-headed, retro vision of growing up in the sixties, and its wish-fulfillment aspect makes Baby and Johnny and all their dirty-dancing friends pure of heart—it defuses any possible explosiveness in the material. But the director, Emile Ardolino, and the choreographer, Kenny Ortega, use the dancing to bring out the sensual dreaminess of the songs, and the screenwriter, Eleanor Bergstein, writes light, rumpled dialogue that helps you over the hooey. With Cynthia Rhodes, Jack Weston, Jerry Orbach, Honi Coles, Lonny Price, Kelly Bishop, and Jane Brucker. (8/24/87) (Gemini, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, 57th St. Playhouse, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin.)

Eat the Peach—Whimsical, with an element of desperation underneath. The setting is an Irish village just a few miles across the border from Northern Ireland. Thrown out of work when the local Japanese computer factory closes down, Vinnie (Stephen Brennan) and his brother-in-law, Arthur (Eamon Morrissey), watch a cassette of Elvis Presley in the 1964 "Roustabout" and see a motorcyclist ride in a carnival Wall of Death—a round, wide, high, barrel-like track where centrifugal force keeps the rider up in the air circling. Soon they're building their own Wall of Death. This engaging, informal movie—it's loose, with a lot of humor—is about the deep-seated eccentricity of a man like Vinnie, who solves only those problems that tease his imagination. Building the Wall keeps his brains and hopes from rotting. The director, Peter Ormrod, and the producer, John Kelleher, wrote the script together; they tell the story (which is based on actual events) as if it were a simple one, taking care to let it expand in our minds. This is not like any other film you've seen; at times you may feel a little tuned out, but then the vision comes together. When Vinnie's little daughter, her face as determined as his, rides her tricycle along the Wall, trying to climb it, there's nothing coy about the kid. And when she wakes up one night and rushes outside, her hair streaming back from her head, she's the soul of Ireland, the way Sara Allgood was when she played in "Juno and the Paycock." With Catherine Byrne as Nora, Niall Toibin as Boots, and Bernadette O'Neill as the blond barmaid. (7/27/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Sept. 11.)

Elevator to the Gallows (1957; also known as "Frantic")—Louis Malle's first film—a thriller about an attempt at a perfect crime, made in a tense yet velvety style. Jeanne Moreau, who was to become famous the next year in Malle's second film, "The Lovers," is less expansive here; her sullen, sensual mask is just right for this limited but absorbing *policier*, set to Miles Davis's music. The film has an unusual sense of control and style, considering that the plot itself is third-rate. With Maurice Ronet, Lino Ventura, and Georges Poujouly. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 14.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to regard it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when times give out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. —P.G. (Cinema Village; Sept. 16-17.)

Full Metal Jacket—Stanley Kubrick's Vietnam film stays reasonably close to its source, Gustav Hasford's compressed, white-hot novel "The Short-Timers," yet the novel has an accumulating force of horror and the movie doesn't. The first three-quarters of an hour is basic training in the Marines stripped down to a cartoonish horrorshow; it's military S & M, and the pounding compulsiveness can easily be taken for the work of a master director. After that, the movie becomes dispersed, and you can't get an emotional reading on it. Kubrick probably believes he's numbing us by the power of his vision, but he's actually numbing us by its emptiness. The script is by Kubrick, Michael Herr, and Hasford. Shot in England, with Matthew Modine as Private Joker, who wears a Peace symbol; Vincent D'Onofrio as poor, doughy-faced Pyle; Lee Ermey as the gunnery sergeant; and Arliss Howard, Dorian Harewood, and Adam Baldwin. (7/13/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Criterion Center.)

Gallipoli (1981)—An exemplary academic film about the waste of war—two young Australian runners, played by (dark-haired) Mel Gibson and (blond) Mark Lee, are slaughtered. (They and other Australians are sacrificed in an ill-conceived First World War maneuver designed to protect the British.) It's an "artistic" film, full of familiar pathos and irony—a tragic buddy-buddy movie directed by Peter Weir. His wide-screen staging is very elegant; his weakness is in his

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habit of stereotyping villains (in this case they're mostly the British). Gibson gives a fresh and impressive performance, but Lee does a very ordinary acting job and his character is much too gallant and good and brave. With Bill Kerr. (Cinema Village; Sept. 14-15.)

Georgy Girl (1966)—An exceptionally good English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. Directed by Silvio Narizzano.—B.G. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 16.)

Gilda (1946)—The story is turgid, melodramatic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at her most sexy-masochistic, and does a knockout of a fully dressed striptease as she sings "Put the Blame on Mame" (and it's Anita Ellis's voice we hear). With Glenn Ford and George Macready. Directed by Charles Vidor. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 17.)

The Go-Between (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system; pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey.—P.G. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 16.)

Hamburger Hill—It tells the story of a squad of fourteen American soldiers who, in Vietnam, in 1969, are ordered to take a hill. The men keep going up the hill, and being driven back by enemy fire; when it rains, they slide down the mud while the North Vietnamese throw grenades at them. After ten days they're in control of the hill, but most of the squad have given their lives to it. This film doesn't provide the viewer with the shelter of melodrama. It's a straightforward, unblinking account of the interrelationships of these young men—most of them boys of nineteen. Almost inevitably, the hill comes to represent Vietnam, but it does so without histrionics. Most of the power of this scrupulously honest memorial isn't in the talk; it's in the terror and the foreignness—the far-from-homeness—of the imagery. Directed by John Irvin, the film has great decency; it joins together terror and thoughtfulness. (The script, by Jim Carabatsos, merely touches the appropriate points to achieve a balanced view.) Cinematography by Peter MacDonald; music by Philip Glass; editing by Peter Tanner. (9/7/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gotham Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Heartbreak Kid (1972)—The director Elaine May finds her comic tone and scores a first besides—no other American woman has ever directed her daughter in a leading role on the screen. Jeannie Berlin is her mother's surrogate here, and she plays the Elaine May addled nymph even better than her mother does. As Lila, she's a middle-class Jewish peasant, her ripe lusciousness a cartoon of sensuality. You can read her life story in her gypsy-red dresses. Lila is the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dream girl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Elaine May is a satirist whose malice isn't cutting; something in the woozy atmosphere she creates keeps it mild—yet mild in a thoroughly demented way, mild as if impervious to sanity. All apologies, she has a knack for defusing the pain without killing the joke. From Neil Simon's script, based on Bruce Jay Friedman's short story "A Change of Plan." With Eddie Albert, Audra Lindley, and William Prince. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 18-19.)

Jean de Florette—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952), "Jean de Florette" is to be followed, later this year, by "Manon of the Spring." The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. The wide-screen cinematography is by Bruno Nuytten. In French. (7/13/87) (Paris; through Sept. 17.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane) is a criminal lawyer who is himself criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). Witty and enjoyable; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery as Welles.—P.G. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 17.)

The Last Detail (1974)—After fourteen years in the Navy, Buddusky (Jack Nicholson), the tattooed signalman, lives on ingrained resentment, quick anger, and booze. The movie is the record of the beer-soaked journey that Buddusky and a gunner's mate (Otis Young) take when they're assigned to escort a morose eighteen-year-old seaman (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The film is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue. It's often very funny. It's programmed to wrench your heart, though—it's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed. With Michael Moriarty, Carol Kane, Luana Anders, Clifton James, Nancy Allen, and Gilda Radner. (Cinema Village; Sept. 16-17.)

Living on Tokyo Time—Steven Okazaki's low-budget independent comedy has a fair number of good, knowing jokes about rock 'n' roll around the edges, but its center—a mild anecdote about a marriage of convenience between a girl from Tokyo who wants to stay in San Francisco and a painfully quiet Japanese-American guitarist—is strictly easy-listening. This is a culture-clash movie: Kyoko (Minako Ohashi) isn't very fluent in English, and Ken (Ken Nakagawa) has no Japanese, so they can't communicate. The problem is, they look like they wouldn't know what to say anyway—and that's the movie's problem, too. Okazaki's real interest seems to lie in Ken's basement-band subculture: the world of dim, marginal rock 'n' rollers whose drug of choice, or economic necessity, is junk food, whose T-shirts and posters (Ken's include Patti Smith, Johnny Thunders, and the Velvet Underground) are more expressive than their music.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Lost Boys—Or, "I Was Almost a Teen-age Vampire." The only distinction of this brainless horror comedy is that it adds an especially convenient new concept to the lore of vampire movies: the reversible vampire. The hero (Jason Patric) and the heroine (Jami Gertz) are "half-vampires," who drink blood, but only from the bottle; they haven't made their first kills yet. And, according to the new rules, if they can find and destroy the head vampire they'll be normal kids again—completely detoxed. It's a half-movie. The kid cast includes Corey Haim, Corey Feldman, and, as the most ferocious of the adolescent bloodsuckers, Kiefer Sutherland. Adults Dianne Wiest, Edward Herrmann, and Barnard Hughes slum morosely. Directed by Joel Schumacher.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, Carnegie Screening Room, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Nadine—Kim Basinger is Nadine, a manicurist in a beauty parlor in Austin, Texas, in 1954, who stalls on giving her small-time dreamer husband (Jeff Bridges) a divorce, because she still loves him. When she has been at the scene of a murder and, by mistake, got hold of copies of state plans for a superhighway—inside information that real-estate speculators could parlay into big money—she turns to him for help, and they're both trapped by the local crook (Rip Torn) who arranged for the copies in the first place. Written and directed by Robert Benton, the picture is like a genteel variant of a redneck, hillbilly burlesque about how it pays to be lucky and dumb. Basinger is peculiarly muted as an actress and Bridges no longer has the manic, boyish spontaneity his role calls for. As a scuzzball photographer, Jerry Stiller, who has just one scene before he turns into the murder victim, conveys a lifetime of self-disgust—that's more felt life than anyone else shows. With Glenne Headly, Mickey Jones, and Gwen Verdon. (8/24/87) (Gemini.)

A New Leaf (1971)—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (*Walter Matthau*?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 18-19.)

No Way Out—This is a film noir without malevolence or mystery. It's a Yuppie thriller: it has no psychological layers. Mostly it involves chasing around the glass offices and corridors of the Pentagon (actually Stage 27 at the old M-G-M studios in Culver City). But many people respond to it with hot, jumpy enthusiasm—especially to the high-level friskiness and the display of thigh in a stretch limo. A reworking of the plot of the Kenneth Fearing novel "The Big Clock," filmed in 1948, with Charles Laughton as a Henry Luce figure, the Robert Garland script features Gene Hackman as an arrogant Secretary of Defense who discovers that his mistress (Sean Young) has a lover—though not who it is—and, in a rage, accidentally kills her. His wormy yes-man aide (Will Patton) dreams up the idea that the lover is an as yet undiscovered—perhaps only hypothetical—Russian agent named Yuri, who can be blamed for the murder. Needing a front man for this coverup, they arrange to have a naval hero (Kevin Costner) put in charge of the search to find the lover and "neutralize" him. This naval hero is, of course, the lover, and the movie, told from his point of view, is about his peril. There's a surprise at the end—a twist that has a logic, if you take the whole movie as a wacko joke on Oliver North as the Manchurian Candidate. But it's a surprise you don't want—a fizzle. The director, Roger Donaldson, whips the action along, with camera angles changing so fast you hardly have time to ask what the chases are for or why the story points don't follow through. He can't do much about Young's archness though, or her peals of phony laughter; she may look like Kay Kendall, but she acts like a nutbird Ali MacGraw. With Howard Duff, George Dzundza, Iman, and Fred Dalton Thompson. Cinematography by John Alcott; editing by Neil Travis. (9/7/87) (Gramercy, Loews Tower East, Guild, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Sept. 18.)

RoboCop—In this punk sci-fi revenge fantasy, the near future is played for depravity, for kicks. Set in a Detroit of cloud-topped skyscrapers and a decaying older part of the city where rapists and vandals run wild and every day is open season on cops, the movie is shot in a deliberate sicko-sleazo comic-book

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style. (Body parts are treated as if they were auto-body parts.) When Murphy (Peter Weller), a young cop employed by the all-powerful conglomerate OCP, is blown apart by a gang of scummy sadists, OCP's scientists use his remains as part of a cyborg—an experimental model for an organic, automated cop that requires food but is virtually indestructible and is programmed to keep *order. The Dutch director, Paul Verhoeven,* was nastily witty in "The 4th Man," but here, working in English, he doesn't have the timing or the spirit for that. This isn't gallows humor—it's just gallows pulp. As Murphy's woman-cop partner, Nancy Allen has the right soft tones to give the movie a little differentiation; it makes sense that she would get through to RoboCop's human memory. (When he removes his steel hood, his tense, pained face has the imaginative beauty that stirs audiences at classic horror films.) With Kurtwood Smith, Miguel Ferrer, Daniel O'Herlihy, Ronny Cox, and Robert DoQui. Written by Edward Neumeier and Michael Miner. (8/10/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin.)

Stakeout—Wanting to be loved isn't necessarily the worst thing in an actor: Richard Dreyfuss makes his adorableness amusing here, and gives his most confident star performance to date. He and Emilio Estevez play two Seattle police detectives who are assigned to the night shift on a stakeout, watching the former girlfriend (Madeleine Stowe) of an escaped convict (Aidan Quinn). The Dreyfuss character finds himself falling in love with the woman he's spying on, and when he breaks the rules and spends time with her he's aware that his partner, Estevez, is watching him. All this is a jolly setup for amorous farce, and Dreyfuss has a Chaplinesque glee in some of the scenes; he's fun to watch. The director, John Badham, does his most entertaining work in years, but you feel the pressure of engineering underneath. For all the nippiness in the dialogue (the script is by Jim Kouf), and the comic interplay of the actors, the picture doesn't leave you with anything. Aidan Quinn, who first appears heavily bearded, has a dashing, bulging-blue-eyed scariness. (Shot in and around Vancouver.) (8/24/87) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, 23rd St. West Triplex, Embassy 72nd St., Metro Cinema, and Embassy.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio.)

That Obscure Object of Desire (1977)—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, wordly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She claims to love him but says, "If I gave in, you wouldn't love me anymore." The role is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl, who's sensual in a traditional heavy-eyed way. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there *were a single actress who could capture our* imaginations. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 13.)

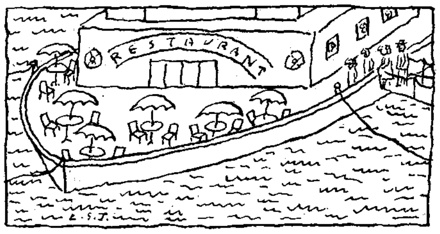
These Are the Damned (1962)—Joseph Losey's film, with Viveca Lindfors as a sculptor called Freya. Her sculptures are by Elisabeth Frink, and they are the real stars of the picture. They have the repose and classical sense of conflict that Losey struggles for with an effort that strains muscles. The plot is relentlessly serious; Shirley Ann Field and Macdonald Carey end the picture about to die of radiation sickness. Losey always casts very well: the film includes a most interesting performance by Alexander Knox.—P.G. (Film Forum 2; Sept. 15.)

The Tin Drum (1980)—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German.—B.G. (Cinema Village; Sept. 13.)

Trouble in Paradise (1932)—Perhaps the most shimmering of the romantic comedy collaborations of the director Ernst Lubitsch and the writer Samson Raphaelson, this film is a make-believe world of the thirties preserved intact. Herbert Marshall is so adept at the silky tricks written into his lines that he creates a hushed atmosphere. He plays a career jewel thief and, as his partner, Miriam Hopkins, quick and darting, always has her feelers out, along with her kittenish claws. These two are accomplished seducers, and in this movie witty seduction is indistinguishable from love itself. Kay Francis is the wealthy widow whose face takes on a yearning expression once she sees Marshall; desire makes her warm and languid. The movie is full of suave maneuvers and magical switcheroos; in its light-as-a-feather way, it's perfection. With Charles Ruggles, Edward Everett Horton, C. Aubrey Smith, Robert Greig, Leonid Kinskey, Luis Alberni, Nella Walker, and Tyler Brooke as the singing Venetian garbageman. Remotely based on a Hungarian play by Aladar Laszlo. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 18-19.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's slow, precise yet dreamy sci-fi epic. It says that man is just a tiny nothing on the stairway to paradise; something better (i.e., non-human) is coming, and it's all out of your hands, anyway. Kubrick's story line—which accounts for evolution by an extraterrestrial intelligence—is probably the most gloriously redundant plot of all time. The sulky, peevish voice of Hal, the computer—the only amusing character, he suggests a rejected homosexual lover—was supplied by Douglas Rain; the soft-spoken cast includes Keir Dullea, Gary Lockwood, Margaret Tyzack, and Leonard Rossiter. The script is by Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke. (Film Forum 2; Sept. 13-14.)

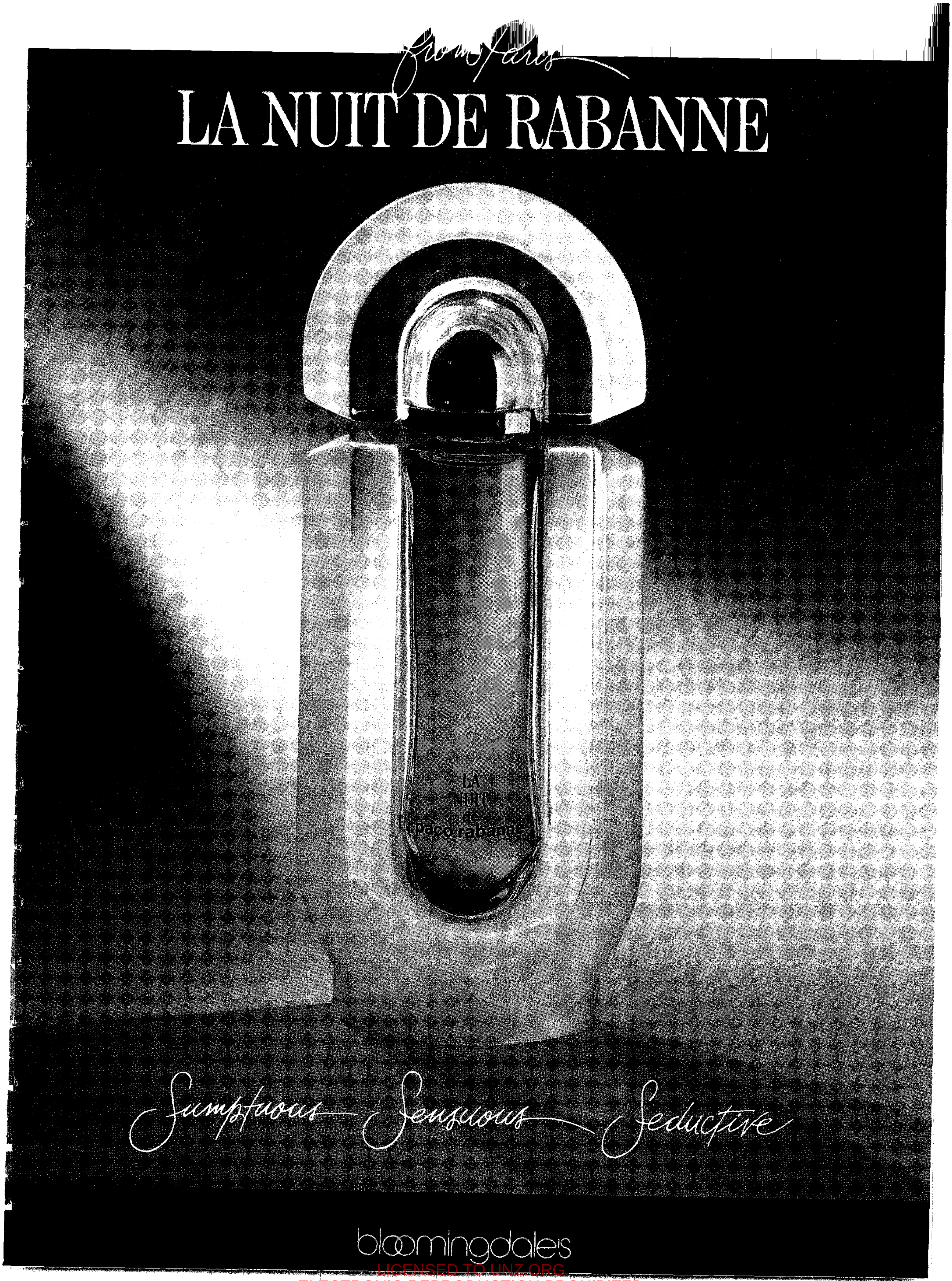
The Untouchables—Set in Chicago circa 1930—Al Capone's capital of crime—this Brian De Palma movie, from a script by David Mamet, is like an attempt to visualize the public's collective dream of Chicago gangsters. Our movie-fed imagination of the past is enlarged and given a new vividness. De Palma is a showman here. Everything is neatly done in broad strokes, and the slight unbelievability of it all makes it more enjoyable. Robert De Niro's Capone is a plump peacock with receding hair and a fat cigar in his mouth. The four men who fight to restore the honor of a corrupted society—the four who can't be bribed, the Untouchables—are the fresh-faced young Special Agent Eliot Ness, played by Kevin Costner; a smart, ornery veteran cop, played (magnificently) by Sean Connery; a rookie-cop sharpshooter (Andy Garcia); and a small, middle-aged accountant (Charles Martin Smith). It's not a great movie; it's too banal, too morally comfortable—the script is too obvious. But it's a great audience movie. Cinematography by Stephen H. Burum; music by Ennio Morricone. (Every now and then you may wonder what Morricone's throbbing disco-synthesizer beat is doing in this period.) (6/29/87) (Criterion Center.)



The Whistle Blower—A gray, muted British thriller about double-dealing and intricate coverups in the intelligence service. Julian Bond's script (from a novel by John Hale) aims for the tone of civilized amorality familiar to readers of John le Carré, and the director, Simon Langton, has worked this territory before—he directed the memorable TV adaptation of "Smiley's People." But this story isn't quite complex or surprising enough to engage us fully—the fiendish overelaboration of a le Carré plot is missing. It's painless, though, thanks mostly to its good cast. Michael Caine is, as always, effortlessly convincing; Sir John Gielgud provides yet another of his impeccably chiselled cameos; Barry Foster does a spectacular drunk scene; and Nigel Havers, Felicity Dean, James Fox, and Gordon Jackson mill competently through the background.—T.R. (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and Columbia Cinema. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 10.)

Wish You Were Here—Set in a seaside town on the south coast of England and shot in warm, sunny flesh tones, this English comedy has a satirical yet dreamlike texture. It's about an uncontrollably ribald girl who flaunts her sexuality the same way she flaunts taboo words. It's 1951; she lifts up her skirts to show off her Betty Grable legs and gives men a good look at her knickers. The sixteen-year-old Emily Lloyd, who plays the part, has the kind of freshness and youthfulness that can't be faked on camera; she embodies everything that the writer-director David Leland is trying to say about the spontaneity, the honesty, and the happy, rude extroversion that kids have pressured out of them. The film is based on the early years of Cynthia Payne, who was the inspiration for the madam in "Personal Services" (which Leland wrote). The first-rate cast includes Tom Bell as the girl's bookie lover, Geoffrey Hutchings as her father, Jesse Birdsall as her bus-conductor boyfriend, Pat Heywood as her aunt, and Heathcote Williams as the psychiatrist she's taken to. The film has its banal side, but it's never visually banal; the cinematography is by Ian Wilson. (7/27/87) (Baronet, Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Withnail and I—This first film directed by Bruce Robinson is a very peculiar comedy about a pair of young unemployed actors living in London in 1969. This isn't the bright, swinging London of sixties legend but the damp and sunless city that always was and always will be—a claustrophobic, mildewy atmosphere lightened only by sporadic blasts of undergraduate wit. The heroes are ex*tremely funny in the first half hour,* using jokes and a variety of intoxicants to keep the rot from seeping into their bones. Then Robinson (who also wrote the screenplay) transplants them to a decrepit country cottage, and the picture—almost literally—bogs down: there hasn't been this much mud onscreen since the last hour of "The Seven Samurai." He never completely runs out of comic energy, though, and Richard E. Grant, as the flamboyantly dissolute Withnail, is wonderful throughout. This crumbling hippie/dandy is never so drunk or so stoned that he can't launch a brittle bon mot, in a perfect upper-class accent. He suggests, simultaneously, George Sanders and Keith Richards—no small accomplishment. With Paul McGann (as "I"), Richard Griffiths, and Ralph Brown as a drug dealer who attaches himself like a mold to the heroes' sofa.—T.R. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Sept. 10.)


from Paris
LA NUIT DE RABANNE
LA
NUIT
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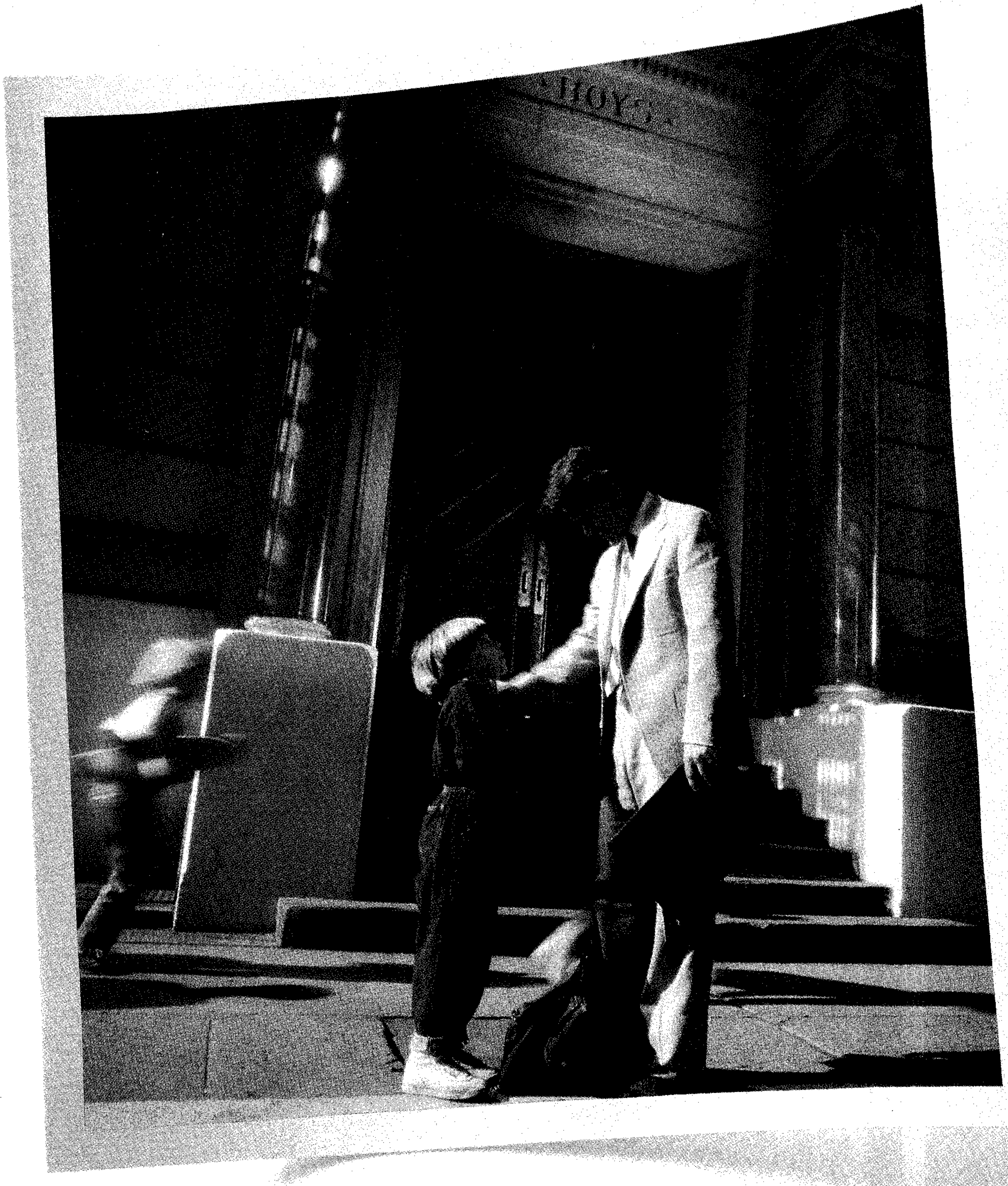
Sumptuous Sensuous Seductive
bloomingdale's



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

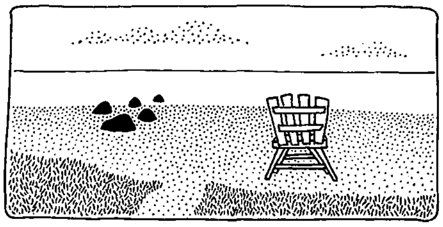
Notes and Comment

FROM the journal of a friend who, on occasion, helps to staff a volunteer shelter for the homeless at Ansche Chesed Synagogue, on West 100th Street, this account of how things go on a typical evening:

7:30 P.M.: Doug and I arrive, with our minimal overnight supplies—toothbrush, newspaper, chewing gum. Two men are already waiting for us in the lobby. Mr. Gruen (the names of the homeless men, and some details, have been changed, to protect the men's privacy) sits dozing on a folding chair between the food box and the information table, his arms crossed, his gray beard blanketing his chest. Four overloaded shopping bags surround him. A young man with a patient smile, known to us only as Mike, is in the doorway. He remembers us—our faces, anyway. He's been coming to the shelter almost daily since December, when the sleeping bag and extra clothing that had got him through two winters in Riverside Park were lost. He'd left them hidden in a safe place, he thought, underneath some branches by the river, while he went to get a cup of coffee. When he came back, they were gone. Mike still likes sleeping in the park, sometimes. He learned to tolerate the cold, but it's been murder on his feet. A physician's assistant at Project Reachout gave him an ointment for them. (Both Mike and Mr. Gruen learned of the shelter from Project Reachout, a group that helps to provide the homeless with health services, shelter, work, and counselling. For Reachout, and the over-all shelter system, business is good.) We wake Mr. Gruen, and, with great difficulty, he carries all four bags up to the second floor himself. "No—no help, thank you," he says, squinting through thick cataracts.

8 P.M.: The bus from the First Moravian Church, where dinners and breakfasts are served, has arrived. Nine names are on the sheet, but only eight men file into the room. "What happened to Romano?" Doug asks, and the driver says, "He got off the bus at Riverside. He likes it there. He's used to it." It would be better for these men—less disorienting—if they could come back to the same place every night. But finding staff for seven nights a week is a problem. This year, the Ansche Chesed shelter runs five nights, sometimes six—that's more than last year. Often there's a full house—nine, ten, or eleven men, two volunteers. A tiny fraction of the number who pass through the monolithic public shelter system. In New York City, homelessness has become so vast a phenomenon that no one can pin exact numbers on it. According to the Coalition for the Homeless, some eleven thousand individuals and five thousand one hundred families (including thirteen or fourteen thousand children) are in the shelter system now and thousands more homeless people haven't registered themselves by using the shelters. And more than a hundred thousand families are estimated to be at risk of joining them.

Past the men's room and a closet (slop sink, buckets, mop) is the room where the men will spend the night. Volunteers sleep in the hall. I unlock the room, which contains cots, bedding (including sheets and pillows), towels, a TV set, and some food. The men set up their own cots. Weekends, the room doubles as a prayer room. "Lived-in" would be an accurate way to describe it. New windows have been put in and will have to be left open—wide open. It's still summer. In the winter, we use space heaters. There is a table at each end of the room. Behind one stands a wooden Ark, in which two Torah scrolls are kept; behind the other is a closet full of paper goods and plasticware. Some children's books are on the radiator.



8:15 P.M.: The men have been quick to set up their cots. Three are already sleeping, fully dressed. Charles, known for his belly laugh and his knack for telling jokes, helps empty the contents of a carton onto the table: two tins of cookies, bread, peanut butter, prunes, Life cereal, tins of tuna fish—a favorite. The cord for plugging in the coffee urn is mummified in masking tape, but David, a very quiet young man, works with it, and in two minutes—hot water.

We get juice and milk and cheese from the refrigerator. It's hot out, and the juice is gone in twenty minutes. Doug goes to the store for more. We'll need juice in the morning, too. On this, as on TV-watching, there is consensus. A Mets game is on. Minor dissension when Steve, self-designated host, tidies the table, remarking all the while that some folks just expect their tuna tins to up and throw themselves away. Mike leafs through a notebook of quotations he keeps, looking for a passage from Ecclesiastes. It's about the end of time, he says. Charles says he's forgoing sugar: "You are what you eat." Ten years ago, trying to pull his housepainting business out of debt, Charles falsified financial records and got caught. Soon afterward, his marriage of twelve years disintegrated. He has a daughter who just graduated from high school. Charles wants to go to school again someday. He'd like to be a social worker—"tell people the things I wish someone had told to me."

9 P.M.: Sam feels like talking. He is a thin, bearded man with eyes that don't stay fixed in one position very

long. I have a hunch, though I've never asked, that he's been in and out of hospitals. I also gather that back in the sixties he was something of a scholar. We begin a conversation; that is, Sam, assuming my mental collaboration, begins one: "If I do well tonight—I mean, presuming the conditions, which I'm well aware of—then tomorrow I'll go to the place for animals. The shelter. I don't know, we'll see, I tried, but . . . You have got to come to terms with limitations, face reality. I am familiar with the tenets of psychology. My Uncle Harry—tough, it wasn't easy, and his age, the problem, saving face. I don't know. Go out West?" He looks up at the ceiling. "Chicago, maybe, maybe Jersey. I would like to get a job, but Harrisburg. I can't spend four days wandering the streets. So if it goes well . . . and, you know, the situation . . . so I think—" He shrugs. "What I think doesn't matter." He is walking sidewise toward the coatrack, and I wonder if the way I smiled, or one of my nods, has prompted him to drop the subject, and the effort to connect.

10 P.M.: Mike flips through channels and sees an anchor team he likes. News time. (Lights-out time, too, but some of us are still watching TV in the hall.) While we hear of two murders and a near plane collision, Charles prepares a peanut-butter sandwich. Steve scoffs at the notion that Gary Hart might run again, but Mike, less critical, says, "Man, we all fall down one time or other." He goes on to quote some parables he's picked up along the way. Then news of Mayor Koch. More shelters to be built: one in Manhattan, two in Queens, four each in Brooklyn and the Bronx. "You won't see me go *near* a city shelter," says Steve. "Not me. I'd sleep on the street first." Charles says, "I know what you mean. I lost my winter coat and twenty dollars—all I had—down at the Armory." Maybe—I try thinking positive—these new ones will be safer, cleaner. David, voice of the group, explains to the TV, "I don't want shelter. I want housing." The word "home" isn't used a lot by the men—just "housing" or "a place to live." That doesn't seem like much. But, since the seventies, hundreds of thousands of S.R.O.s and small apartments have been gentrified, neglected, phased out, with the thought, it seems, that those who can't afford expensive housing will simply disappear. They haven't.

The Mets lose. Tomorrow's weather threatens thunderstorms. "A day to stay indoors," the weatherman suggests.

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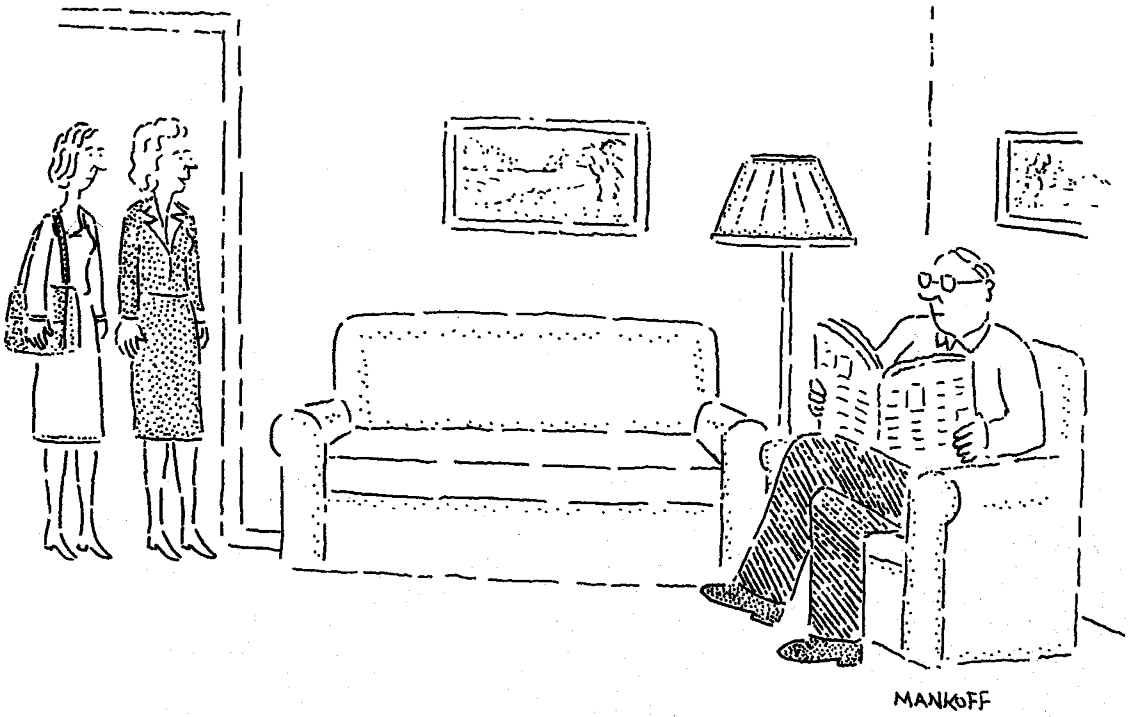
Walking the Cyclone

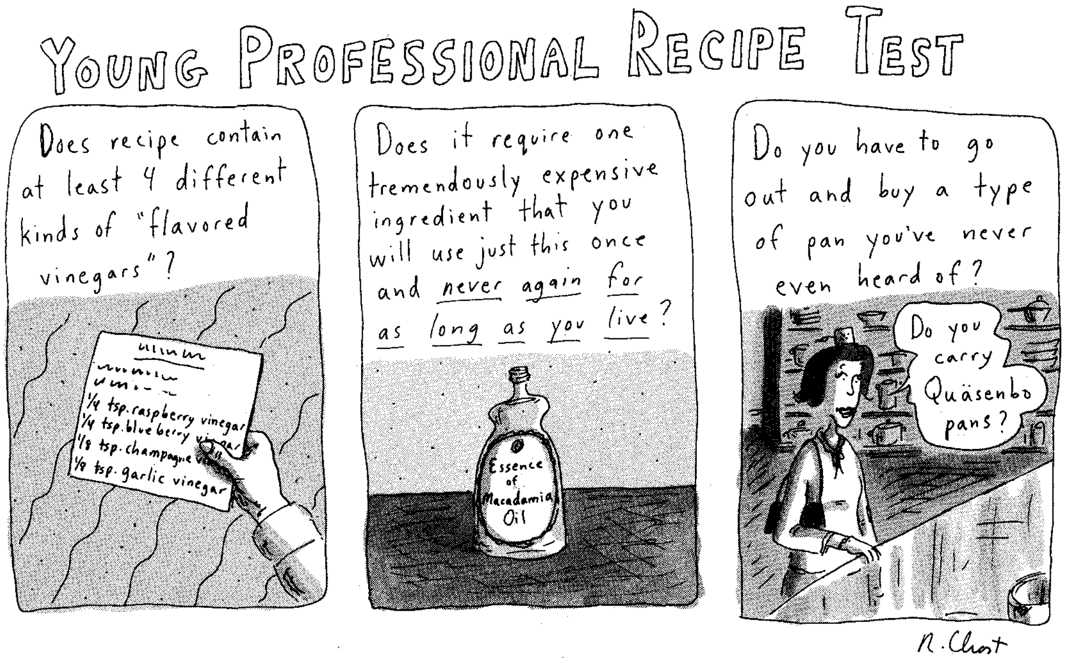
WALTER WILLIAMS, the head repairman at the Coney Island Cyclone, asked us, in honor of the roller coaster's sixtieth anniversary, if we'd like to join him for a walk along the tracks, which rise to ninety-one feet. The Cyclone—owned by the city but operated, under a license, by Dewey and Jerome Albert, father and son—has never had a serious accident, though it is one of the oldest roller coasters in the country. Since it is also one of the last of mostly wood construction, however, it's in need of continued repair.

Walter likes to say he's an efficient working person, and he looks like one. He is large and muscular, and his head is still shaved the way it was in the Marines, almost thirty years ago. He has been working on the Cyclone for two years now; he worked on the roller coaster at Rockaway Playland for fourteen years before that—until it was sold and demolished. He told us how he got the Rockaway job: "I asked the owner, 'Do you have a job?' He said, 'Yeah, what do you like to do?' So I told him, 'I like to work with wood.' He said, 'What you know about working with wood?' 'I know a lot—I know enough to keep your roller coaster in shape.' So he put me with the head carpenter at the time. I worked with the head carpenter one year, and then he told them, 'You don't need me no more—this man knows more than I know about this here thing.' That's what he told them. So he left, and that's how I come to be head of the maintenance crew." Walter doesn't seem sentimental, but before he left Rockaway he made a videotape of the roller coaster. He keeps it in a safe place at home, he says.

Every morning of every day that the Cyclone is open, Walter walks and inspects the tracks. He looks for loose or missing bolts, and cracks in the steel rails, and he studies the over-all structure—especially the curves and dips, the stress points. Walter says he used to have nightmares when he first started working on roller coasters, but not anymore. If there is



"*Lifelike, isn't he?*"


YOUNG PROFESSIONAL RECIPE TEST
Does recipe contain at least 4 different kinds of "flavored vinegars"?
1/4 tsp. raspberry vinegar
1/4 tsp. blueberry vinegar
1/8 tsp. champagne
1/8 tsp. garlic vinegar
Does it require one tremendously expensive ingredient that you will use just this once and never again for as long as you live?
Essence of Macadamia Oil
Do you have to go out and buy a type of pan you've never even heard of?
Do you carry Quäsenbo pans?
R. Chast

anything wrong, it's Walter's job to find it. Generally, what he finds is a lot of glasses and sunglasses, hats and wigs, girls' berets, sometimes dentures and bridges, and, every now and then, teeth. Walter occasionally criticizes some detail of the roller coaster's construction—he'll point to a support beam that he thinks is unnecessary, for instance—but for the most part he doesn't intend to change the roller coaster he was hired to maintain.

"By walking the tracks every day, I know what can go another season, what can wait two more years, and what has to be taken care of immediately," Walter said. "When you go into a new job—at least, when I did—you take a survey, walk around, and check things as carefully as you possibly can. Then you pick a spot and just start from there. As soon as I finish one job, I pick my next-worst spot, and I go from one worst spot to another."

At the top of Walter's worst-spot list is the catwalk we were walking on, which runs along both sides of the tracks. Some of it looked new and sturdy, but parts of it had loose, missing, or rotting boards. After a warning from Walter, we began climbing the first, and biggest, hill, which is what gives the ride its single source of power—out-and-out gravity. From the top of the hill, all of Coney Island—the deserted boardwalk and beach, the idle Atlantic—lay at the bottom of a petrifying ninety-one-foot descent, a decline of sixty degrees. Not a lot of questions came to mind. The walk got easier from then on—even though there were still two steep, banked curves ahead—and talking did, too.

We asked Walter if he knew any of those human-interest stories about the Cyclone—the one about the mute who recovered his voice after a ride ("I feel sick," he said), or the one about the couple who went on the Cyclone on their first date and later got married on it—but Walter doesn't know about stuff like that. He knows about the Cyclone.

"Basically, the roller coaster—the structural foundation—is in pretty good shape," he said. "The steelwork needs chipping and painting, but that's not my department. I got nothing to do with chipping and painting steel—that's somebody else's job, not Walter's. Best that I can guess, it hasn't had a paint job in fifteen years. Sure, it should be painted, but paint has nothing to do with safety; it just has the effect on looks. The whole thing looks dilapidated, but looks are very deceiving. Put a coat of paint on a house, it looks like it's new. You could do the same with this here thing and people would say, 'Oh, gosh, that looks brand-new.' It's not new. It's been here a long time."

Walter stopped talking and walking long enough to remove an atrophied bolt that looked like a pencil stub; he said that it had once been the same size as the bolt he was replacing it with, the size of a Magic Marker.

"I suppose if the city has a mind to, they don't have to give it a lease anymore," he went on. "And if the city says, 'I'm not going to give you a lease,' then what can you do? There's nothing you can do. The roller coaster will just be here, and then they'll come in with the bulldozers and tear it down, like they do anything else when they get ready."

Maybe they won't. This month, the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission will begin public hearings to decide whether the Cyclone deserves official landmark status. And recently a group called the American Coaster Enthusiasts visited the Cyclone and praised it as one of the greatest roller coasters in the world. In spite of all the looping, twisting, sidewinding advancements in more modern rides, whenever people talk roller coasters the Cyclone is mentioned as one of the most thrilling. Even so, on certain bleak days the Cyclone can seem awfully like a ruin.

It occurred to us to ask Walter if he enjoyed the ride.

"It's a regular thrill to ride it, just to go on it," he said. "It's something. I thought it was nothing till I got on it, but when I did I said, 'Oh, my goodness—this is something else.' I don't know if I would have taken a ride on it if I hadn't already worked on it. Dewey Albert—he asked me, 'Walter, if you'd have never worked on this, would you have ever rode it?' I don't know. I doubt it."

Miss Muse

UNBEKNOWNST to most inhabitants of either the Eastern or the Western Hemisphere, just a few weeks ago, at the Omni Park Central Hotel, the First World Congress of Cultures, in conjunction with the Tenth World Congress of Poets, crowned Sophia Sung, of Taipei, as Miss World Culture, a.k.a. Miss Muse. When we received word of this, on a sunny Friday afternoon, we headed uptown to Suite 1422 of the Omni to meet Miss Muse, and were greeted by Evelyn Neinken, a psychodramatist and poetry therapist involved with the American side of the culture business, and Dr. Kenneth Fan, of Taipei, a businessman, computer expert, arts patron, and poet. (His business card lists him as Professor, National Chung Hsing University; Fellow in University Administration, California State University; Exclusive Franchisee [Taiwan], Hardee's Food Systems; and Chairman, World Congress of Cultures.) Here's what happened after that.

Dr. Fan (middle-aged, black hair swept across his forehead, steel-rimmed glasses, casual clothes): “This is our first joint World Congress of Poets and World Congress of Cultures. We have thirty-five countries, from Europe, Asia, and America. Going just beautifully.” The phone rings. Miss Neinken, a tall, pale-complexioned woman with long jet-black hair, answers it very softly. Dr. Fan goes on speaking. “We are discussing world cultures and the cultures of New York City. This is one of the greatest culture centers in the world.”

All rise as Miss World Culture steps out of a room at the end of a short hallway. She is a slender, very pretty young woman with dark eyes, dark hair, a shy manner. She has a large gold leaf in her hair and is wearing a long white-and-red sequinned dress with a bold red banner proclaiming her “MISS MUSE.” Escorting her is Imre Zsoldos, a large man with a gentle, friendly smile. All sit down.

Dr. Fan: “Mr. Zsoldos has an interesting background—he's from Hungary originally. At a World Congress, we recite poetry. We want to make people around the world understand each other. We have banquets and seminars. East and West meet. This is the first time we have chosen a muse of the Congress and crowned her Miss World Culture. We found that when discussing with people, or lecturing, if we have a most pretty young lady with us we draw a lot bigger crowd.”

Miss Muse: “I'm very happy, very honored.”

Dr. Fan: “All the delegates chose her. She is a graduate of China Culture University. She majored in administration. She wrote a poem about New York City in one day. She'll give you the poem right away.”

Miss Muse leaves the room, and returns with the poem. First stanza:

> Flying over ten thousand lakes,
> one thousand snow capped hills,
> crossing the Pacific,
> over the grassland,
> New York, I'm back again.

Dr. Fan: “She likes cultural activities. She sings songs; she wrote the preface to my book. Here's a copy.” He hands us a book called “Seed.” “She wrote the original in Chinese; somebody translated.”

Mr. Zsoldos: “I left Hungary in 1956 and went to Vienna, then Paris. I studied at the Sorbonne and went to Taiwan to teach French. I'm a missionary, a professor of French and linguistics, and a poet.”

Dr. Fan: “A good one. He writes in English, French, Chinese, and German. He's secretary general of the Congress. He holds seminars this week—on the family, on education.”

Mr. Zsoldos: “Sophia's very shy, as most Chinese girls are.”

HALLELUJAH!
O-O-O-O-OH K!
WAY TO GO!
AMEN!
RIGHT ON!
YEAH, MAN!

“I said all those in favor say ‘Aye.’”

Dr. Fan: “This week was the harmonic convergence. Today, we have togetherness without harmony. I'm dedicating myself to being a bridge between Eastern culture and poetry and Western people. I wrote the longest poem in English ever written by a Chinese person—five hundred and twenty-five lines. I didn't know that it was the longest until I finished it.”

Miss Muse: “I'm very happy, very honored.”

Dr. Fan: “Poets, painters, philosophers, educators, writers, artists, musicians, professors are here. I used to be a computer-systems manager in the Time-Life Building, fourth floor. Then I was a postdoctorate at Columbia in cybernetics. Man and machine interface. Frankly, I love New York; I can go around New York by foot and not get lost. However, life can be lonely, people feel alienated in the era of the computer. You can paint your dreams through poetry. You can also paint your hatred in poetry. You start to murder twenty-four people; instead, you can write poetry. It makes the whole world more peaceful.”

An interlude follows during which Dr. Fan half reads, half summarizes his poem “My Son, My Son.” It involves a husband, a wife who turns into a snake while sleeping under a mosquito net, a magic potion, a monk who gives advice, and a reunion of a mother and son after twenty-nine years. While Dr. Fan reads, Miss Neinken, who has slipped off her shoes, interprets the poem through dance, stretching her arms outward, folding them above her head, then across her chest, crouching, making an anguished face, wringing her hands, making a happy face, whimpering, smiling.

Dr. Fan: “She is such a talent.”

Miss Muse, now speaking Chinese, with Dr. Fan interpreting: “I have loved poetry since I was young; I want to have an environment for innovative thinking. Now is a great moment to be with different people from different cultural backgrounds. I'm very happy, very honored. I will go to different places—the

U.N., Tennessee—and meet with different cultural organizations. I met with the chairman of the China Benevolent Association."

Dr. Fan: "She wanted to go to City Hall. But Mayor Koch, he's not in a good situation now."

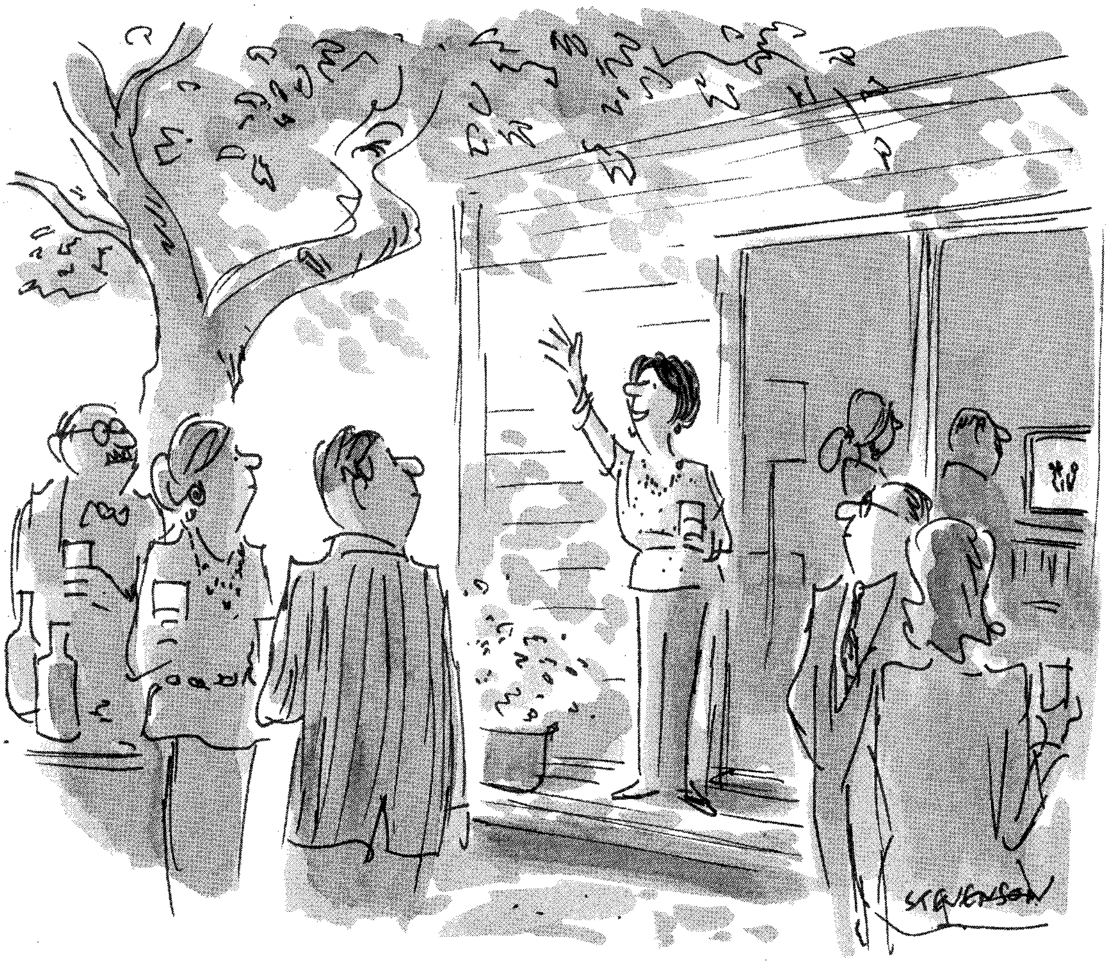
Miss Muse: "I would tell him, 'I'm very honored to be in this great city. I want to learn many cultural things from you and this great city. Also, I may be able to bring some new ideas into your thinking.' "

Miss Neinken: "We had one of Koch's bodyguards come to one of our dinners."

Dr. Fan: "He's a big guy, but he drove a very small car. A compact car."

We thanked all concerned for their time, thanked Dr. Fan for a hundred or so tea candies he was pouring into a manila envelope for us, thanked Miss Muse for a red-and-gold silk eyeglass case she handed to us, and bade them *dzaijien*. Waiting for the elevator, we opened our copy of "Seed," and read the epigraph:

We come confused
we go confused
but
where there is seed
there is hope.



"Everybody in! We have videotapes of the first hour of the party!"

• •

Pier 40: A Remembrance

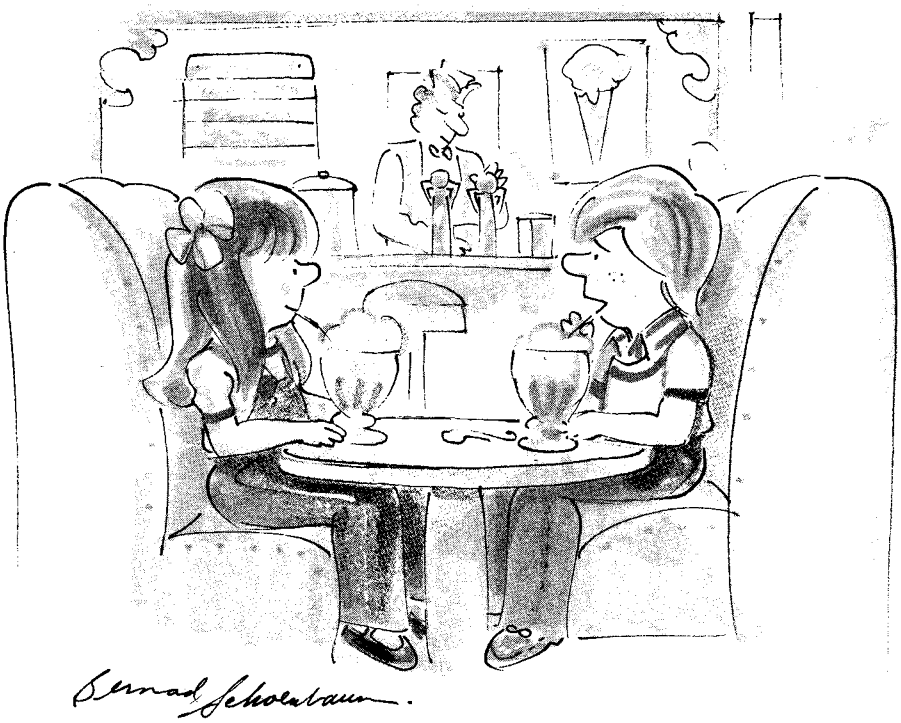
A FRIEND writes:

The best times, the truly best times, for me, anyway, were the mid-seventies. You could tell me the mid-sixties, when she was still brand-new and the freighters from the Grancolombiana line and the passenger ships from the Holland-America Line tied up there, or even the late sixties, back when she began to acquire her character, her sense of permanence, her implacable oil stains—you could tell me that the sixties were the golden years. But I was a young kid fresh out of driver's training in those days, and New York City—and, along with it, the vast orange brick three-block-long three-level parking facility on Pier 40, at Houston and West Street, right next to the character-filled, permanent, implacable Hudson River—was a faraway place, so what the hell do I care what you think?

An early autumn day in '74 is when I remember driving a shiny green Volvo sedan (back when a shiny green Volvo cost what it now costs to insure and garage any kind of car in Manhattan for a year; gas, tolls, service, and repairs are extra) over to the pier and up the steep ramp to the roof deck—the outdoor lot, twenty-five bucks a month—parking near the battleship-gray metal railing (or maybe in a vacant spot), waiting in line ten minutes until I got to the glass-and-wire-mesh window of the little green shed, where a guy named Everett (or maybe Frank or Miles or Spencer) took my check for thirty-five dollars and reserved my semicovered spot on the mezzanine. There were no plastic keycards for the control gates in those days—just a fraternity of friendly West Indian attendants, peaceably accommodating a couple of thousand satisfied parkers. A more innocent time? Why ask? (Even if the Volvo did turn out to be a lemon and I ended up selling it cheap to Mr. Dias, the super.)

I went carless for a few years after that, although I did often go jogging on the old elevated West Side Highway, and I would feast on the great view of the pier as I headed north, toward home. Then I bought a predriven Honda from a guy who was running an unofficial used-car lot on a pier a few blocks south; I never road tested it, but I did pier test it, and as soon as I paid for the car I drove to Pier 40 and reclaimed my spot. I saw the facility through a couple of management turnovers—the one in '81, where they changed from the window stickers to the little manila I.D. cards that you hung from your rearview mirror, and back to the window stickers, and then the big change in '84, when the people with the plastic keycards bought the place. Rates went up—twenty dollars here, twenty there—but I hung on.

The other day, after the news broke about the scuba divers and the structural unsoundness of the pier pilings (the corroded for-God's-sake pil-



"I'd ask you to marry me, but we'd have to live with my parents."

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ings!), and the Port Authority shut the whole thing down just like that, *finito*, I drove over there. (I'm in a little Ford wagon now.) I drove because I'd had the car out for the weekend, which is when the divers went down and saw what they saw. It was the first of the month—a funny, ironic scene, in a way—when people usually come around to pay the rent, and instead they got slapped with the barricades and the bad tidings.

I talked to Paul, the attendant, the blond-haired young guy who drives the Mercury Marquis with the rear license tag that says "BROOKLYN." (The front tag was stolen.) Paul drove the Mercury Marquis to work and parked it there every day. Now he's taking it back to Brooklyn, and who knows what's to become of Paul? You could tell he felt bad, even though he held himself together. Paul said, "Here are the addresses of some other lots you can go to, and here's the phone number of our regional office."

Harry Glaser was there, of course—Harry Glaser, the facility manager. Harry wore a blue blazer, gray slacks, a thick brown leather belt with a big brass buckle, a yellow acrylic shirt, a blue necktie, and brown Hush Puppies loafers. Harry was chain-smoking. "We have had one or two people get a little nasty," he said.

But not Harry.

"Hopefully, it'll reopen," Harry said. "Do I really think so? No. But, hopefully." Harry's only been there a couple of years, but he understood. "I remember people telling me they paid thirty dollars, " Harry Glaser said. "A lot of people remember thirty."

Sandy, driving the silver Toyota, said, "It's incredible." That's what people were saying: "It's incredible" and "So what's the story?" and "What'm I gonna do now?" and "Now this" and "Ye gads, where am I to park?" and "Is there any alternative?" That's the sort of talent we had parking on that pier.

A mother with her two children, a boy eight and a girl six—SoHo kids—came by. The mother had blond hair and wore a wide-brimmed straw hat, the boy carried a skateboard, and they looked as if they'd been planning to have some fun that day. She told the children, "Well, we'll find something. Everything changes. All the years on this planet, people have found things."

The boy said, "Yeah, but what if it takes all the rest of the years on the planet to find another spot?"

And then they got into a dark-blue Chevy van and rode off.

I had a conversation with a philosophy professor (and part-time philosopher) named Laurent. Laurent's car was inside the garage, but he wasn't in a rush. He wanted to think about it.

Some people had heard the news, but a lot hadn't. Bill, the Port Authority cop, gave it to them. Good old Bill. A gray Audi would pull up and the driver would say "So you're closed down completely?" and Bill would tell him "Yep."

When the very thin dark-haired woman in the bluejeans and the blue jacket approached, Bill told her, "You taking it out, you can't bring it back."

"The whole day?" she said.

"Forever," Bill the cop said.

"No, I don't want forever," she said, and kept on walking up the ramp.

Ten minutes later, just before she drove away forever (green VW Rabbit), I asked her what she was planning to do.

"Find a new parking space and eat less," she said.

The big red-and-white "MONTHLY ACCOUNTS MUST BE PAID BY THE 1ST OF THE MONTH OR CAR WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL DAILY RATE IS PAID" sign was still on the wall. And the rates were still posted beneath the "THANK YOU FOR PARKING WITH MEYERS" sign: twelve hours for five dollars; twenty-four hours for seven dollars; monthly on the roof for ninety-five dollars; monthly on the mezzanine for a hundred; monthly indoors for a hundred and five.

I'd been indoors these last few years, since we started having kids and car seats and an exterior paint job that we cared about (the one we got after the hit-and-run). I was paying ninety-seven sixty-five at the end. (It would have been a hundred five, but I had the Manhattan-resident eight-per-cent parking-tax break.) The Pier was only a mile and a half—an eleven-minute run—from home. Plenty of times, I suspected I had it much better than I deserved. I got used to the calcium stalactites and remembered never to park beneath them in wet weather. The rats weren't all that bad.

I don't know what I'm going to do. I don't think I want to live in the car. People are telling me Hoboken, there's parking in Hoboken. O.K., I'm thinking about Hoboken. Or maybe Ohio. Right now, to be honest, it's hard to think at all.

JOCK IS BACK

("DALLAS" UPDATE: FOR A WHILE RECENTLY, IT SEEMED POSSIBLE THAT JOCK EWING, FAMILY PATRIARCH, PRESUMED DEAD IN A SOUTH AMERICAN PLANE CRASH, WAS ALIVE AND BACK AT SOUTH FORK)

SCENE: *Two men, One and Second One, sit facing a light source upstage. They sit silently for several minutes, watching the light source, and then One speaks.*

One: Jock is back.

Second One: I don't believe it. I don't believe that's Jock at all. Why should I believe it? What proof do we have? Look at what's been going on with these so-called Dali prints people are hawking by phone. *Not* real, not genuine; just inwardly contorted people, one a beautiful woman in her thirties, I grant you, with perfectly lovely brown hair, *down to her shoulders*, but they can be the worst kind, and the man is not curatorial quality, and they are sitting, *just as we are sitting*, only instead of being completely *passive*, utterly and totally receptive passive receivers of the culture, they are making *phone calls*, hundreds and thousands of phone calls to doctors, lawyers, dentists, responsible professional people, with more than enough money, and what are they doing? They are selling *phony Dali prints*.

One: Here he is now. Doesn't he look like Jock? I think he does.

Second One: He doesn't look anything like Jock. It's more like a joke than like Jock. Look how little effort they've made. He's just a forgery, a cheap fake.

One: Of course he's changed, because he's *suffered*.

Second One: Suffered? Of course he's suffered! Is it anything to what I go through? No! No, it's not.

(*Telephone rings.*)

Second One (*answering*): Umm, umm, yes-s-s. How much in value? Certificate of authenticity? Exchange it anytime in first sixty months? "Gala Under Stress," one of three hundred personally supervised by the artist. . . . I see. I'll put you on hold.

One: You're such a sucker.

Second One: I'll believe anything!

One: Jock is back.

Second One: I just won't swallow that.

One: I tell you what. Why don't I let you buy my collection of hand-marked facings by world-renowned artist Marc Chagall—the much coveted "Subway Life" series? I'll hold them in my vault, and you can watch them rise in value.

Second One: Yes . . . no . . . I don't know.

One (*hits Second One a blow*): Be still. He's with Miss Ellie now.

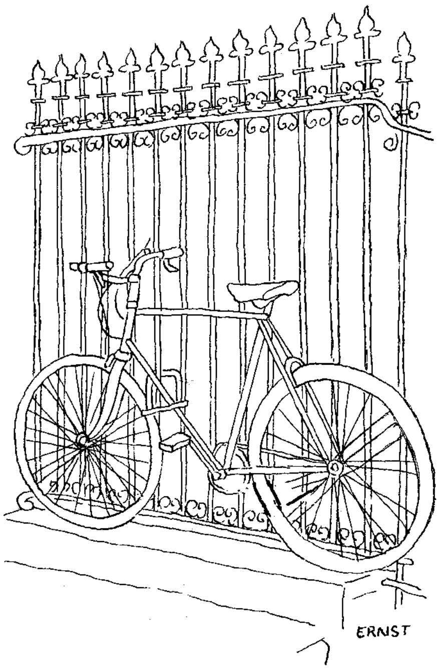
(*They watch the light source. Then all at once there is a big burst of light. Second One is thrown out from his seat onto the floor, where he curls up into a whimpering mass of fear. One, on the other hand, rises from his seat. Now he is dressed in faultless evening attire.*)

Second One: What happened, One?

One: Something enormous. I began to see that I control the light source with my mind. I began to think about the enormous responsibility this puts on me as a thinker, and then I realized that while it would be interesting and amusing to have Jock Ewing come back from the dead, it would be much more interesting, and much the better thing for our American society, if he came back as JOCK WHITNEY.

Second One: Oh, One, why didn't I think of that?

One: I'm sure you remember Jock at "Deerlands," the Whitney property in the Adirondacks? I'm sure you remember the fascinating way he was dressed? I wonder if you remember him dressed in his little shooting gear?



Second One: Of course!

One: If Jock were to come back as Jock Whitney, I am sure that Miss Ellie would recognize him from his pictures and welcome the chance to take a step up, socially. Miss Ellie is only human, after all, as she's proved time and time again.

Second One: Time and time again!

One: Jock might ask her to do something about that maddening voice of hers. . . .

Second One: Of course!

One: And he would firmly but politely order that every stick of furniture be taken from the house and burned.

Second One: It sounds so violent!

One: It will be perceived as liberating. I've had a dream.

Second One: Oh, tell me about it, One!

One: I dreamt that Pam dreamt of an entirely new and different level of sophistication at South Fork. I don't know if you were ever at "Greentree," or with the Whitneys at their place on Fishers Island, but guests were given luxurious presents. Clothes in their own size—cashmere pullovers, for instance, and crisp linen dresses.

Second One: It must have been wonderful.

One: It was, Second One. Far more wonderful than anything you can ever know—except, perhaps, through this dream of Pam's.

Second One: What about money and greed?

One: Money will be handled by competent professionals working for the family. Surplus funds (and there will be vast surplus funds) will be used to subsidize a revitalized *Herald Tribune*.

Second One: Pam dreamt that?

One: No, Second One, I dreamt that. That is a fact.

Second One (*humbly*): What about me?

One: No more cheap prints for you, S.O. Why not act as my junior partner? I'll let you sleep in my bed when I'm not in it, and guarantee you a weekend in Turin every year for the rest of your life, with museum admissions included. How about it?

Second One: Is this some sort of time-sharing scam?

One: Yes, S.O., but it's the top of the line.

Second One: That's what I was hoping. —George W. S. Trow

ADMIRALS

NATHAN jammed his sneakers against the back of his father's seat and listened, eager and miserable, to the opening notes of the song on the car radio. He had no idea. His father had been quizzing him for as long as he could remember, and as a result Nathan knew the Presidents of the United States (in order), the capitals of all fifty states, the provinces of Canada and the nations of Europe and *their* capitals (including Vaduz), the great inventions and their inventors, the major rivers of the world in order of length, famous black and Jewish Americans and their achievements, gods and heroes of ancient Greece, planets and moons of the solar system, as well as two dozen common phobias, including pantophobia, the fear of everything.

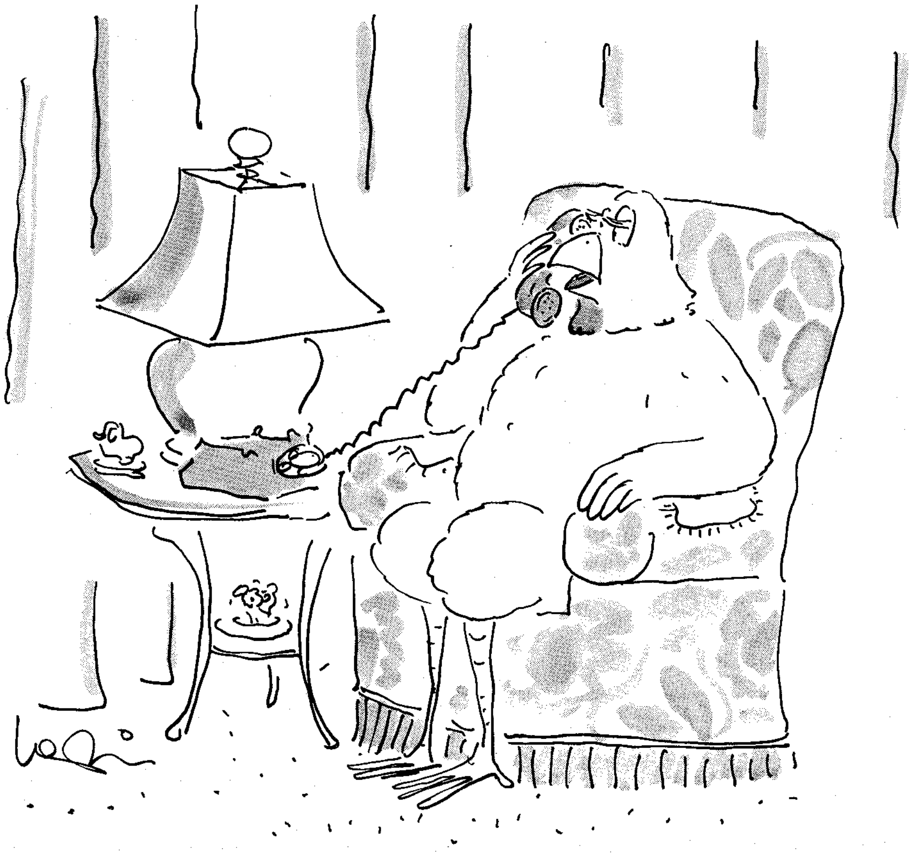
Unfortunately, the topic of the day was rock-and-roll music, and the quiz was for the benefit of Anne, Dr. Shapiro's girlfriend, the play lady from the children's hospital where Nathan's father was the psychiatrist. They were on their way to Annapolis (the capital of Maryland), to stay in a motel, even though Annapolis was only half an hour from Ellicott City, where Nathan, his brother, and their mother lived. It had been raining lightly all morning, the air was chilly for May, and Nathan felt a kind of dread of this false vacation. Dr. Shapiro turned up the volume on the radio and glanced over his shoulder at Nathan, then looked at Anne to make sure that she was paying attention.

"O.K.," said Dr. Shapiro, slowly rolling one hand in the air, as though guiding Nathan into a tight parking space. "Who is this?"

"David Bowie," said Ricky, Nathan's little brother. He arched forward to pat Anne on the top of her head, which was just visible to the boys in the back seat. Ricky—seven, affectionate, ill-tempered, and wild—had seen David Bowie once on television, dressed like a Navajo from Jupiter, and had been greatly impressed.

"Quiet, Ricky," said Dr. Shapiro. "Nathan?"

Since his parents' divorce, a year and a half ago, Nathan had become interested in rock and roll, but aside from songs by the Beatles, which he knew fairly well, and a few by the Rolling Stones, he wasn't much good at this topic. For a moment, running the names of random bands and singers through his mind, Nathan panicked, and his knees began to ache from the pressure he was exerting against his father's seat, until it occurred to him that this was a new kind of quiz. This time his father didn't know the correct answer any more than he did. He could give any name at all.



"Sorry. You want Manny Hanny. This is Henny Penny."

"Eric Clapton," said Nathan, in an offhand way, watching the back of his father's head, then, in a burst of fresh alarm, looking to see if Anne was going to call his bluff. She was younger than his father, and he remembered with a start her having told him that the Buffalo Springfield had played at her homecoming in college.

"Eric Clapton?" said his father. "O.K.! That's amazing, isn't it, Anne?" She smiled. "Couldn't have been more than a dozen bars before he got it."

"That's great," said Anne, turning to smile at Nathan. Anne was very nice, Nathan reminded himself, and then felt guilty because he had to remind himself. He'd always liked Anne—had loved her, in fact, when she was just the play lady at his father's work. He and Ricky had spent entire days down in her playroom, gluing together Popsicle sticks and weaving multicolored pot holders that they brought home to their mother, and Anne would buy them Chinese lunches and comic books. But ever since she was his father's girlfriend, Nathan had come to suspect all of her former friendliness. He shunned her hugs and sat apart from her.

"It's David Bowie," said Ricky. "Ask me, Dad. Ask me."

"David Bowie," said Dr. Shapiro. "Get out of here."

They passed a sign for Annapolis.

"Chuck lives in Annapolis," said Ricky. "Mom says."

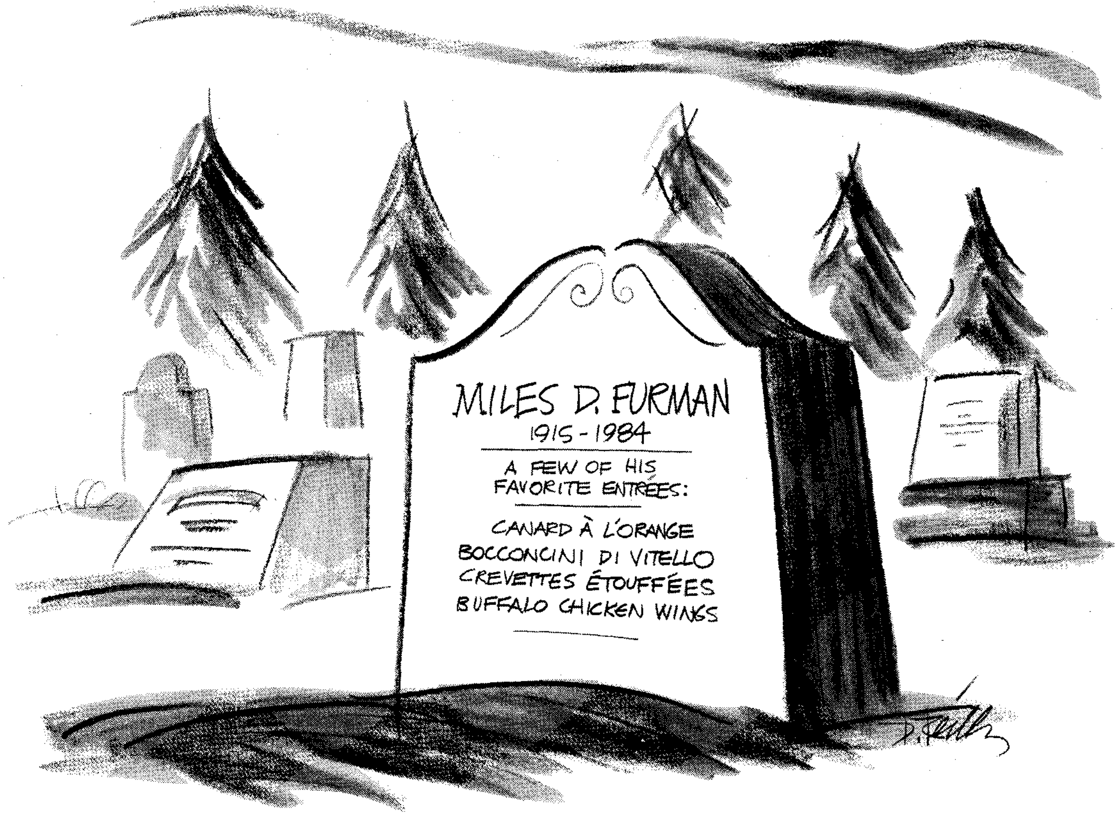
"Who's Chuck?" said their father.

Without knowing exactly why, Nathan hit Ricky on the arm, hard—much harder than he had intended to, really—and Ricky began to cry, then stopped and looked at Nathan, his forehead wrinkled and red.

"Um—a doo-doo head," said Ricky, valiantly turning silly. "Chuck, buck, duck, muck, luck."

Then the song was over, and Nathan's heart sank as he realized that the disk jockey, in just a moment, would identify the singer, and as Ricky arrived, with a gasp, at the end of his incantation. "Fuck," he whispered, behind his hand. He stared blankly at Nathan for an instant, then smiled in horror and delight, his eyes still full of tears.

"We're there," said Anne, and switched off the radio.



NATHAN'S mother had had four boyfriends since the divorce, and, until Chuck, Nathan had liked them all. The first three boyfriends—all of them—wore beards and glasses, like Nathan's father, and drove calm, square foreign cars. They'd tried very hard to make friends with Nathan, and so he had tried, too; there were ballgames and bats' jaws and discussions of science. Each time, Nathan felt sad when the boyfriend stopped calling and didn't come to dinner anymore, though not as sad as his mother. Of the many new spectacles the divorce had created—his mother, in a suit, happily leaving for work in the morning, Nathan fixing their dinner with the radio blaring—the most disturbing was that of their mother crying, which she hadn't done even at the death of their grandfather but which now they had seen ten times at least.

And now Chuck, a small-plane pilot, was pushing their mother to even greater extremes of emotion. He had an Italian car, with only two seats. On Friday nights when Chuck broke dates, their mother sank into jealous despair, and spent the evening devouring an entire novel or talked on the phone to her friends for hours. She would indulge the boys with popcorn and board games and gin rummy, half-sadly smiling throughout. Very late one evening the past winter, she'd come downstairs in her boots, drawn on her coat, and gone out, returning in tears an hour later. The next morning Nathan found her sitting on the stairs, in her big bathrobe, the rolled Sunday paper lying in her lap. He reached down and took the paper from her and opened it, laughing, as if she were only absent-minded.

"Mom," he said. "Where did you go last night?"

She told him, crying; the story came out in little bursts as she held her breath between each sob. And, over a breakfast at which Nathan drank coffee, and they heard Ricky's cartoons come on upstairs, as she confided to him other, less desperate tales of checking up on Chuck, he had felt himself, almost physically, growing older.

He felt it even now, with his father. Dr. Shapiro borrowed a dollar's worth of quarters from Nathan, to feed the parking meter, and Nathan trembled as, for the first time, he made his father a loan. They went into a bookstore, where they ridiculed the romance novels and took turns looking through a history of chess. Dr. Shapiro found a guidebook to the restaurants of Maryland and, having narrowed down the choices to three, allowed Nathan to decide where they would eat lunch. After studying the encapsulated reviews, Nathan settled finally on a waterfront seafood restaurant called the Bonhomme Richard, which specialized in soft-shell crabs, his father's favorite food. They left the bookstore and headed toward the bay, Anne and Ricky following along behind. The morning clouds had at last begun to scatter, the sun shone; they walked into the lobby of the Bonhomme Richard, and, in the few short moments before they ran into Chuck and some lady, Nathan saw, very keenly, how soon would come the day when he would be able to walk into a seafood restaurant and anticipate, like a dessert, a pale-brown cocktail. Then he saw Chuck, in the lounge, helping a lady with red hair to put on her raincoat.

"It's like mine," said Ricky, just before he noticed Chuck. "Hey!"

It was. The lady wore a rubber slicker, the color of a taxicab, with a detachable hood. Chuck held out her empty left sleeve and she smiled at Ricky, as strangers often did. Nathan grabbed his little brother's arm, as gently as he could bear, and turned him toward their father and Anne, who were already disappearing into the dining room. As the boys followed after, Nathan struggled—like Orpheus and Lot's Wife—against the urge to turn and look back at the handsome, mysterious airplane pilot and the lady in the child's raincoat. Finally he gave in, and was irritated to see that Ricky, too, had turned to look.

"Don't look," said Nathan.

"You did," said Ricky.

They watched Chuck set an extra dollar in the little tray of money, then take the lady's arm; she looked up brightly into Chuck's face, and he blew a puff of air, ruffling her red bangs, and then they came at the boys, laughing. They were a happy couple. It was sad. Nathan thought of a time, long ago in Richmond, Virginia, when his parents had stood in the doorway of his bedroom, looking into each other's faces and at little Nathan dancing naked on his bed, their arms around each other's waists. Nathan's father had called his mother Rosie, the only time ever, and Nathan had stopped dancing. "Rosie!" he had cried.

"Here's Dad," said Ricky.

Their father approached, his hands outspread, one eyebrow lifted in mock annoyance.

"We're coming," said Nathan. "Here we come."

"What did you see?" said Dr. Shapiro.

They sat down and Nathan opened his menu. At first he was too upset to do anything but stare at the descriptions of all the different dishes. Colored drawings of fish swam around the menu's border—haddock, cod, flat flounder and sole, and the ugly fish that wasn't a dolphin but was called a dolphin. He felt—as though suddenly and irrevocably he were his mother's ambassador to Annapolis and to the whole world—as if he were going to cry.

"Look," said Ricky. "Admirals."

They'd been seated in a part of the restaurant that stretched out over the water, at a table beside a window. Across the room, along another row of windows, was the bar, just now entirely taken up by naval officers in white uniforms, nearly two dozen, a flock of admirals. Their upside-down hats littered the top of the bar; the lunchtime sun fell across their square shoulders and lit up their dazzling coats. All the men looked handsome and happy, their cocktails flashed in their hands, and Nathan cherished the elegant lime in a gin-and-tonic.

"What are you having, Nathan?" said his father.

"How much can it cost?" he asked, since the only things that sounded good were expensive. Nathan preferred, as a rule, to order the dishes with the most ingredients and with the most adjectives applied to them. His father tossed his head and waved away Nathan's question.

"You can have whatever you want," he said. It was what he always said, and it was one of the four thousand things for which Nathan adored him.

The waiter came and did his waiter's tricks for Ricky, snapping out a napkin, mixing Ricky's chocolate milk right at the table, pouring milk into the glass at first from just above it, then from a great height, then dipping and rising again, as though the milk were a white rubber band. Dr. Shapiro ordered soft-shell crabs, then rose from the table and went to find a pay telephone.

This was another recent and disturbing phenomenon. Nathan knew that his father liked to listen to the boys' orders, to express his ceremonial approval or surprise. But in the past couple of months Dr. Shapiro had begun to disappear suddenly—to go off looking for pay phones in restaurants and department stores, preoccupied by "keeping in touch" with his patients' parents, with the hospital, with his Pakistani colleagues. He telephoned so regularly and resignedly that Nathan came to associate these dutiful calls with the twice-weekly ones the boys got from him, which Ricky seemed to enjoy but which Nathan (and, he suspected, his father) found both difficult and somehow unjust.

Anne and Nathan looked at each other and shared a sarcastic smile, as though Dr. Shapiro's new telephone mania were only ridiculous. Then the sarcasm went out of Anne's face. She looked after her boyfriend with a furrowed brow, then turned to Nathan and tried to smile again. It was as though, for a moment, she had laid down her mask and told him that it was O.K. to worry, that, indeed, something abnormal was happening around them. In that moment Nathan felt that he loved her. But then she smiled.

Ricky, ordering the fried jumbo shrimps (he was in the throes of a mad shrimp phase), knocked over the entire glass of chocolate milk. His apologies were so irritable and sincere that a few of the shining admirals across the room looked over and laughed, grandly; the glass, after all, had not broken. Ricky smiled and calmed down. When their father came back, pulling at his beard, Ricky leaned toward him.

"Dad, the admirals laughed at me," he said. "All the way from across the room."

Anne took Nathan's hand and whispered into his ear.

"It wasn't Eric Clapton," she told him, blushing.

"Oh," said Nathan, watching his father look out emptily and awestruck over the platinum water, as though a great, gay ocean liner were passing by.

"It was the Rolling Stones," she said. "It was 'We Love You.' "

As they left the restaurant, it began to sprinkle again, and they hurried through the streets from shop to shop. One, full of old tables and

SEPTEMBER

See, September is here. I used to address him
when, much stronger than he,
I would stretch out in the landscape
with my sparkling skin
like an enormous lizard, mistress
of her piece of sand.
"Pale offspring," I would call him.
"Bachelor September," I would laugh,
because I was always getting married,
the eternal spouse of summer, my glorious bridegroom.

See, September is here. "The tender month of fall"—
once upon a time.
His honey—today—is fermenting.
No more silence. Birdfolk clamor in the sky.
Cats full of kittens caterwaul.
The donkey hee-haws. The sheep uproots the grass
from the arid earth with a snap.

Without my bridegroom
I no longer exist.

—Nina Cassian

(*Translated, from the Rumanian, by Ruth Whitman.*)

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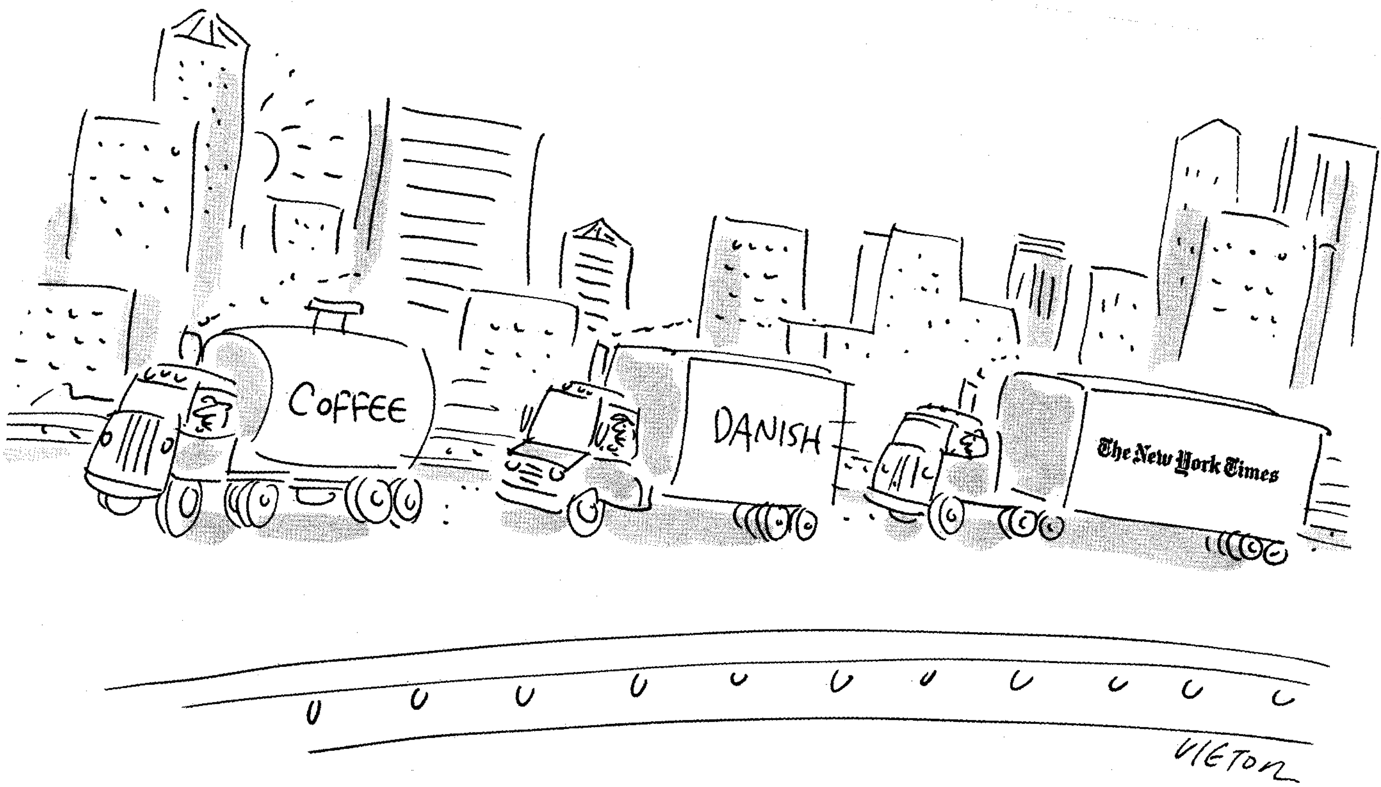


chairs, stood beside another that was full of artistic toys—painted clowns, dancers on cords, wooden trains in the shapes of ducks and ducklings. So they split up. Lately Dr. Shapiro and Anne had become interested in old furniture, and although Nathan had tried for a little while to share their interest, as an adult would—to examine the splinters of wear in a wicker seat, to see how tables could be important—it was not easy to do, so when Ricky failed to spot the toyshop immediately, Nathan pointed it out to him. He waited for Ricky's shouts of discovery, then feigned acquiescence when his father ordered him to escort his brother into the shop.

They quickly discovered that most of the artistic toys were in the windows, and that it was really just an ordinary toy store, with fine, ordinary toys. Ricky was overjoyed. He shot at Nathan with a ray gun that threw sparks and whined, put on a small diving mask and hooted through the snorkel, got all the battery-powered toys to crawl and beep across the table on which they were displayed, exclaiming happily when they crashed into each other. Whenever Nathan went into toy stores these days, a confusion of feelings came over him, and now he stood, hands in pockets, beside a glass case of miniature knights, soldiers, and farm animals, absently watching his brother cause toy disaster.

At home, with their mother, Ricky did little harm to fixtures or vases, but his mood was black, and he kicked and shrieked; with their father he was festive and wily, and full of comments, but he couldn't be trusted near anything valuable, and sometimes the sturdiest appliances came to pieces under his hand. Their mother's nerves were shattered, like their father's pipes and tumblers. When Ricky was not around, he was discussed in a manner that made Nathan uneasy, because the assumption seemed to be that Ricky had some kind of problem, or would soon be a problem—which, when Nathan thought about it for a minute, almost certainly meant that he, too, was a problem, only older.

"Nate! Nate!" said Ricky, from somewhere at the front of the toy store. Nathan looked one last time at the toy horse and crusader, reared up on their swath of metal turf—the only thing in the store that he even faintly coveted—then went to find his brother. Ricky stood on tiptoe, clutching the top of the low wood partition that protected the display of untouchable toys in the front window; he was looking past all the duckies and dancers to something in the street outside.

First Nathan saw the fabulous car. It was like a colorplate in the cumbersome book he'd been given for his eleventh birthday, "The History of the Motor Car"—a Cord, or a Duesenberg, or a Daimler, or one of those other extinct breeds of car that looked like small, wheeled mansions, with curtains, doorknobs, tiny lamps, the running boards like long verandas. And, as in the illustrations Nathan had gazed at, on the toilet, or under the covers of his bed for hours at a time, there was something airless and artificial about the car—something as dead and impossible as the reconstructed skeletons of Allosaurus and triceratops in a museum. There was a story, famous in their family—even Anne knew it—about Nathan, at age four, asking his parents which had come first, the dinosaurs or the old-fashioned cars. It still sometimes seemed to him that the things that had happened before he was born—Pearl Harbor, hieroglyphics, catapults, the day his parents fell in love—were equally ancient and interesting, cryptic and gone.

"It's a millionaire," said Ricky.

"It's a playboy," said Nathan.

The man stood in the light rain with one foot on the running board of his car, staring off toward the distant bay. He wore a blue blazer with a coat of arms on the breast pocket, white trousers, no socks, blue sailor's sneakers. In one hand he casually held a briar, and in the other a gold lighter. He neither slouched nor stood erect, and Nathan immediately adjusted his own posture to match the playboy's, but it was the man's short silver hair that Nathan admired most, and the perfect wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, and his slight smile.

"See that silver hair?" said Nathan. "When I'm old I want to have hair like that."

"It's gray," said Ricky. "Can that car go a hundred miles an hour?"

"Any car can go a hundred miles an hour," said Nathan the older brother. "You're just supposed to look at that car. It doesn't go anywhere."

Their father appeared on the sidewalk in front of the toy store, and he and the playboy said hello.

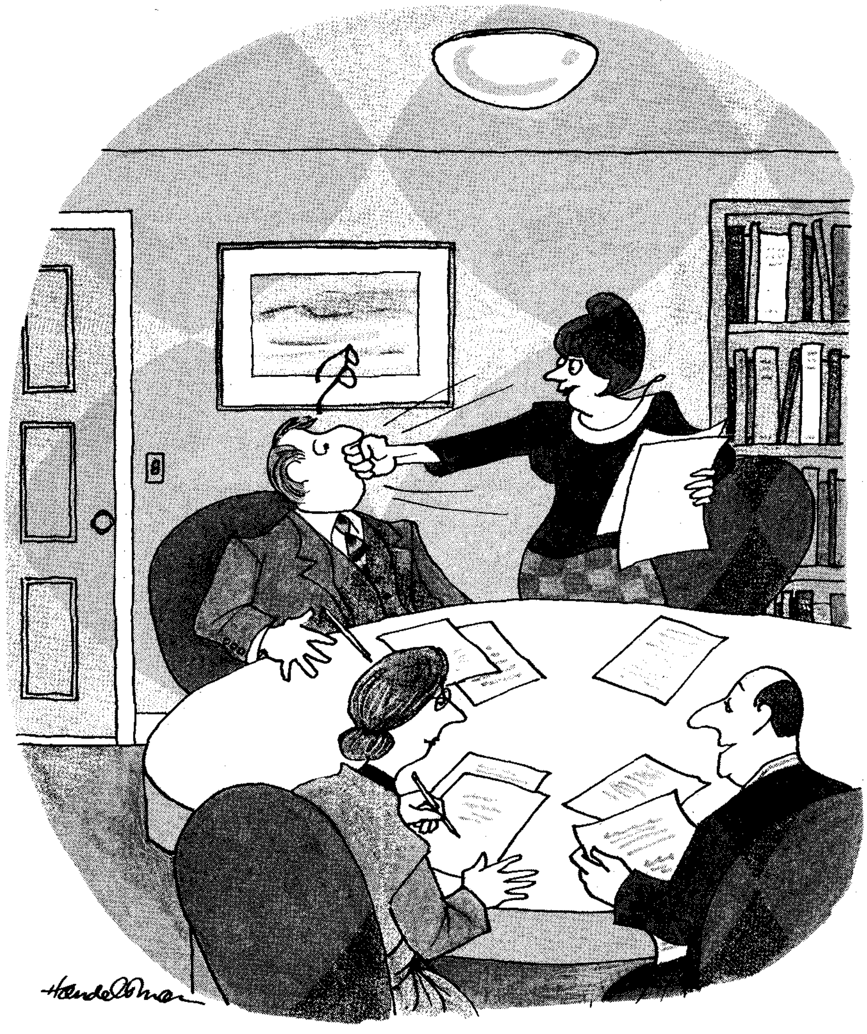
"Dad's talking to him," said Ricky.

"You're allowed to talk to guys like that when they stand there with their cars," said Nathan. "They like it."

Dr. Shapiro walked over to the man with silver hair and gestured at his car. The man nodded politely but didn't smile. Beside him their father looked small, wet, bald, and faintly sloppy, and the fluttery hand he held out toward the vaulting fender of the car seemed to try—and fail—to grasp, to clutch. The playboy said something and then looked away again. Nathan saw, in that instant, that his father was a man whom a playboy would shun. Then a woman carrying shopping bags came toward the men—a television blonde, wearing an ash-gray trenchcoat and lots of makeup; she was very tall, with beautiful teeth. She twirled her umbrella over her head and it shot drops around her like a firework of water.

"An actress," said Ricky, pinching Nathan's arm.

The playboy nodded again to Dr. Shapiro, then went around to open the door for the actress, who gave the playboy a look that Nathan recognized. He had seen his mother give this look to Chuck, and she had no doubt once given it to his father—this look which, now that he recognized it, seemed to convey everything that, Nathan imagined, constituted sexual desire, a look of soft, distrustful frankness, wide- and wet-eyed. And then they got in and drove away, the car sweeping out of the parking space and into the street without a sound, without a squeal, like a sailboat.



"An excellent defense. Let's give her the doctorate."

"You lied," said Ricky. "It does go."

"Look at Dad," said Nathan.

Dr. Shapiro stood watching the fabulous car disappear for a moment, wiping the rain from his glasses, his head slightly turned away, as though he were listening to the couple's dwindling laughter.

"He's only a psychiatrist," said Ricky.

"Here he comes," said Nathan. He grabbed Ricky and pulled him into the board-game aisle. When their father came in, he was soaking wet, and he bought his sons several bright things that they had not asked for.

THAT night, in the motel room, as he lay beside his brother, Nathan listened to the people sleeping around him; Ricky snored delicately. Nathan could hear the hum of the ice machine in the corridor, could hear his father's wristwatch ticking on the night table, and the general, half-imaginary murmur that all motels emit at night. Anne had drawn the curtains; the room was so completely black that Nathan began to see bright colors, luminous Persian rugs. Lately he suffered from night anxieties, and although he would think and think about everything in his life that might be upsetting him—library fines, his recent failure to pass the parallel-bars exam, his fear of high school—he couldn't determine what it was that kept him awake, with a stomach ache, night after night. It was as though he were trying to remember the answer to one of his father's questions. He rolled onto his back, the motel sheets crackled, and, after a while, he began to drift, and the colors faded from his eyes. Ricky coughed in his sleep, once, angrily. Then, in the instant before Nathan went under, a picture came into his mind. He lay like Moses in a little basket, floating among the bulrushes, and his parents stood on the bank above him, their arms around each other's waists, looking down. They were singing to him. "We love you," they sang.

—Michael Chabon

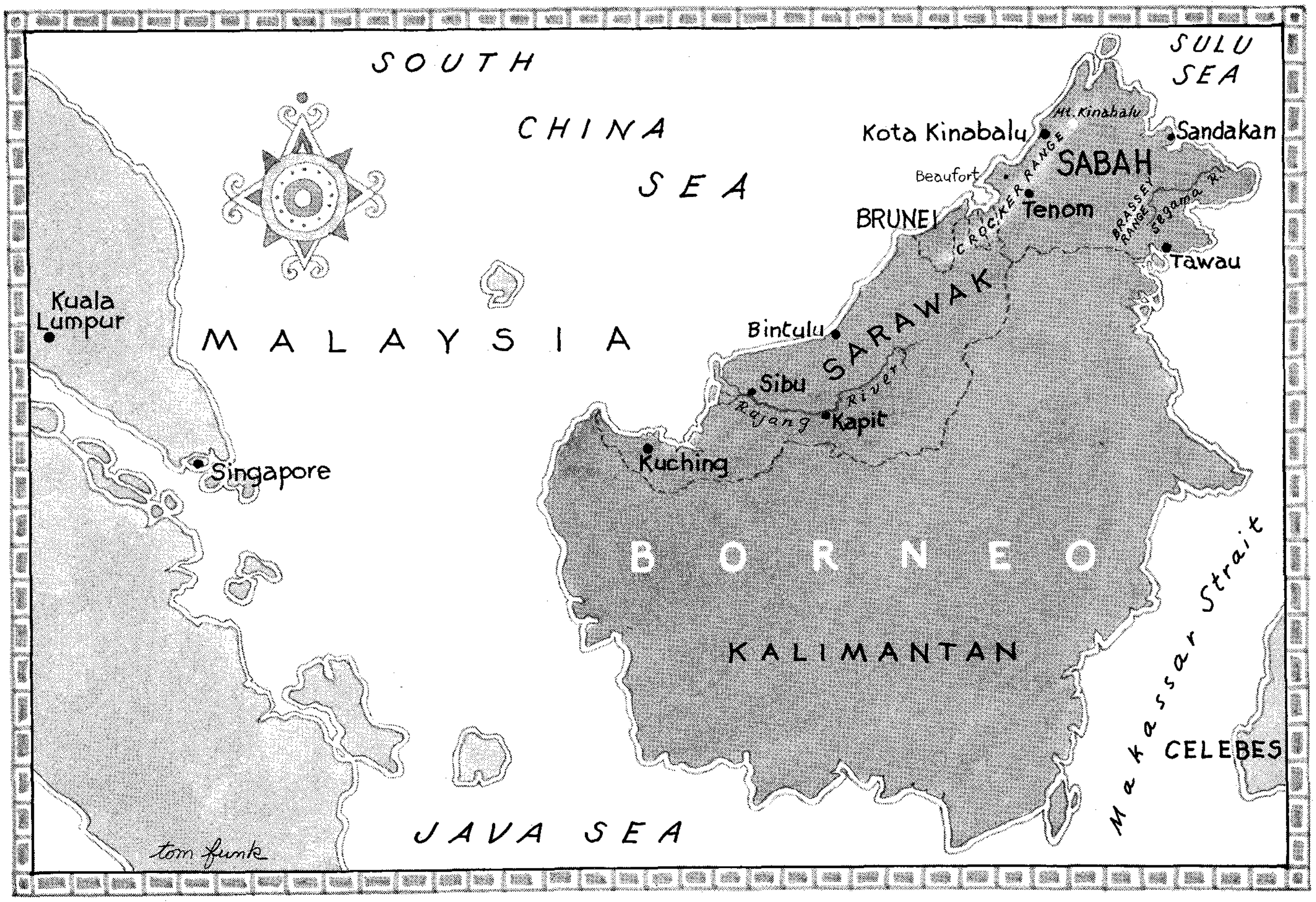
•

Just two years ago Gandhi, 42, was hailed as the most promising of leaders, an enlightened Prime Minister whose reputation for probity won him the nickname "Mr. Clean." Today, battered by corruption scandals, local-election defeats, the defection of ministers and worsening communal violence, Gandhi, 42, is widely regarded as pathetically inept.—*Time.*

But ageless.

ANNALS OF EXPLORATION

THE NORTH BORNEO EXPEDITION OF 1981



ONE might be led to believe that I had been engaged in an undertaking of some seriousness on hearing that in the summer of 1981 I went as a member of the North Borneo Expedition team to Sabah, a small state in northeastern Borneo, to collect virus-infected insects for the Institute of Virology at Oxford. However, a brief history of the manner in which the North Borneo Expedition came into existence will, alas, reveal it to be very different from the scientific undertaking those words imply.

One day in the academic year of 1979-80, when I was at Oxford completing a degree program in Philosophy and Theology, I was joined at lunch, in the cavernous Somerville College dining hall, by Deborah Bateson, whom I knew only slightly. Deborah was a biochemist in the third year of a four-year course. Immediately after sitting down, she told me that she was going to Borneo—the summer after next, she thought. The Institute of Virology, where she was doing research in preparation for her final project, had commissioned her to collect virus-infected insect pests from oil-palm and cocoa plantations in Borneo. Well, perhaps not exactly commissioned: Deborah had overheard two researchers at the Institute saying that they wished they could obtain these pest specimens, and had impulsively burst into the conversation to say that she would get them.

Whether or not the researchers put faith in her promise, Deborah was serious, and at the end-of-term reports, when every undergraduate meets privately for five minutes or so with her college principal, she rashly announced to the principal of our college that she was going to Borneo. The principal then displayed the stuff that principals are ideally made of and, on the basis of some thirty-five minutes' acquaintance with me (i.e., seven end-of-term meetings of five minutes each), suggested to Deborah that such a project would be right up my street. It was shortly after this meeting that Deborah approached me at lunch in hall with the express purpose of asking if I would like to go to Borneo. I, of course, said yes, and in this manner two-thirds of the North Borneo Expedition team was mustered. The remaining third was to be my sister Joanna, at that time an undergraduate at Yale, majoring in math. My own motives for going to Borneo were vague; my entomological experience had so far been confined to stalking the marauding cockroaches that hold sway over our back porch in North Florida. But, prior to my studies at Oxford, I *had* been a classicist, and classics, as the world knows, equips the civilized person for any task. I had no idea what I wanted to do after graduation, and I believed that since the answers to life's questions did not seem to lie close at hand they must surely lie far away. I also had the hazy notion that this might be something to write about someday. At any rate, my motives were decidedly unscientific. Deborah's appetite for travel had been whetted by her membership in the Oxford Exploration Club. Joanna had serious scientific field experience: for an entire summer she had been towed like shark bait behind a boat while mapping the Apalachicola Bay as part of an ecological study.

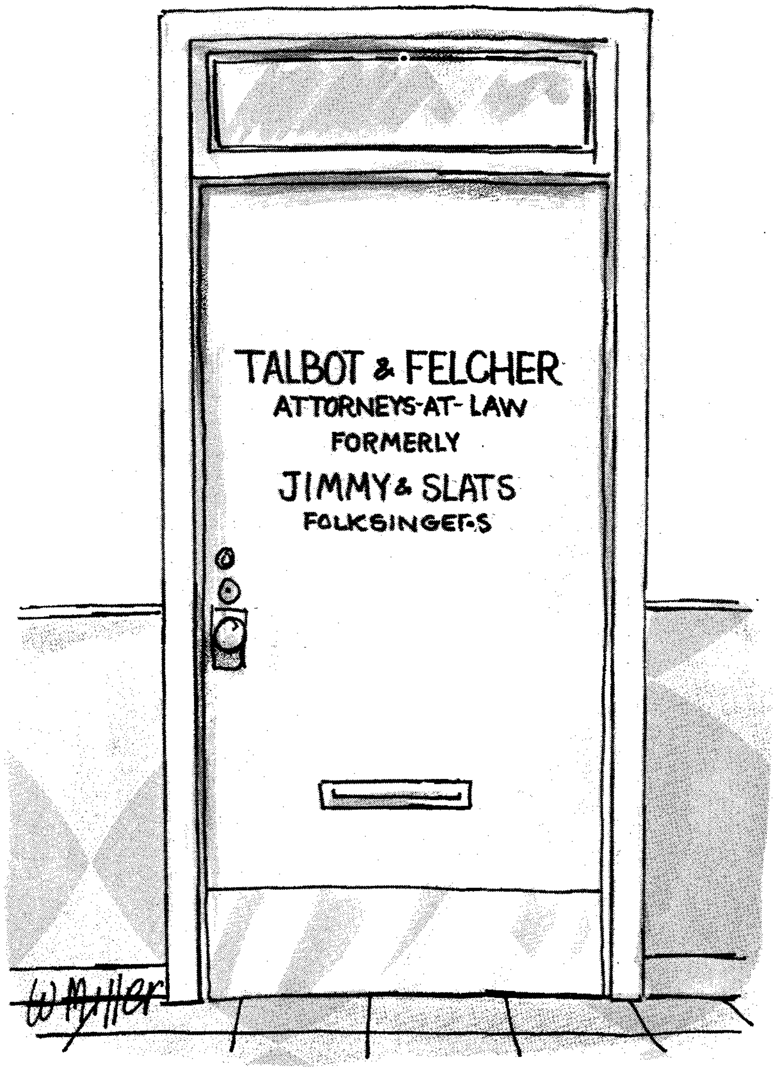
What the scientists at the Institute

thought about our formidable team I never ascertained. I met only briefly with the researchers whose conversation had given rise to our expedition, and they were pleasantly offhand. They took us seriously enough, however, to undertake to provide us with collection bottles, test tubes, plastic bags, butterfly nets, and tweezers—the last for the purpose of drawing the insects delicately off palm fronds by their stinging bristles. We were also allowed to help ourselves to the Institute's stationery supplies and, during certain hours, to make use of an Institute typewriter. For our part, we had merely to raise the funds for all food, accommodation, and travel inside Borneo, not to mention the cost of actually getting there.

The specific goal of our expedition was to make a collection of virus-carrying *Darna trima*, *Setora nitens*, and *Thosea asigna*, which are crop pests of the oil-palm and cocoa trees. These species are nettle caterpillars, and occur in unpredictable periodic outbreaks of epidemic proportions, which can devastate the crops of entire fields. The insects, in turn, are prey to an unidentified virus, which has on many occasions ended an epidemic by wiping out the entire pest population within the space of a few days. The Institute of Virology wanted infected pest specimens in order to extract and analyze the virus, with a view to its possible use as a means of biological control of these and other insect pests. Information about the pests themselves we gleaned from books and a trip to the Natural History Museum in London, where we were shown drawerfuls of dried, yellow specimens of the pests. Deborah conveyed what information she had about the viruses to Joanna and me. We learned from various sources the sites of the major oil-palm estates in Sabah, and began to sketch out an ideal itinerary—ideal, in that it would not only take us to the requisite collection sites but also insure that we visited the different regions of the country.

We began the task of fund-raising by compiling a list of the world's major corporations with vested interests in oil-palm and cocoa products. We then wrote a prospectus, briefly stating the aims of our project and explaining that the Institute of Virology at Oxford would be using our collection for research into possible means of biological control of insect pests. We were advised to include a brief biographical sketch of each team member: a delicate business. My subjects were philosophy, theology, Latin, and Greek; Joanna was majoring in math; and Deborah, who had the greatest claim to legitimate qualifications, was engaged in work on cotton plants. But we flattered ourselves that by emphasizing Joanna's work in statistics (precise assessment of crop damage) and my experience with photography and in athletic competition (photographic documentation of situation, endurance in face of expeditionary hardship), and by casting Deborah as the stern Expedition Leader, we had put together a document that was both persuasive and honest enough to insure that we could not be sued on a charge of solicitation of funds under false pretenses. The document was called "Prospectus of Expedition to North Borneo," a misnomer on most counts. In the first place, the area we were going to was called Sabah; it had been called British North Borneo in colonial days, but the name was long obsolete if not offensive. However, the temptation to make use of the name Borneo, with all its wild glamour, was not to be resisted. In the second place, we were embarking on a scientific project, not an expedition in the proper sense of the word. The models we were using, however, were prospectuses of various Oxford expeditions that had been successful in their fund-raising. We sent our prospectus to the corporations on our list, accompanied by a letter pointing out that without their interested support our project would not be possible.

While waiting for money to pour into our newly established North Borneo Expedition bank account, we made some preliminary excursions to corporations with London-based offices; among other things, we hoped that in this way we could get a look at a detailed map of Sabah, since we had not yet seen one. These London interviews were surprisingly successful: we acquired an overseas field agent, whom we could cite as our sponsor for visa purposes; scientific advisers in Sabah; and, best of all, the promise of accommodation and transport from three of the estates we had included in our itinerary. We had done our homework well and were gaining confidence. Phrases like "granulosis virus of the embedded type" and "progressive necrosis and skeletization of palm fronds" rolled off our tongues. We



were pulled up short once. "Virus-infected insects?" one of the estate-division directors repeated. "You mean they're sick. How will you know they're sick?"

Deborah and I both leaned forward in our chairs, as we did whenever we sensed that we had come to a hazardous threshold, and Deborah replied that the insects would be dark brown and flaccid.

"Flaccid! These are nettle caterpillars, aren't they? I don't imagine they're *that* active when in the best of form."

At the end of the 1979-80 academic year, I graduated and prepared to return to the States; Deborah still had a year's work to complete for her degree. We were both confident that we had made all necessary arrangements for the expedition. After all, we now possessed a map and had drawn up a careful itinerary; we had the names and addresses of people we could get in touch with on arrival; we had all the equipment we needed; and we knew someone at the Radcliffe Infirmary at Oxford who would give us our vaccinations before departure. Despite the fact that our prospective sponsors had not yet contributed even one penny to the expedition's new bank account, we parted in absolute faith that we would reconvene at Oxford the following year and set forth for Borneo together.

"Your dated look is an absolute tour de force."

• •

And that is exactly what happened. Money trickled in from here and there during the year, and by the summer of 1981 we had accumulated enough for our fares and a modest per-diem allowance. Joanna, like Deborah, had spent the intervening year at university. I had worked as a bartender on the upper West Side of New York, and it was with relief that my mother saw me leave for the safety of Borneo. Joanna and I joined Deborah in Oxford, and the three of us met briefly with the titular supervisor of our expedition (our "home agent"), who, in the true Oxford manner, showed neither surprise nor incredulity that we had in fact managed to get the project off the ground. On the morning of July 17, 1981, we set out for the bus station, equipped with a shoulder bag each and two enormous bags of bottles and butterfly nets; and thus it was that the North Borneo Expedition got under way by early bus from Gloucester Green station.

BORNEO lies off the Malay Peninsula above Java and some smaller Indonesian islands. It is bordered on the south by the Java Sea, on the west and northwest by the South China Sea, and on the northeast by the Sulu Sea. The Makassar Strait flows between Borneo and Celebes, to the southeast. Eight hundred and thirty miles long and six hundred miles across at its widest point, it is not only the second largest island in the Malay archipelago but the third-largest island in the world (after Greenland and New Guinea). Politically, it is divided among Malaysia, Indonesia, and Brunei: Sabah, Sarawak, and Brunei lie in the Malaysian north. Indonesian Kalimantan, in the south, takes up about seventy-five per cent of the island.

The name Borneo is a corruption of Brunei, and dates from the early sixteenth century, when Magellan's fleet visited the harbor of Brunei en route from the Philippines, and brought back to Europe a glowing account of its sultan's wealth. In 1841, James Brooke, euphemistically called a "young adventurer" in many books, was awarded Sarawak by the sultan of Brunei as payment for his help in putting down a rebellion in one of Brunei's outlying provinces. The Brooke family held dynastic sway over Sarawak for a hundred years, and were referred to as the White Rajas. Sabah was a British Chartered Company—the British North Borneo Company—from 1881 until the Second World War. After the war, it became a British colony, and remained one until 1963, when both Sarawak and Sabah were incorporated into the Federation of Malaysia.

The Pribumis constitute approximately eight hundred and forty thousand out of Sabah's estimated total population of one million two hundred and seventy-one thousand. This blanket term covers several culturally distinct groups of natives: the Kadazans, an agricultural people, who are the most numerous; the Bajaus, an agricultural and fishing people; the

Muruts, a hunting hill tribe; and the Suluks, a seafaring people. Sabah also has significant numbers of Chinese and Indians (estimated at a hundred and sixty-four thousand, and five thousand six hundred, respectively) and three thousand three hundred "others," including Europeans. Most of the population is scattered along the nine-hundred-and-seventy-three-mile coastline, and the neighboring interior valleys. The interior itself is sparsely populated. Sabah's land mass comprises twenty-eight thousand four hundred and sixty square miles.

We flew from London to Singapore, then travelled by train up the Malay Peninsula to Kuala Lumpur and from there by a (cheap) once-a-week night flight to Kota Kinabalu, the capital of Sabah, arriving at the Kota Kinabalu airport in the middle of the night. Everything was very still, though there were a number of people sitting on slatted wooden benches that edged the arrival hall. Our first concern was for our luggage: the bags containing the collecting materials did not have locks, and it did not occur to us that objects of this kind were unlikely to be of interest to the average pilferer.

The bags were safely reclaimed, however, and as there were neither buses nor taxis at that hour our first night in Borneo was spent on the airport benches. We took a taxi early the next morning, and it was on the road into Kota Kinabalu that the excitement of at last being in Borneo hit us. Tropical foliage, looking very much like "jungle," could be seen from the road, and so could the blue of the South China Sea. Kota Kinabalu is right on the sea. Boats can glide directly into the fish market, which is built on high stilts over the water, and the smell of the ocean blows into the town on humid, salty air. The architecture was that of a Wild West town; there were long lines of open-fronted shops looking out onto covered catwalks. Several of the streets were unpaved, and the ground was a dusty, red clay. I was struck immediately by the beauty of the men and women; their skin was flawless and golden, and their features seemed impossibly regular and well boned. The men were dressed casually in European clothes, but many women wore sarongs—colorful pieces of cloth wrapped around the waist to make an ankle-length skirt. Their bodices also consisted of a tightly wrapped piece of cloth, worn under an attractive, slim-sleeved black jacket. The people are short by Western standards, and we often found that we stood conspicuously a head above the crowds.

We first went to meet one of our contacts in the Sabah Department of Agriculture, who was to serve as our scientific adviser. He welcomed us warmly, and told us that we had been expected three days earlier and a reception party—with flowers—had awaited us at the airport for several hours. Our decision to take a cheap night flight had upset these plans; it had never occurred to us that we would be met. "We are all very excited to have a team come from Oxford," our scientific adviser said. He told us that we had been offered accommodation by Dr. and Mrs. Bacon, and suggested that we go to their house right away and settle in.

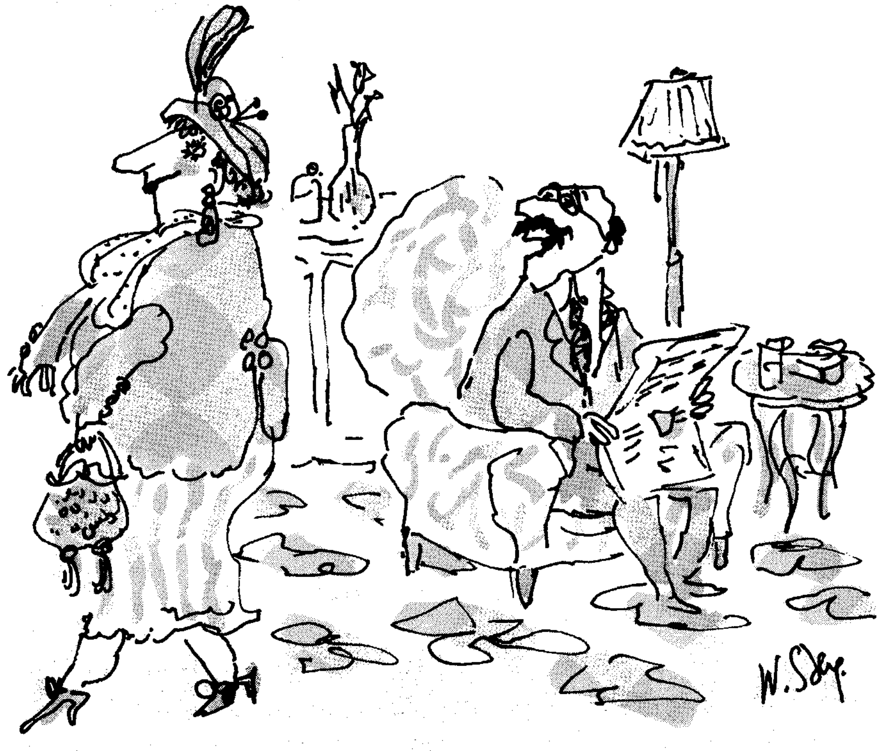
We were driven to a quiet residential area, in which all the houses were built on solid stilts, some standing as high as ten feet off the ground; they were clearly adaptations of the kampong, or village, huts, which stand on high, rickety poles. The streets were narrow and dotted with pink and creamy-white blossoming frangipani trees. The road dead-ended, and we could see through the row of trees ahead of us that we were near the ocean. The Bacons' house was one of the closest to the beach.

As we approached the entrance, we saw a petite, beautiful Kadazan woman leaning against the gatepost. "That must be the Bacons' woman," said our driver. The man from the Department of Agriculture looked at him out of the corner of his eye, without turning his head. "That is Mrs. Bacon," he corrected.

Mrs. Bacon came to greet us. "My husband is not here," she said apologetically in a throaty, sensuous voice, as she led us up the steps of the house. She was dressed in a simple shift and was barefoot. A veranda, filled with plants, mostly orchids, ran across the entire front of the house, and was separated from the living room by sliding glass doors. Mrs. Bacon showed us to our rooms and, while we unpacked, telephoned her husband, who arrived shortly afterward.

Andrew Bacon was a man of middle height in his late forties, with flaming-red hair that was thinning on top. He welcomed us jovially, puffing on his pipe. "Come outside and have tea," he said, and we joined him and his wife on the veranda. He was a veterinarian, the son of an Anglican archdeacon, whose photograph hung in the living room, near a picture of Andrew's college rowing eight at Cambridge; he had come out to Malaysia nineteen years earlier, shortly after graduation.

"Jane is the granddaughter of a paramount chief," he said proudly, nodding toward his wife. "He was a great headhunter. He had some for-



"Whither goest thou so gaily attired?"

ty heads in his longhouse."

"He had forty-three," said Jane, who up to this point had appeared to be lost in her own thoughts. Weapons, whether ceremonial or real I do not know, hung above the stair rail—two blowpipes and a quiver full of darts.

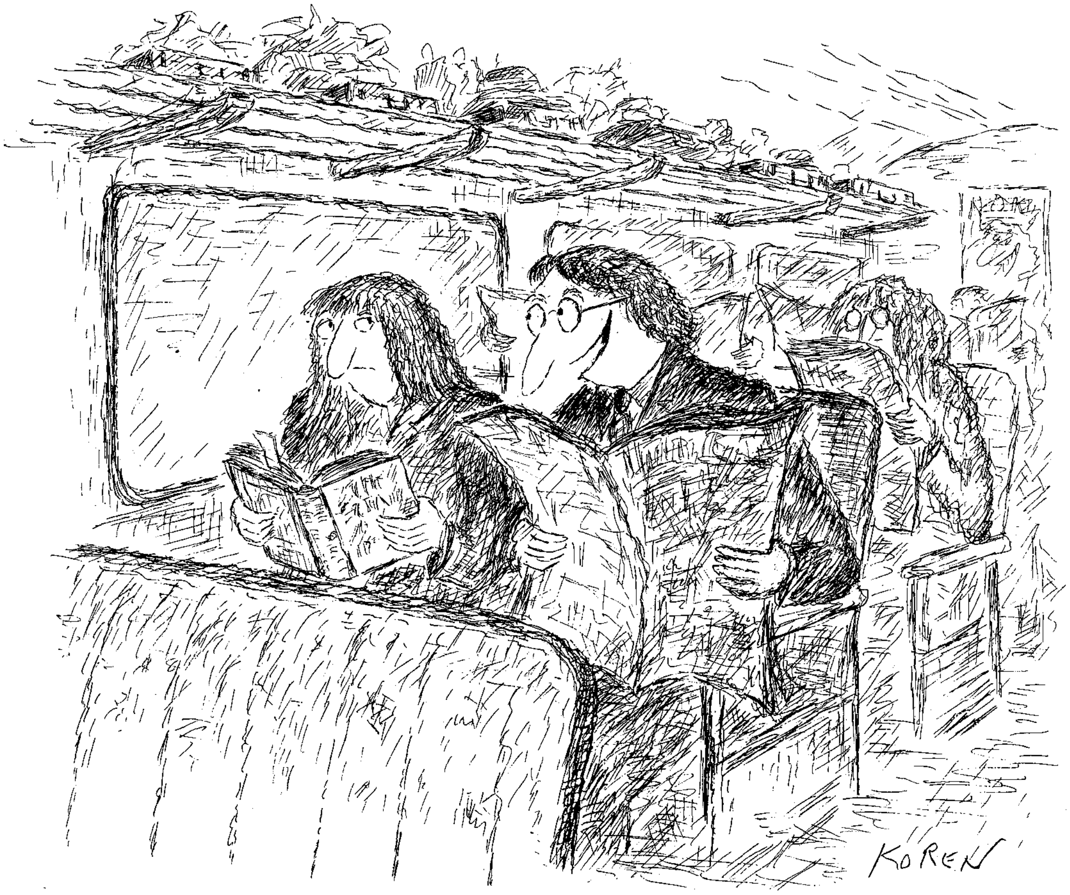
Although Jane's English was good, the Bacons usually spoke Malay at home. Andrew relished certain aspects of the local life—such as going to the fish and vegetable markets—which Jane avoided. Later, Jane told me the story of how they had met. While Andrew was stationed in the Interior Residency, the most remote of Sabah's administrative divisions, where Jane lived, a dance had been held in honor of a visiting dignitary. There Andrew had first seen Jane and paid attention to no one else. "My brothers and cousins began to get concerned," she said. "Who was this white man, what did he want?" she asked, spreading her hands as her brothers and cousins must have spread theirs. "He was there for weeks and would not go. Then he asked me to marrrrry him," she said, rolling her "r"s. "I thought, I'm not sure I want to, but I can always divorce him. I didn't know if I loved him at all." She had not divorced him, and to an outsider the marriage seemed calm and happy. Their wedding picture hung near the pictures of the college eight and the elder Bacon: Jane was in a traditional white wedding gown, and her hair hung to her waist. "Pooh, you can see how young I was," Jane said. Her hair was now cut chicly to her shoulders.

Jane got up very early most mornings and began her household chores by dawn. When Deborah and Joanna and I joined Andrew for breakfast, some time later, we would find the table spread with a full English breakfast of coffee and tea, toast, eggs, bacon and tomatoes, and marmalade. She never ate this with us. "I have already eaten," she would say dispassionately, watching us with her chin propped on her hands.

Jane served as a volunteer in a health-education program that travelled into the villages, but for a great part of the day she was at home. Sometimes she went outside to survey the garden, walking carefully in the grass the way a cat does, stretching her golden feet at each step, but often she stayed indoors. She was able to sit on the sofa in the cool living room with her legs curled under her for an hour or more without reading or appearing to do anything at all, yet betraying no sign of boredom. Jane kept pets beneath the house: she had a giant turtle, a civet cat, and a flawlessly white dove. She would sit with the dove on her knee, gently stroking it. "I call it Pity," she said, "because I pity it."

At sunset, Deborah and Joanna and I would go to the yellow stretch of beach at the road's end and watch the sun go down while we sat leaning against a piece of smooth silver driftwood. The beach was famous for the fact that Muhammad Ali had done morning training runs here a few years back (presumably while preparing for his Kuala Lumpur fight): every person we met along the beach told us this fact. The sunsets were exquisite, the sky behind us retaining a robin's-egg blue long after the sun had sunk below the horizon, where the sky was violet and the sea darkened to the color of pewter or liquid mother-of-pearl. When we returned from the beach at twilight, the Bacons' house, with the dark space between its stilts, appeared to hang in the night like a Chinese paper lantern.

IT was Andrew who arranged for us to travel to our first collecting site—the Ulu Dusun Agricultural Research Station near Sandakan, on the east coast—in the company of a government worker who was driving there. All our collecting was to be done on the oil-palm estates that proliferate through Sabah. In addition to many small private holdings, there are both government estates and estates owned and managed by overseas firms. The latter, which are concerned with research as well as profit, are by far the larger and more sophisticated; they extend over huge areas, and typically grow not only oil-palm but also cocoa and rubber trees as cash crops. The estate workers are Indonesians or, less usually, Filipinos. The managerial staffs are becoming increasingly Malaysian, although Europeans still play



"Hemingway! Is he any good?"

• •

"Rusty is a product of my first marriage."

• •

an important role. There is also a battery of Chinese or Indian scientific advisers. It is in the corporations' interest to make their estates a home away from home for expatriate staffs, so the estates are equipped with elegant colonial-style homes and with clubs, tennis courts, squash courts, swimming pools, and shops.

The largest estate may employ three thousand workers, who may have several thousand dependents. Some estates provide schools for their workers' children, who also frequently have small jobs. A person who applies for employment as an unskilled worker may be assigned one of a variety of tasks, such as scouting the crop fields in search of insect, rodent, or fungus damage, harvesting the crops, or working in one of the estate's factories, processing rubber, oil-palm fruit, or cocoa beans. Such workers have modest but usually comfortable houses, and find recreation in *kedais*, or small shops, and restaurants instead of in clubs. Movies are often shown for them in the evenings—usually B-grade Indian movies dubbed or subtitled in Malay. A worker employed at this level may end up staying with an estate for twenty or thirty years, and his children may stay on to help form another generation of workers.

We sped out of Kota Kinabalu in the morning, keeping up a good pace until the paved road ended and a gouged clay track began. Here the rain forest towered above the road on both sides, and its tangled foliage, in every shade of green—but only green—was the only scenery for the major part of the journey. I soon came to realize that one of the most disturbing things about a long drive through the forest was one's loss of a sense of distance. The landscape never appreciably changed: there were no distinctive features to be seen on the horizon, which the forest monopolized, and so there were rarely landmarks to steer toward. One set out for a place and then one arrived; there was no intermediate perception of drawing nearer to it.

Timber is an important commodity for all of Borneo, and tropical hardwoods are one of Sabah's major exports. The lumber companies are making inroads into the forest, which is being decreased yearly, yet much of the interior remains untouched, and there is an overwhelming feeling of the forest's presence. The island of Borneo is generally mountainous and Sabah particularly so. There are two major ranges in Sabah: the Crocker, which parallels the west coast, and the smaller Brassey range to the east. At thirteen thousand four hundred and fifty-five feet, Mt. Kinabalu, in the Crocker range, not far from Kota Kinabalu, is the highest mountain in Southeast Asia. To a traveller in Sabah, the rivers are its most immediately distinctive features, for they seem to be the only thing that the forest grudgingly gives way to. Like the clay roads, they are the color of rust, and they give the impression of being laden—burdened—with muddy soil, so slowly do they slither out of the interior. In the wet season, the roads are proclaimed to be "impossible" in many places. In any case, at the time we were in Sabah it had only four major roads, and transportation was always a problem.

Occasionally, the road passed by kampongs. Some of these were like very small towns: they had shops, and the road widened as it passed through them. Others were no more than a few scattered huts standing in the forest, and I could catch only a glimpse of them as we drove past. The apparent utter randomness of their position puzzled me. Why was this kampong here, and not somewhere else? What was in this particular spot that could not be found anywhere else in the forest? I rarely saw men in the forest kampongs, but the women were often sitting in the entrances to their huts, staring out with a level gaze over the forest, over the rivers, over strange travellers. Equally disconcerting were the ubiquitous fruit stalls along the roadside; these were little platforms that displayed various kinds of fruit, which our travelling companion said were for sale. For sale by whom? There was no village, no people, no one at all in sight. What had happened to the proprietor? Had he waited in vain for a sale and at last returned in despair to the forest? Had he been spirited away by some unseen force? The few random fruits on the stark, abandoned stands, on the single road

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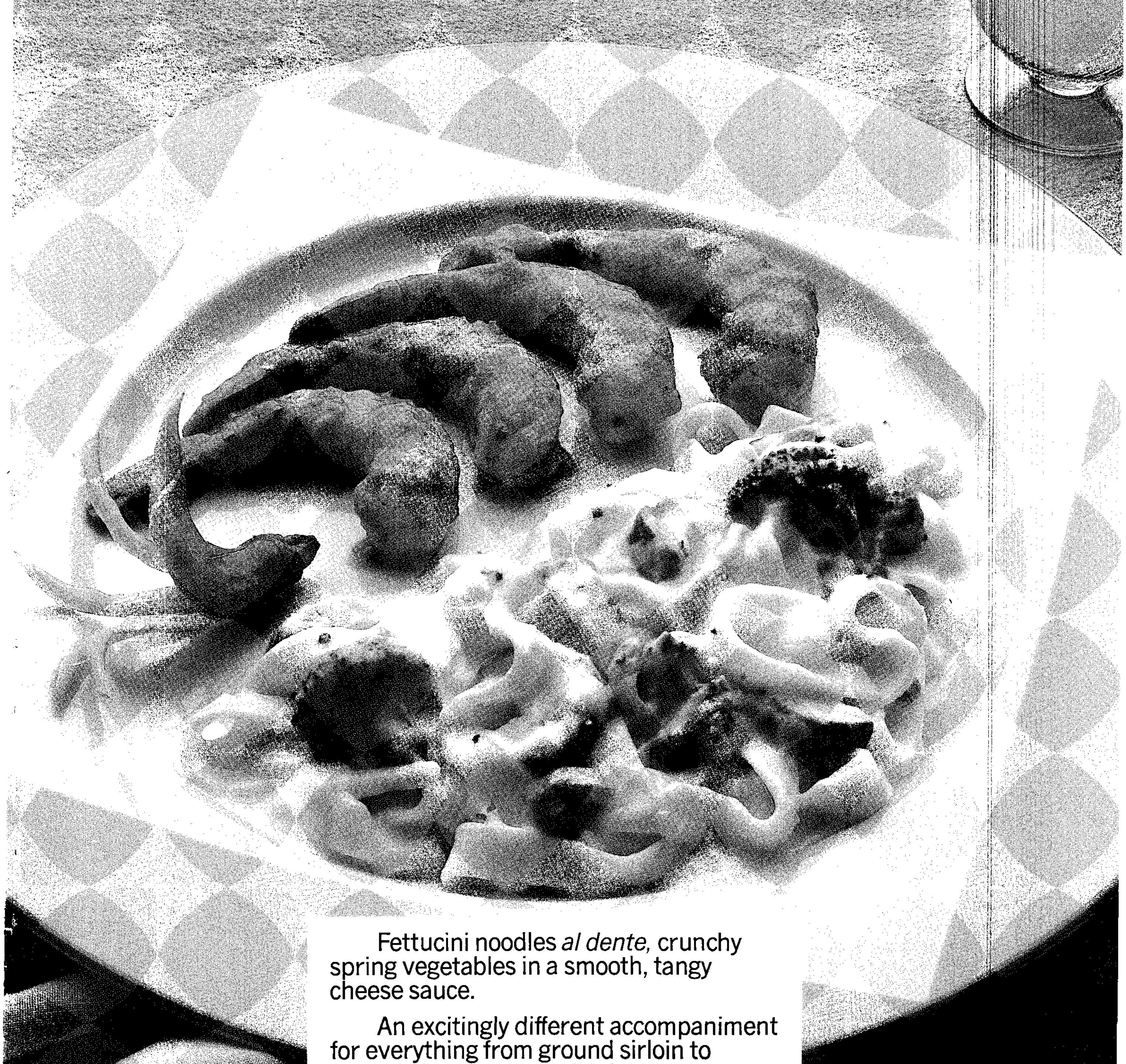

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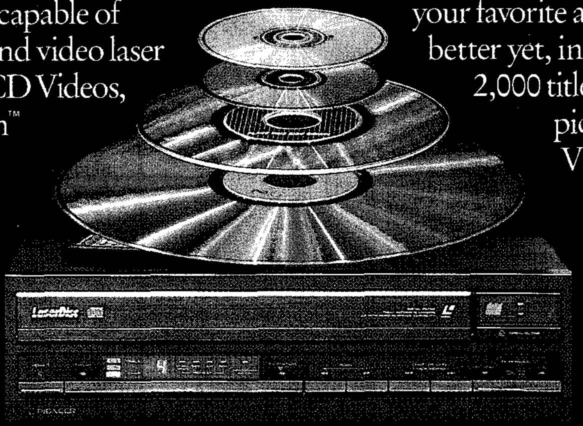

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that few people ever passed along, remained for me a sinister enigma.

It was dark when we arrived on the outskirts of Sandakan, and we decided to spend the night at a modest guesthouse not far from Ulu Dusun and to wait until morning to make our official entrance. In the lounge, we encountered the one other guest, a tall man of indeterminate age and ethnic extraction. At first glance, I assumed he was European, but then I felt he must be part Chinese. For some time, he kept his eyes fixed on an enormous book, but then he suddenly looked up and introduced himself as Mr. Lee. In the voice that Monty Python uses in its housewife sketches, he went on to say, "When I go on a trip, I go to the bookstore in the airport and I purchase the largest book I can for the least amount of money. I then read it from cover to cover." This did not strike us as an ideal conversational opener, but we began to exchange amenities nonetheless. He asked us why we had come to Sabah, and we briefly explained the purpose of our project.

"How are you going to get the insects back to Britain?" asked Mr. Lee, holding his head in the same position he had held it in while he was pretending to read. We explained that they were to be deep-frozen and sent airfreight. There was an awkward pause, finally broken by Mr. Lee, speaking louder and more insistently.

"Excuse me," he said, "you will think it awfully silly of me to ask—I'm sorry, I must be very stupid—but why does the Institute want to send *you* all the way *here*, when it could far more easily just have the *insects* freighted to *it*?" This was a particularly nasty question, coming, as it did, when we were almost literally on the threshold of our first collection site and were somewhat nervous about the business that awaited us the next day.

"Of course, if the Institute were interested *only* in the insects it would have done that," I improvised, my voice echoing his unpleasantly piercing tone, "but the Institute wished to have some assessment made of the nature of the damage, and it preferred to have some of its *own* people on the spot. In addition to which, it was thought to be good field experience for us."

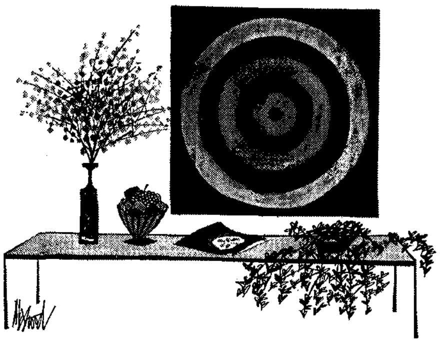
"I thought it was rather good that that question came up now, and not at a more awkward time," Deborah said when we were discussing the incident over dinner. "Now we know how to answer it."

The next morning, we drove into Ulu Dusun itself and met with its manager, a tall, distinguished-looking Indian named Mahinder Singh. He had a poet's dreamy face and a swaying, languid walk. As we talked, he ate a piece of fruit, peeling it slowly and then studying it, as if absorbing the colors revealed beneath the skin. When I think of him, I inadvertently picture him dressed like a Merlin figure, in a magician's robes, and not in the European clothes he actually wore. Mr. Singh had appreciated the fact that we were on a tight budget and made available as an alternative to the estate's relatively expensive guesthouse a deserted house that had been occupied by a previous manager.

The house was some distance from Mr. Singh's, and a long way from practically everything else on the estate. There was running water, but no telephone and, as was true everywhere on the estate, no electricity from ten o'clock at night until the following morning. We were enchanted with the house, however, which was large and had many rooms. It was set in a forest clearing, and there was evidence in the arrangement of the trees and some overgrown flower beds that it had once had a well-tended garden.

"The house was Anthony Lamb's," Mr. Singh told us. "He designed the garden himself." We had heard about Mr. Lamb before: Mr. Lamb had a wonderful garden where he now lived, in the Interior Residency; he was the manager of the government's best-run experimental estate; he had the most beautiful orchids in Southeast Asia; he spoke Malay with ease; everyone loved Mr. Lamb. As it happened, Mr. Lamb was also our field agent, and we had corresponded with him before we came.

We thought it about time to start getting our collection under way. A planter we had met at a British Council social event in Kota Kinabalu had kindly made arrangements for one of his jeeps to be driven from his business premises in Sandakan to Ulu Dusun for our use. We now required only a map of the estate to help us get around. Perhaps, we suggested, Mr. Singh would just indicate on the map the fields that would be the best sites for our purposes?



"There are no pests at present on Ulu Dusun," Mr. Singh said, adding that the last outbreak there had occurred several years before. In spite of the fact that we ourselves had written in our prospectus that "outbreaks of the pests are erratic and unpredictable, showing no notable coincidence with seasonal change," Mr. Singh's information came as a severe shock.

"I see," we said, being careful to appear neither surprised nor disappointed. We decided to check the estate records, in order to find which fields had last been afflicted and so at least get a sense of what the insect damage looked like.

Oil palms are first planted in little plastic bags, and the seedlings protected from the sun and carefully nurtured. After nine months or so, these seedlings are transported to a newly prepared field—either a field that has been cleared of old, barren palms or an area that has been recently torn from the forest. The palms in any given field are all of the same planting, and they therefore mature together and are of approximately the same height. They give the impression of emerging fully formed from the earth: at first there is no sign of the palm trunk—only the crown appears, and in a very young field the crowns look like large pineapples coming up out of the ground. It is only after several years that the palms begin to suggest the long-shafted, graceful trees they will become.

In the oldest fields, the palms may be as high as thirty feet. Their shafts are covered with a husklike bark that bears a chevron pattern and resembles the hide of a giant reptile. Each individual palm frond is like an enormous feather, and together the fronds form the palm crowns, which hang like the great canopy umbrellas that are held over West African chiefs. The ground beneath the trees is spongy with decayed fallen foliage, and the smell of mold hangs not unpleasantly in the air. The fields are cool and dark and quiet; because they may extend over many miles, one tends to forget that they are not forests but monoculture-crop fields, from which most wildlife, with its attendant noise, has been ex-

"Shush, darling. Daddy's delivering his opening monologue."

cluded. The towering palms in the endless, serried avenues of the old fields reminded me of an Egyptian temple—Karnak, with its forest of capitaled columns.

The palms in the damaged fields showed, as the books had said they would, the characteristic "shot holes" of insect damage in their foliage—as if someone had stood beneath them and fired buckshot up into the canopies. Their coincidence with textbook photographs was reassuring; this was proof that our insects at least existed.

We returned to the house in the late afternoon, driving down the red and extremely dusty roads that divide the palm fields. Awaiting collection in the long grass that edged the fields lay piles of palm fruit, satiny red and rich with the oils that would be steamed and pressed and hammered out of them. Most work is done in the morning and the early afternoon; by dawn, the field workers begin their daily race against the heat of high noon. Incredibly, at the time of our visit, the palms were largely hand-pollinated, as it was still assumed that the palms' natural—and inadequate—pollen-vectors were the erratic winds. Since that time, however, it has been confirmed that the early planters who introduced the oil palm to Malaysia had neglected to take with them the weevil *Elaeidobius kamerunicus*, the palm's true pollen-vector. *Elaeidobius* weevils have now been introduced to most of the estates in Sabah and have made their way across the island's palm fields, dutifully bearing grains of pollen with them. They have eliminated the need for the tedious and costly task of hand pollination, which used to be the work of women who, equipped with long blowpipes, had to blow pollen onto the clusters of flowers at the base of the palm crowns. "We told the women it would increase the size of their chest," a grinning manager at one estate told me.

Not far from Ulu Dusun was a small estate that was privately owned by a family living in Singapore, and after a couple of days we arranged to pay it a visit, in the hope that we might obtain, if not insects, some information about where to go next. The manager was an Englishman, very dapper and extremely pleasant. He seemed genuinely sorry that there were no pests to be found within his fields. After we had looked around and checked the estate records, he asked us back to his house for a cold drink; indeed, he insisted that we come. We accompanied him to his house, which, strikingly, sat square on the ground, not on stilts, and resembled a small cottage. Behind the house, an old Malay woman was dozing on a pile of wood. He ushered us inside, and we settled down in chintz-covered chairs. Chintz curtains were swaying in the windows, and there were several Renoir prints on the walls. Our host stood in the back doorway and shouted something outside. Rejoining us in the living room, he said, "The drinks will be here shortly; this won't take long." A little later, the old woman we had seen at the back entered with a tray of lemonade. She handed the drinks around, with a shy smile that revealed a metal bar in her mouth instead of a top row of teeth. She then made for the doorway, but when our host called after her she returned to the room, settling on the floor by his chair. Laying a protective hand on the woman's shoulder, our host said, "And now I'd like you to meet my wife." From his note of triumph, it was clear that he expected us to look surprised, but in this he was disappointed, as we were by now seasoned actors.

Since it was clear that we were not going to find any pests in the Ulu Dusun area, we decided to move on within the next few days to the Borneo Abaca, Ltd., estates near Tawau, farther south on the east coast, and the second major base of operations on our itinerary. We had lived in Anthony Lamb's old house throughout our stay at Ulu Dusun, and had for the most part prepared our own meals there, although we had been once or twice for dinner at the workers' canteen. One night after dinner at the house, when it was dark, we heard a cat meowing outside. Joanna said that she was going out to look for the cat, then, minutes later, came in again, whipping the door shut behind her and bolting it. I had never before known that one can literally go as white as a sheet. "There's someone out there," she said. She had gone down the steps and looked about the garden, seen nothing, and turned back toward the house. Then she had caught sight of a pair of orange sneakers under the porch and, above them, someone's legs.

It was nearly ten o'clock, the hour when the electricity would be turned off. We didn't know how many entrances there were to the house; we had always kept the outside doors locked, but the house had many rooms, with many windows. We decided that it would be best to barricade ourselves in the room in which we all slept, so that we could safely forget about other possible entrances. First, we went through the house in search of weapons, and found a scythe attached to a

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long bamboo pole—a device used to cut the palm fruit from tall palms. This we took into our room, and placed upon our bed. We then piled furniture against the door. Briefly we considered trying to go for help, but we couldn't be sure that our jeep hadn't been tampered with, so we decided to wait until morning. Joanna was sure that whoever it was did not realize that she had seen him.

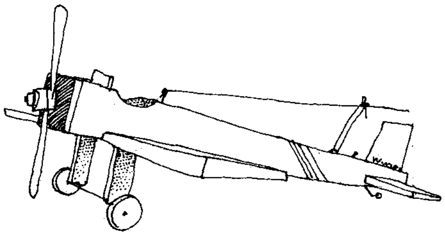
Shortly after we finished with our precautions, the electricity went off. About a quarter of an hour after that, the meowing started again, moving all around the house. We got very little sleep that night. As far as we were able to determine, no one actually tried to break in; nonetheless, by the time dawn broke we had decided that the incident was an omen and we should leave immediately for Tawau. We stopped at the canteen on our way out, to buy some food. There, to our great horror, we saw that the proprietor, who had always treated us in a friendly manner, was wearing orange sneakers. Sullenly we gave him our money and took our purchases, and when we were back in the jeep we turned to each other: "Well, I never . . ." On the way to Mr. Singh's house, we discussed the impossibility of accurately reading people's motives and the need to be on guard against false friends. Saying farewell to Mr. Singh, we offered a ride to a man on his way to the office. As we drove, we noticed that *many* people were wearing orange sneakers. We remarked on this to our companion, and he explained that a sports-clothing company had donated the sneakers to the players on the several soccer teams on the estate. It was a good thing we were leaving; having several hundred possible suspects would have made it difficult to sleep at all. On the other hand, we were forced to consider that there might have been a perfectly innocent explanation for the orange-sneakered man—perhaps he had lost his cat and was looking for it under the house. We will never know.

The week and a half on our first collection site was summed up in our field report as follows: "There were no outbreaks of pests of either oil palm or cocoa in the Ulu Dusun area." Setting off for Tawau, we were more confident, with the experience of Ulu Dusun behind us—we now knew what palm fields looked like, for one thing—but also more apprehensive about the eventual outcome of the project as a whole; the prospect of being unable to find a single insect pest, let alone a virus-infected one, was very real.

THE ride to Tawau took us through a more populated area than the ride to Ulu Dusun had, but the road was by far the worst we had experienced—in places almost like a dried-up riverbed. At the Segama River, we had to wait to cross by ferry. A fairly large kampong stood by the ferry crossing, and under one of its huts a monkey, presumably a pet, had been tied to one of the hut stilts by a piece of rope attached to its collar. During the hour or so we waited for the ferry, we had to endure a chilling spectacle: the monkey would disappear up into the rafters of the hut and then fling itself out, with a manic scream, as far as the length of its rope allowed, then dangle limply, like a hanged man on the gallows. The pattern was relentlessly regular: up into the rafters, pause, scream, and then the ghastly limp, twitching body; then back into the rafters, and so on. The scream was that of a creature demented with rage, and I began to wonder if the monkey really was trying to hang itself.

We reached the B.A.L. estates late in the day and were directed to the guesthouse, which was so new it still smelled of paint. Here we were to live in luxury: not only was the guesthouse extremely comfortable, with a long front veranda that looked out on the palm fields, but we were assigned an amah, or female servant, who did our laundry and washing up. Our scientific adviser on the estate was Mr. Salman Shah, a young, athletic man, originally from Pakistan, who appeared to be in love with his job. He was unquestionably in love with his young wife, who had just borne him a son, and their house radiated domestic bliss. There were no insect pests on the well-run B.A.L. estates, however—a fact that threatened to sour the otherwise perfect setup. But Mr. Shah, although he did not know of any outbreaks in the Tawau area, seemed confident that eventually we would find what we needed, and in this we took comfort.

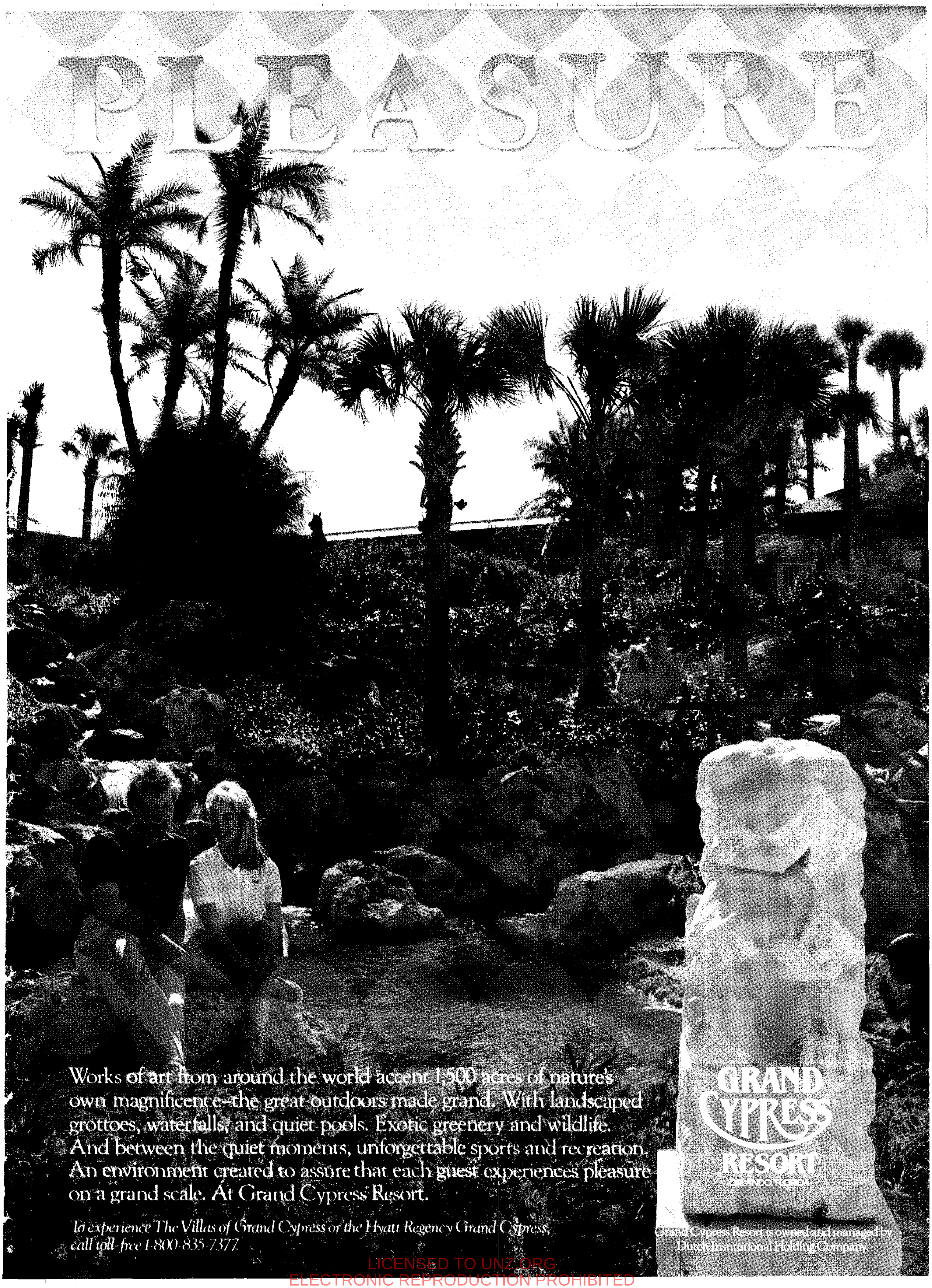
One morning, he met us with the good news that there was an epidemic of *Setora nitens* on the nearby estate of Apas Balung. We hurried over and were led to the afflicted fields by a Mr. Teh, the estate's scientific adviser. Happily, the outbreak was in fields of fairly young palms, so the fronds were within our reach. The long-neglected bottles and plastic bags were now unveiled, and tweezers distributed to each expedition-team member. The insects had already eaten many trees ragged; it seemed impossible that creatures so small could do so much damage. The *Setora nitens* were only between half an inch and just over an inch long, and had green and brown markings. To our delight, many were "clearly virus infected: flaccid and dark brown in colour," to quote our subsequent field report.



The collection process was a slower and more tedious affair than we had expected. One cannot gather a great many insects quickly by plucking them one by one with tweezers—a fact that was perhaps not fully appreciated by the scientists at Oxford. Mr. Teh reappeared with plastic gloves for us, and they sped things up. At about two o'clock, a crowd of workers appeared in a truck. Mr. Teh, without saying a word to us, began to distribute plastic garbage bags among them, and they then dispersed throughout the fields. In disbelief, we realized that they were doing our collecting for us. Their system was a great deal more straightforward than ours: they simply beat the insects off the fronds with their bare hands. After an hour, the workers were reconvened, and the contents of their bags emptied into one large container, while we greedily watched the insects piling up.

From that day, our luck changed, and although we came on no more major outbreaks, we discovered pocket infestations of the other insects we were interested in, and so managed to collect all the specimens we sought.

While we were in the Tawau area, we paid a visit to the Quoin Cocoa Estate, where we were told that a Professor Roger Day, of London University, was researching the cocoa moth, which had recently appeared in Sabah. The moth, *Conopomorpha cramerella*, is the bane of cocoa crops: the female lays her eggs on the outside of the cocoa pod, and the larvae, which are too minuscule to be seen with the naked eye, burrow into the pod's interior; there they mature, feeding on the pod's inner flesh all the



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while, and eventually return to the outside, having once again burrowed through the pod's wall. They leave the ruined fruit at night, and finally fly away as fully developed moths. Only when the pod is opened for harvesting will the brown arteries of damaged pulp that mark the larvae's paths be discovered. Because all the damage takes place inside the fruit, preventive measures against the moth are difficult to come by, although pesticides and predators are of some use. When all else has failed, the moth can be contained by a *rampasan*, which entails burying *all* the fruit of a damaged field—or even of an entire estate—several feet underground or sealing it in plastic bags. This prevents the female from laying her eggs on the fruit. The moth had first appeared in Sabah in the Quoin Hill area and was spreading rapidly, causing panic among the cocoa planters. Sabah was, as a representative from Hershey Chocolate had poetically said to me before I left the States, "a jewel in the cocoa crown," so the appearance of the moth was a serious threat to the cocoa industry. The East Malaysian Planters Association had arranged for Professor Day to examine the problem and suggest solutions.

We drove to the estate, which lay to the north of Tawau, and were directed to a white wood-framed building, one room of which had been converted into Professor Day's laboratory. The grass around the shed and along the roadside was particularly high, and his research area had a ragged look. Professor Day came toward us from the cocoa fields, dressed in baggy white shorts and carrying a machete.

"Oh, hello," he said, and then, looking at Deborah, "Don't I know you from the lab or somewhere?"

"Oh, hello," said Deborah. "Don't you sometimes go to Browns?" Browns was the café in Oxford next door to Somerville. Professor Day, it turned out, was a twenty-three-year-old recent graduate of Oxford, with whom Deborah had shared some lectures. He had just completed a master's degree at London University and was casting about for a doctoral project when the opportunity to go to Sabah came his way. He had been at the estate about six months.

He showed us around the lab, which had two microscopes, a sink, knives for slicing the cocoa pods, and piles of sliced, brown-streaked pods. "I don't seem to be finding much of use," he said as he led us back outside, to the spot where we had first seen him. Here were two great piles of pods—those on one side sliced and examined, those on the other awaiting his inspection. Professor Day squatted down among the piles and mechanically began hacking at the pods with his machete. Each as it was opened revealed the telltale brown streaks.

"I suppose I don't really know what I'm looking for," he said. "And the association is pressuring me for results. I can't find anything." Despair was evident in his voice. We stood around him in silence as he went on slicing and discarding pods. Workers were arriving all the while and adding to the pile. Surrounded, as he was, by fields whose produce he seemed wearily resigned to picking over single-handed, pod by pod, he struck me as a figure out of an Evelyn Waugh novel. We offered to take larval specimens back—"to be analysed by the Institute of Virology for possible virus content," as we later reported.

Professor Day brightened. "I say, can I cite you in my report? It would, you know, allow me to say that *something* was happening."

Yes, we said, if he let *us* cite *him*.

WE remained at Tawau for a little over a week, and when our work was completed we began the drive back to Sandakan in order to return the jeep and to catch a flight back to Kota Kinabalu. En route, we made a visit to the Madai caves, which lie in a mountainous area to the west of Tawau.

The Madai caves, like most caves in Borneo, are a refuge for swiftlets, which build their nests in the nooks and crannies of the rock ceilings. These are the nests from which bird's-nest soup is made, and there are specific collecting seasons for them during the year. We were there in an offseason, and the deserted huts of the bird's-nest collectors formed an eerie ghost town at the foot of the mountain. In the town was a deserted mosque, with a gong made out of the beaten cover of an oil drum. Only a short distance past the huts was the entrance to the caves. The clamor of the swiftlets could be heard even outside the caves, and inside their clattering voices made a real din. Hanging from the ceiling of the main cavern were bamboo poles that had been lashed together to form long masts and had then been wedged into cracks in the ceiling rock; it is by way of these precarious "ladders" that the bird's-

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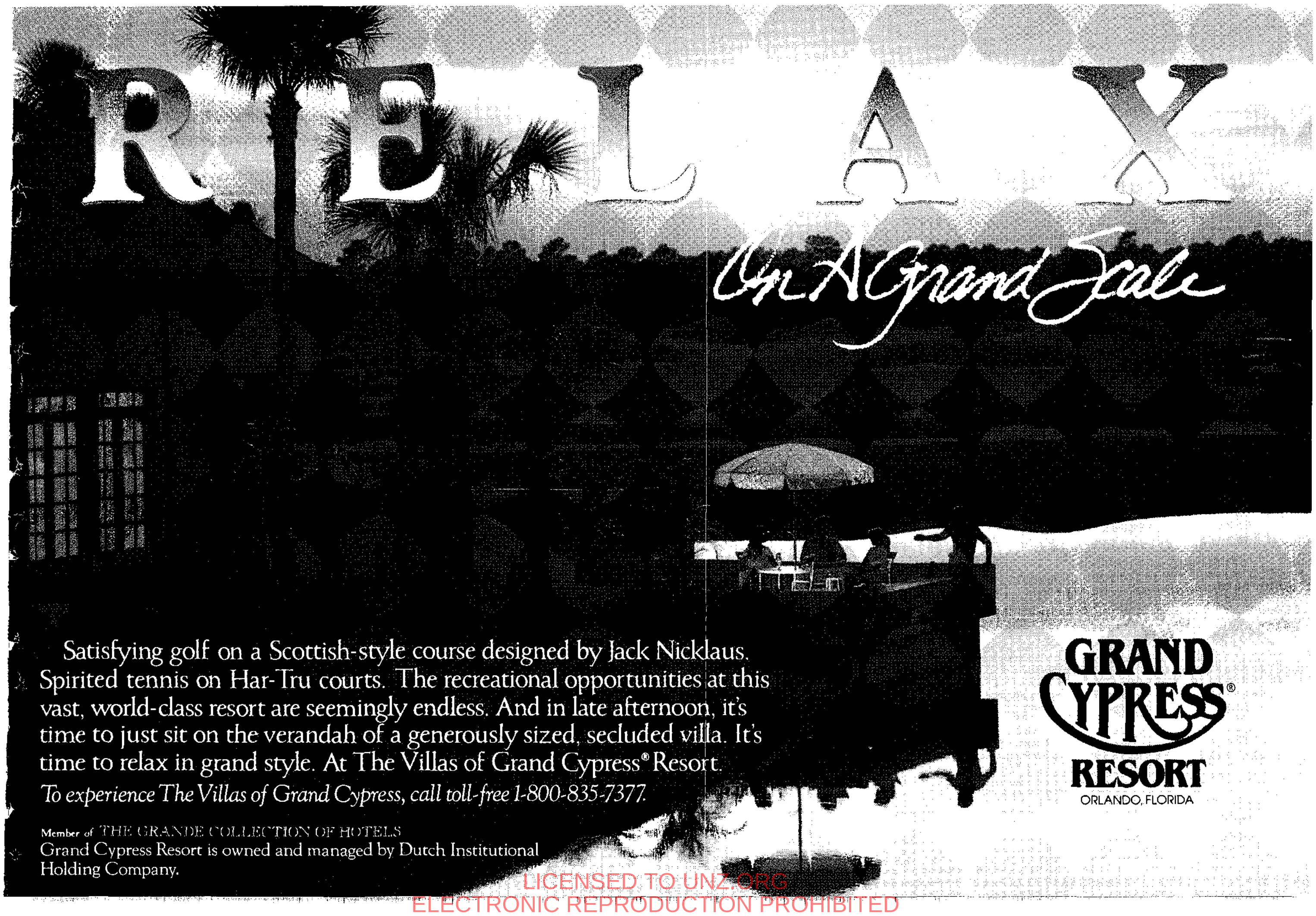
nest collectors reach the nests. I was told later that the accident rate is high, and this may be why bird's-nest soup is such a costly delicacy. Joanna and I decided to go through the main cave as far as we could, while Deborah remained with the jeep.

At the back of the main cavern was a narrow passage running catacomblike through the rock. We hadn't gone far along this pathway when we began to smell a pungent, unpleasant odor, which as we went deeper became so strong that we could no longer bear to breathe through our noses. The ground became softer and softer beneath our sandals, and in the light of our flashlight I saw that it appeared to be covered with fine black crystals: it took us some time to realize that this was bat guano, which explained the odor. We came to a place where the ceiling dropped so low that we had to bend nearly double to go on, and when we emerged from under this rock shelf we met a rush of wind; a cloud of bats, disturbed by our light or noise, came falling toward us, casting gigantic, convulsive shadows on the wet walls as they bore down. The bats were uncannily accurate; only one made contact with us, hitting Joanna squarely on the forehead. Shortly afterward, the path rose steeply, and ahead of us, like a stained-glass window in a dark cathedral, was an opening in the rock through which jungle foliage showed. The guano was by now well over our ankles, and for the final steep ascent to the window of light we had to go on all fours.

We reached the opening and stepped out. Directly ahead of us, in the curve of a thick vine, sat a gorgeous turquoise-and-green parrot with a reddish-purple head. Nestled into a hollow in the rock immediately to my right was a tiny land crab, pink with purple legs and seed-pearl eyes. Joanna and I said hardly a word to each other, in part because we didn't wish to disturb the parrot, in part because we were overwhelmed at seeing it there, picture perfect. We were in the middle of jungle. There was no point to aim for, no real reason to go on, and yet without conferring we both began to push our way through the foliage and the creepers. A little farther along, we found ourselves not only on the edge of the jungle but on the edge of a cliff; the tops of the forest trees spread beneath us like green lacework, and, looking up, we saw that we were near the summit of the mountain. All was quiet, except for the wind blowing past the cliff. This moment was everything that we had naïvely dreamed of and had assumed would await us in wild Borneo—a taste of what real explorers experience, a glimpse of a hitherto unseen world.

On our return to Kota Kinabalu, both Joanna and I became ill and listless. I recovered within a few days, but Joanna's condition worsened, and we put her on a plane for home—she had to return to the States early in any case, for her final year at Yale. It took her several months to recover fully from what was diagnosed as dengue fever.

ALTHOUGH we had by now obtained the insects we required, Deborah and I decided to visit the two remaining estates on our itinerary before leaving Sabah. One of these was near Beaufort, a tiny town near the west coast. Beaufort parallels a muddy river and seemed to consist for the most part of one wide dirt road overlooked by a single line of shops that are joined by a covered wooden catwalk. The whole complex of shops and catwalk stands startlingly on



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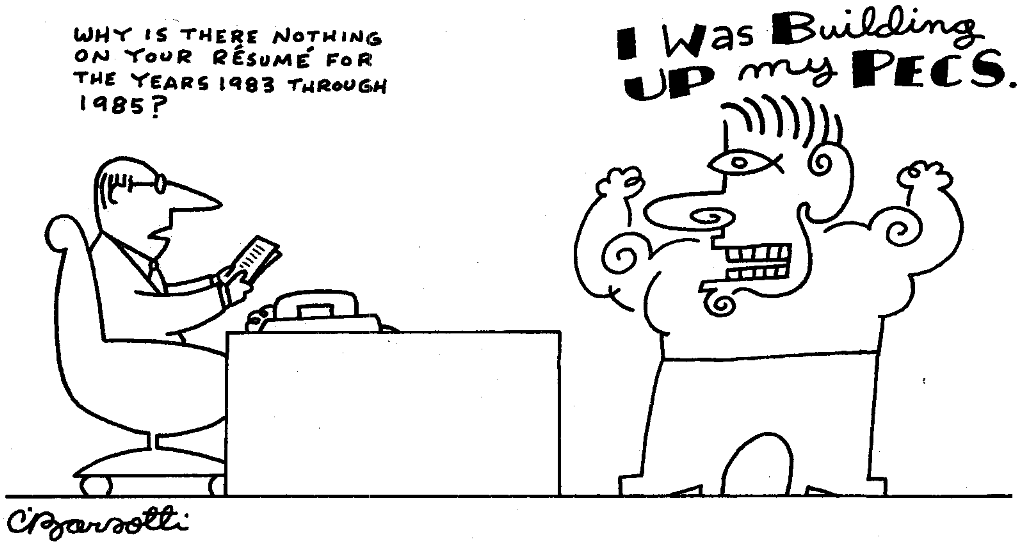
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pylons, as if the distance from the river were not safe enough and a flood were imminent. We had arranged to meet the estate manager in one of the *kedais* in the afternoon. Like most *kedais*, it had no front wall, and from where we were sitting, in half darkness in the back of the shop, we could see that a light rain had begun to scatter over the road. Except for the Chinese proprietor, we were the only people in the shop, and could well have thought ourselves the only people in the town. Then, suddenly, our host was standing in the doorway: a young man, still in his twenties, and one of the largest men I have ever seen. Not only his height but the entire scale of his construction was awesome. He had chiselled, regular features and a body so square in all its angles that he appeared to have been hewn from an enormous block of stone.

Tommy Hoefnung, as I shall call him, came toward us and held out his hand. We asked him to join us for coffee.

"All right," he said, in a tone of resignation, and watched the proprietor to see if he was hurrying with the order. "So, had a good trip?"

We said that it had been splendid.

"Good," he said. His coffee came, and he downed it in a couple of gulps. "Well," he said, looking hard at us, "ready when you are."

It was late afternoon when we left Beaufort. Around Tommy's estate the fine rain had been falling since noon, and the slick, muddy roads were difficult even for the jeep to manage. As dusk came on, sodden clouds seemed to descend upon the earth, and the rain came harder and quicker, and was not to slacken until dawn. The earth gave way utterly to the new downpour: orange pools formed in hollows and potholes in the road, and the long grass, the trees, the sky itself seemed to sag beneath the weight of water.

"One of the workers on the estate is having a birthday feast tonight," Tommy shouted suddenly, over the noise of the jeep. "The two of you and I will be the guests of honor," he added with unconvincing enthusiasm.

We drove directly to the site of the festivities. It was almost dark when we pulled up outside a long hut that was built of the same gray wood used in the kampongs—wood that looks splintered and worn before a nail has touched it. A yellow light shone in the windows, and in a covered alcove just before the front door red coals glowed in a circle of stones.

"Here we are!" said Tommy with mock heartiness. We opened the jeep door and plunged out into the mud and rain. Tommy caught up with us in the doorway of the building. "After you," he said, holding the door. We were met by a roar of cheering and laughter. The room was almost filled by a long, shaky table, around which were crowded twenty half-naked men.

"Here we are," Tommy repeated. An older man, wearing only torn shorts, came running to meet us. "Well," Tommy said to him, "here are the guests I said I'd bring."

"How do you do?" we said.

The host beamed and laughed and shook hands. I realized that he didn't speak English.

"This way," Tommy directed, and he led us toward the end of the table. "Our host would like us to join him at the head." What appeared to be a sawed-off garbage can sat squarely in the middle of the table, emitting an odor of bad eggs.

"Grog," said Tommy by way of explanation, seeing me recoil. "Made from the nipa palm entirely," he went on. "Over here, let's have a tot," he called to his uncomprehending mates.

The party glowed like copper beneath the room's one naked bulb. From the outside, the light had appeared a gaudy yellow, but inside the air was dim, steaming with heat, humidity, humanity. The men were mostly young, but they were thin, and the stark overhead lighting caught every hollow and furrow in their faces and bodies, and gave them the appearance of age. Deborah and I were sticky with the heat and dirty. Tommy alone did not appear grotesque; features as severely chiselled as his could not be transformed by a mere wash of light. I took one sip of the nipa juice and felt my head spin. "This is very strong," I said shakily.

"You won't find anything stronger," said Tommy.

After about half an hour, another man entered the hut, wet to the bone and splashed luridly with orange-red mud. His jeep, a borrowed estate vehicle, had become stuck in the ditch beside the road.

"Up we go," said Tommy, rising to the occasion (to all occasions), and he strode out into the night across the drowned earth. Deborah and I followed him to the doorway, shy of staying alone in the man-filled room. To our right was another dark alcove with a circle of coals. By this light I could make out dark shapes, bundles of something propped against the wall. Leaning toward one, I discovered that it was a barrel of raw meat; then the other shapes came to life, and I realized with a shock that they were people—women, who had been crouching on the sticky ground.

Staring hard into the night, we could make out Tommy, organizing other men in an attempt to wedge a plank of wood under one of the mired jeep's back wheels. We watched the proceedings for a long time from the hut, ventured out into the rain for a closer look, and then, bored and miserable, rejoined the women in the alcove. Stacks of cooked meat now lay congealing on painted tin platters. The women watched us tentatively, uncertain whether to treat these tall,

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trouser-wearing individuals as men, or as women like themselves. The clammy alcove walls were covered with spectacular insects also seeking shelter.

A cheer came from the darkness, and moments later the crew of laughing men were back, streaked with mud and rain. Tommy appeared last of all. He had taken a towel from the back of his jeep and rubbed himself down, and he entered the hut miraculously dry and clean. Deborah and I, by this time completely bedraggled, followed him once again into the main room. The men who had remained were singing loudly and swaying violently. A second can of nipa juice stood on the table. Tommy noticed this, too. "That didn't take long," he said.

The meat was brought in by the women, who deferentially laid plate after plate down the length of the table. With weary horror, I realized that there was to be nothing but meat.

"It's a luxury here," Tommy explained, "and this *is* a special occasion." All eyes were on the guests, and so with a show of eagerness I helped myself from one of the platters pushed my way. A burble of noise broke from the drinking men. " 'Your good health,' " Tommy translated. "And I'll drink to that, too." The nipa juice was working its poisonous effects on me, and events began to appear through a fog. I was conscious of the fact that I was sinking lower and lower toward the table, upon which many men were already slumped, while others were rising to new heights of noisy excitement. Tommy alone seemed to remain the same, although through the sea roar in my head I realized that he was trying to tell me something.

"We had barbecues," he was saying. "Braais we called them. All came down to the club. There was a lawn, a beautiful lawn, and a golf course, too."

"Where was this?" I asked.

"South Africa," he said. "Home."

And what in the name of God are you doing here, I wondered, for now I could place Tommy in his proper context, holding braais on clean green lawns with other healthy meat-fed men and women. The man across the table thrust another plate of meat at me, insisting that I help myself.

"Oh, you must have some of that." Tommy was adamant, and, reluctantly, I did so. The meat was gamy, and, with polite interest, I inquired what it was. "Monkey meat," Tommy said.

With resignation I picked at a portion of a meat stew, as the shredded flesh was less offensive than the thick, rich slabs.

"Life was good," Tommy continued. Even through my haze of intoxication I realized at last what his desperate heartiness attempted to conceal—his longing for his real home. For a moment, my heart went out to him, battling against the shambles and the mud and the boredom, trying to make the best of his bad situation. I guessed that he did not often let himself recall his former life.

The man beside me now awoke, and in broken English asked me how I liked the meal.

"Very good," I said, pointing with my fork to the stew.

"Goat," he said. "Hit by car only this morning."

A shaggy dog wandered by, and Tommy stooped to pet its wet coat. "I like dogs," he said. There was a pause. "I lost my job in South Africa because of my dog," he added, and he began to tell the story.

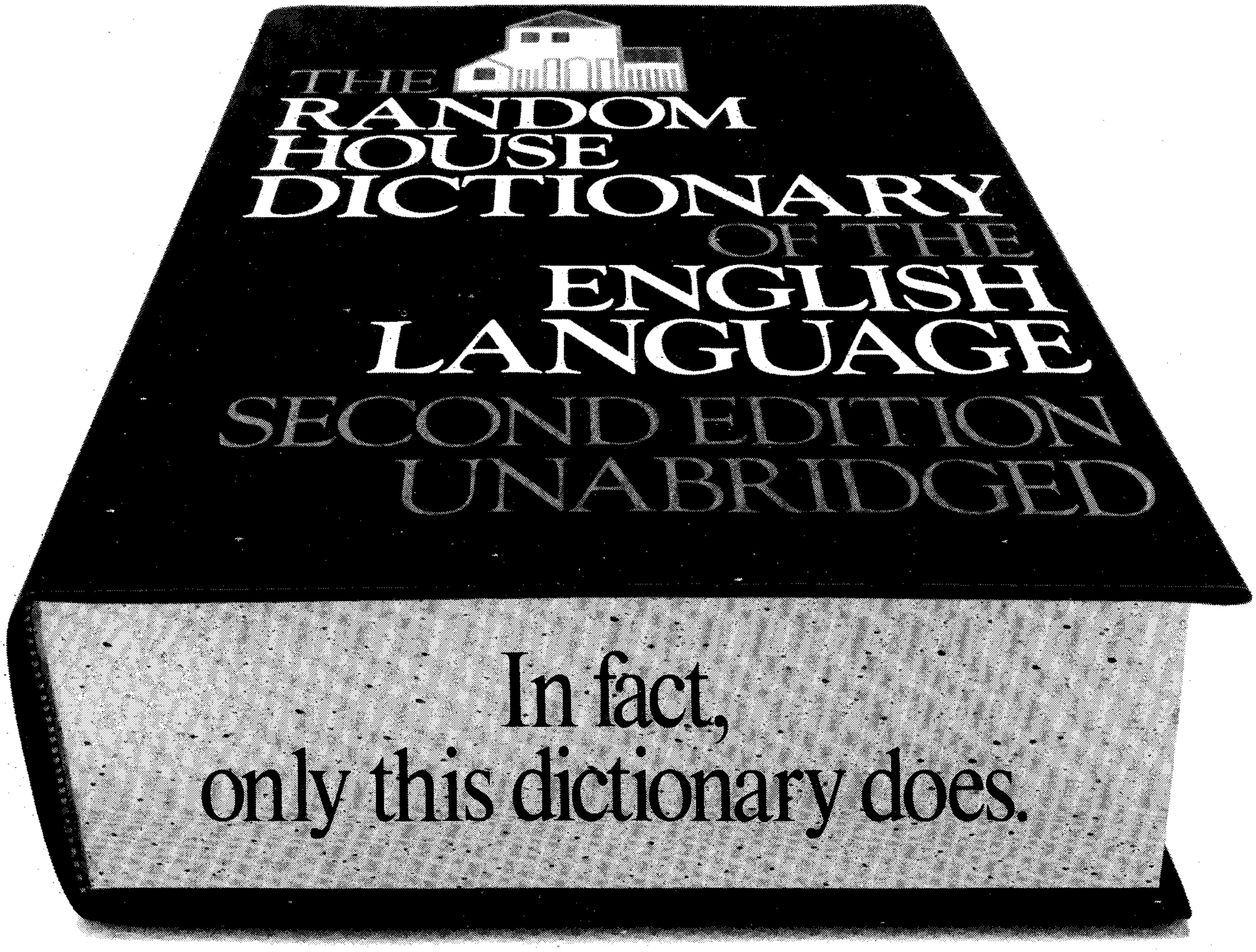
As if watching a filmstrip, I saw the events unwind as he spoke: his drive in an open-backed truck across expansive, open fields, which is my vague association with the word "veld;" his dog and a huge can of corn mash, or "mielie," in the back; his arrival at the workers' camp at lunchtime; the mielie lifted from the truck; the black, glistening bodies of the workers crowding around; the dog frisking and barking at Tommy, who was chatting with the foreman; the cry of rage breaking from the workers as they see pressed incisively upon the hardened mielie the unmistakable, irrevocable impression of the dog's front paws. Uproar, turmoil. Tommy is apologetic; but this is not enough, and the issue is taken to higher and still higher authorities. There is a strike of protest from the workers, organized by a man Tommy described as a bitter, dangerous troublemaker. The rallying of the white community could not save Tommy, and it was thought best for his own safety to send him to one of his company's more remote estates, in Borneo.

Could he go back once the trouble had died down?

Tommy doubted it; other young men would have risen in the company ranks to his position; never would he have an opportunity like the one he had so cruelly, so unfairly lost.

Why had the workers been so deter-

You'd think any dictionary would have all the words in this magazine.



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mined to hound him? Tommy paused. "There was always tension between us," he said at last. There was another pause. "On October 3rd, I'm getting married," he said suddenly, and I followed the logic that led to that seemingly irrelevant statement: life would carry on as it was meant to, as he had planned; this ghastly and unreal interval would pass . . .

With the adamantine certainty that is sometimes knowledge, I believed that this would never happen.

"Congratulations," I said, and silently wished him luck.

IT was when we were back in Kota Kinabalu that we met our field agent, Anthony Lamb, for the first time. He had come to town to organize the annual orchid show, for which he was famous. We encountered him by chance at the Yacht Club, the expatriate hangout, where he had gone for a drink. He was younger than we had imagined—in his early forties. His dark-brown hair was brushed back from his forehead in waves, a style I have always associated with British men. His eyes were blue, and held a vague, dreamy look. He was with a group of people, of which he was clearly the center. When we were introduced to him, he turned his vague blue eyes upon us and said, "Oh, yes, so how are you getting along?" We explained that we had succeeded in obtaining the insects we sought, and had more or less completed our project.

"Come to my estate for a few days," Anthony Lamb said. "You've not been to the interior, eh? There are no insect pests at all on my estate, but come for a look around anyway." He said that he would be leaving the following day and we made arrangements to join him, and shortly afterward he excused himself and strolled off down the beach. There was a silence at the table after he left. One of the women swivelled around to turn hard eyes on us: "*What* did you say you were here for?"

Anthony Lamb arrived at the Bacons' house early the next morning in a jeep loaded with plant cuttings, saplings with their roots wrapped in plastic bags, and a variety of fruit, including durians. This curious fruit has a garlicky-sweet taste, if one can imagine such a thing, but its most distinctive trait is that when it's ripe it smells like an open sewer. It is a great delicacy among Asians, but most Europeans cannot abide it. It is therefore a point of honor to eat and pretend to relish durians; the ones in Anthony Lamb's jeep were fortunately not at the sewer stage.

The drive to Tenom, the town closest to Anthony Lamb's house in the Interior Residency, led through the mountains. Scraps of mist and cloud seeped from the green walls of forest across the now familiar red clay road. I was, as always, conscious that this was the forest's territory, and I could imagine that if anything "happened" to us on one of those lonely drives through its domain the forest, to all inquiries from home about our whereabouts, blandly, evenly, with a shrug of its great shoulders, would answer simply, "I didn't see." But Anthony Lamb clearly saw the forest in a different light; he had kept silent through the drive, but only because his attention was fixed on the mist-obscured road, and not, like me, because the sound of a voice would have seemed to disturb the universe. When the road grew level and ceased to wind, he began to peer about him, and soon was pointing out features in the forest that we had overlooked: red flowers embedded in the vines that the trees wore like mantles; a hanging streamer of yellowish, lilylike flowers of heraldic appearance.

On this level stretch of road we came upon one of the abandoned fruit stalls.

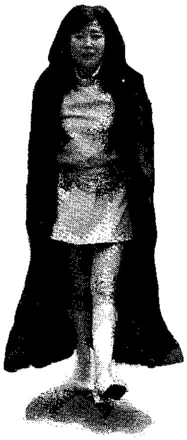
"Hello," said Anthony Lamb, drawing to a halt. "She's got *black* rambutans. You've never had *black* rambutans, I'll warrant."

We acknowledged that we had not.

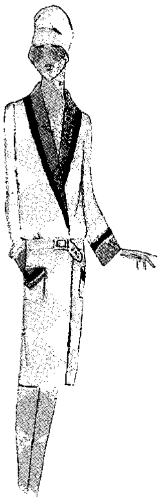
"Hello!" he called, getting out of the car. An old woman, her head wrapped in a red turban, appeared from the forest and came slowly toward us, bent double against the mist as if it were a gale. Anthony Lamb went to greet her, and a little later he returned to the jeep with a brown paper bag; the old woman shuffled behind him and then leaned her head against the car window and stared inside. "Just come to check you out," Anthony Lamb said, chuckling.

"You must try some of these," he said, once we were under way again. Rambutans are a fruit covered with harmless spikes, so that they look like small sea urchins. The most common kind are red, but the ones that Anthony Lamb had bought were inky blue-black.

We went on until Anthony Lamb informed us that we had reached the highest point of the mountain road and there was a place ahead where we

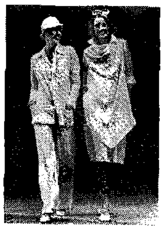


A STITCH IN TIME



Although the Eighties as a decade still has time to come up with a single definitive look, it is likely that it will go down in sartorial history as being eclectic. Never before has novelty been so important; never before has novelty seemed so old-fashioned. Most every "new" style of the past seven years has been an "old" style, made to look new, and revived (consciously or unconsciously) to sate a generation that craves nostalgia in all its forms.

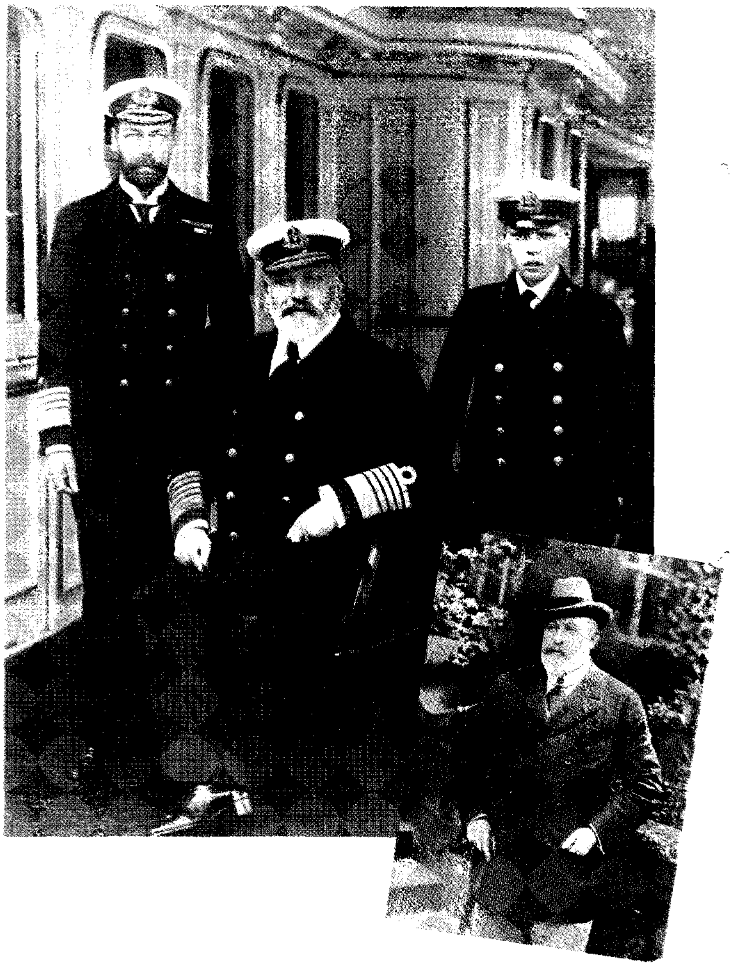
Caroline Rennolds Milbank, author of *Couture*, is currently writing a book on New York fashion.



1900s

Traditionally, the new in fashion has reflected life; changing tastes in the arts, the importance in any given decade of emancipation, and the presence of war or economic disaster have all been expressed by clothing. New fashions have also come about because of technology—the invention of the sewing machine, the zipper, artificial fabrics, and pantyhose revolutionized the way people dress.

Designers and couturiers have banked on the mystique of the new, bringing out (sometimes subtle) changes twice a year to guarantee continued sales. Now, in an era when everyone can look forward to being famous for fifteen minutes, new styles occur just about that often. Because technology in terms of fashion has slowed down, and because the world situation is (relatively) stable, the new in fashion today comes not from the future or the present, but from the past. Obviously the baby boomers like the past (a given with encroaching middle age), but interestingly, the past that holds such thrall is relatively recent: that of the past ninety years.

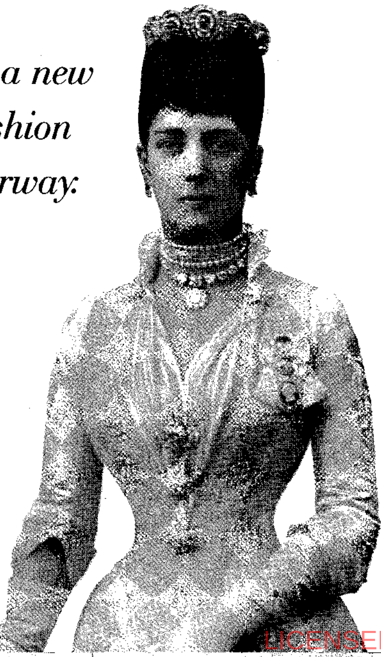


Three generations of British royalty: Edward VII, pictured alone and with his son, George VI, and his grandson, Edward VIII.

At the beginning of this century, fashion remained what it had always been: aristocratic in aesthetic and origin. The Edwardian Era, begun officially with King Edward VII's coronation in 1902, is remembered as though through a veil of rose point lace, as a period of luxurious indulgence in such activities as balls and costume fêtes, white tie dinners, shooting weekends, and presentations at court.

Both Edward and his consort Alexandra exuded great sartorial influence—Edward in his attempt to banish obsolete formality in male dress (among his innovations was the black, short, tailless dinner jacket, still the primary formal dress for men), and Alexandra for her beauty and carriage, which became a prototype of turn-of-the-century elegance. Women around the world copied her high collars and pearl chokers (worn to hide a scar on her neck), her predilection for pale, soft colors (worn in deference to her mother-in-law's perpetual mourning), and her habit of piling on jewels, usually pearls and diamonds set in platinum.

By 1910, a new era in fashion was underway.



Edward VII's consort, Queen Alexandra.

By 1910, the year of Edward's death, a new (albeit brief) era in fashion was underway, led by Paris, where an infatuation with the Orient and the Ballets Russe inspired a whole range of styles. There were vibrant jewel-toned materials, Persian harem-bottomed, hobble-skirted dresses, egret feathers, kimono sleeves, and fabrics woven in gold and silver with vivid patterns. Paul Poiret, this epoch's couturier, was firmly in charge. Among his accomplishments were doing away with the corset that held turn-of-the-century ladies in curvy abeyance, ushering in bright colors, and bringing art and fashion closer together. He collaborated with artists for print and fashion plate designs, and echoed art deco motifs in his embroideries.

Modern fashion began with World War I.

The Edwardian Era is remembered as a period of luxurious indulgence.

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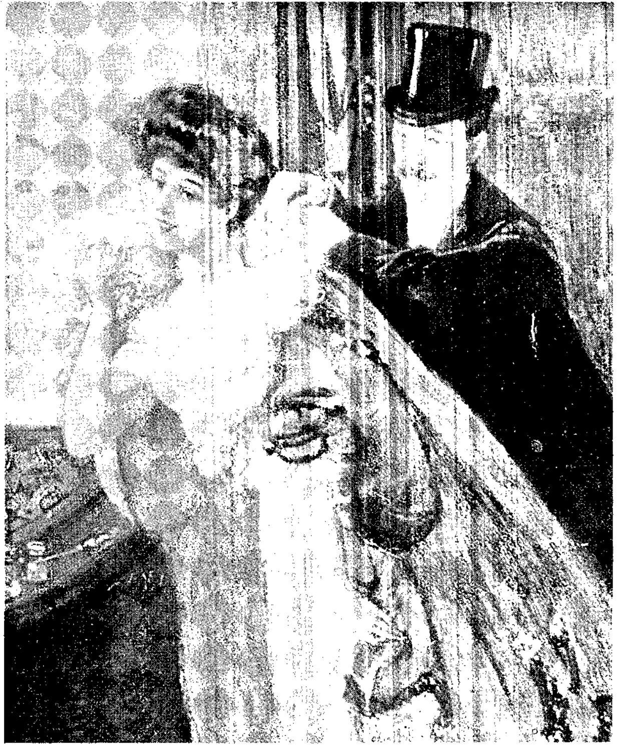

Fancy dress balls came to a halt, along with most social life, as men went to the front and women went to work in hospitals, offices, and factories. Wealthy Parisians retreated to the country to wait out the war, and in the chic resort of Deauville, fashion history was made. A young woman opened a shop selling the kind of clothes that she herself liked to wear for riding, playing golf, or pacing the boardwalk. Gabrielle "Coco" Chanel's ideas were as appropriate for the sober life of wartime as they would be for postwar emancipation.

The
Edwardian Era
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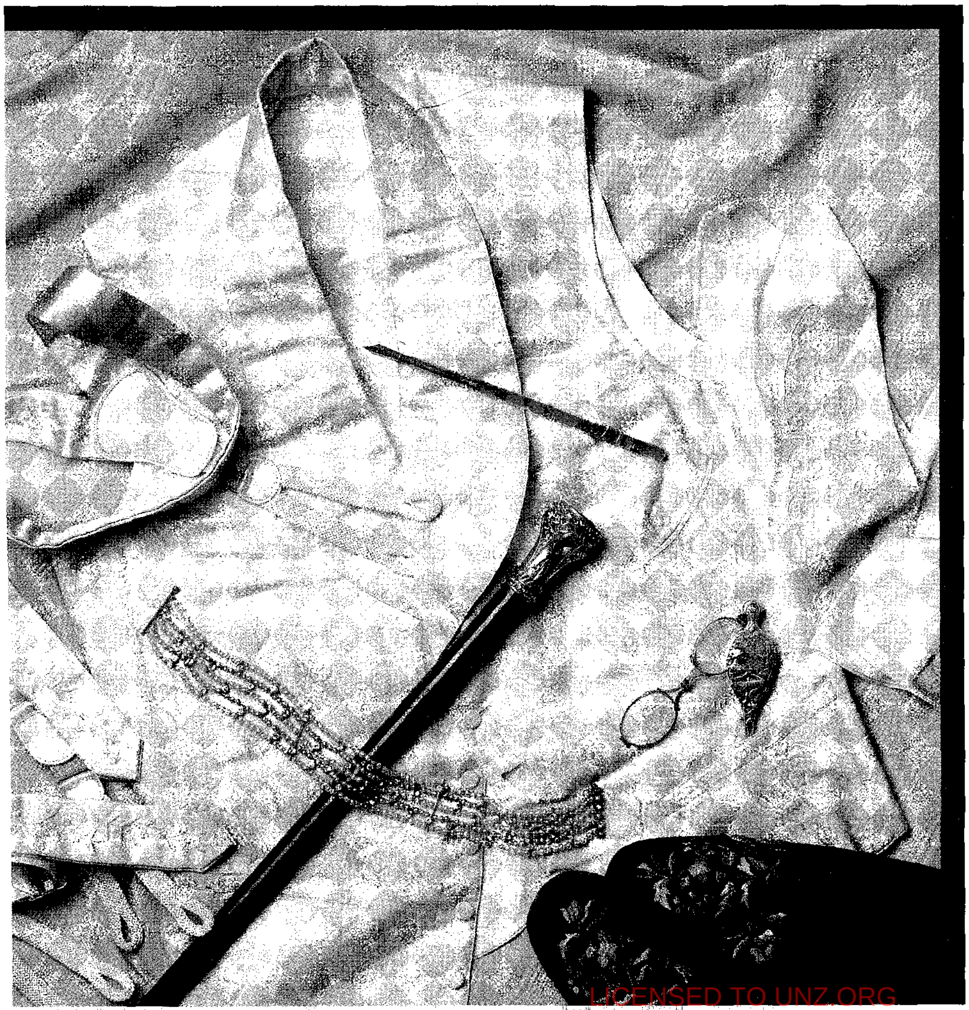

Photo: Donald Penny, clothing and jewelry furnished by Jean Hoffman–Jana Starr Antiques, New York City; jewelry furnished by Muriel Karasik Gallery,

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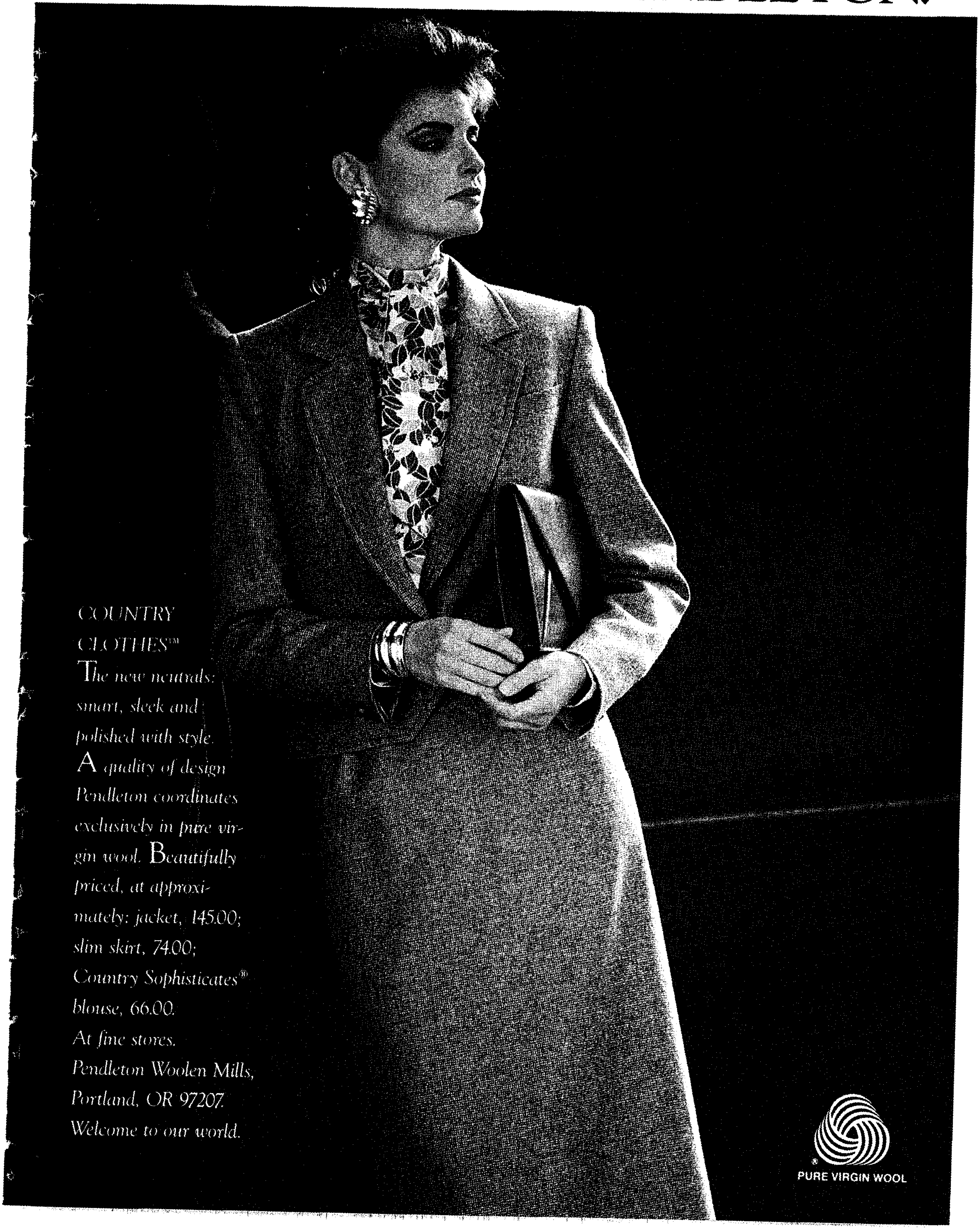

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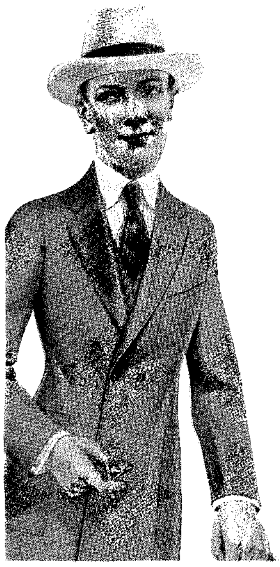
1920s

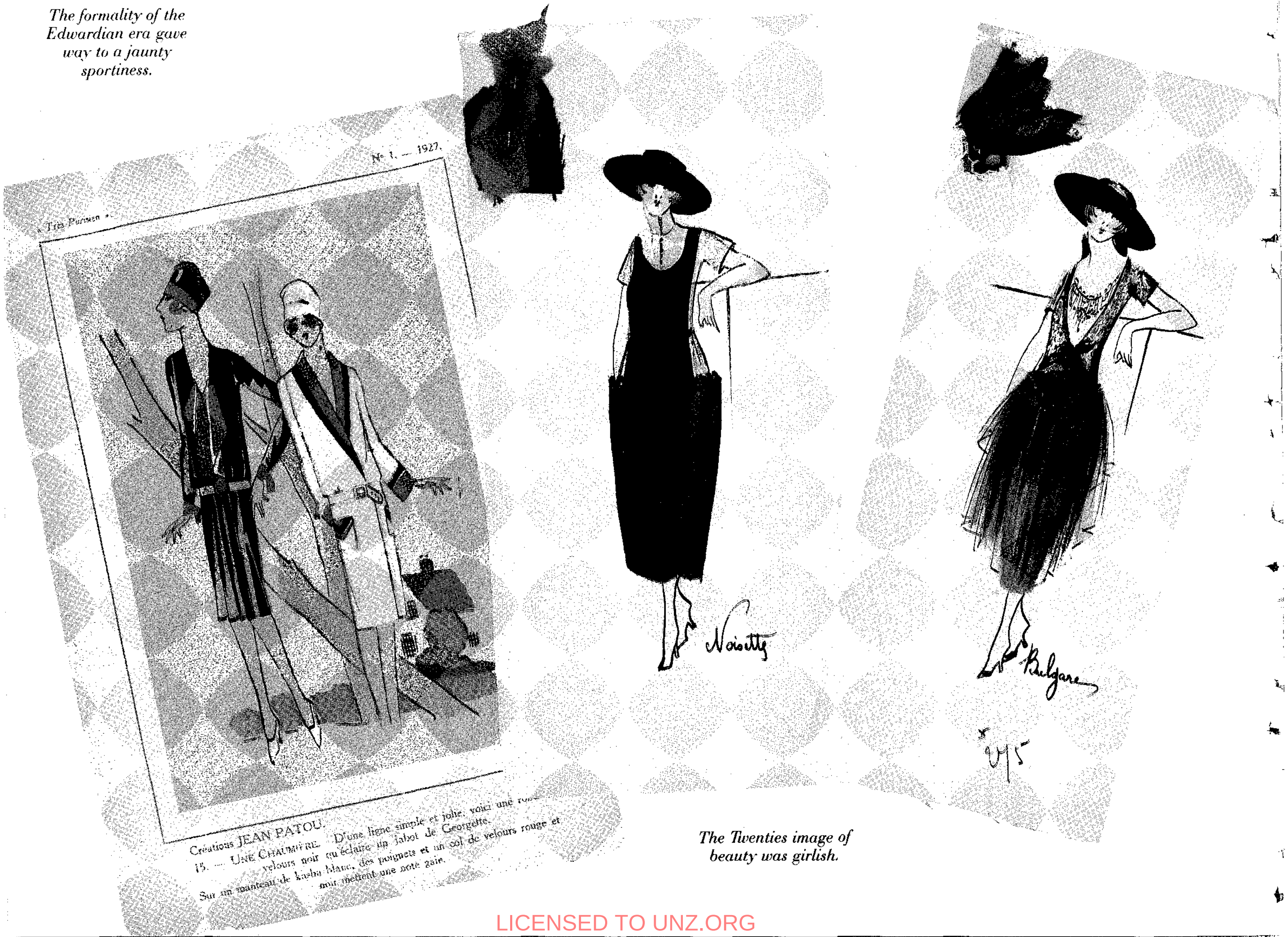
By the Twenties, Chanel had opened a couture house in Paris, from where she would reign supreme over the new fashion scene. As life returned to normal, increasingly less formal activities such as sporting events, nightclub hopping, and going to the cinema replaced formal receptions, white tie opera openings, and twenty-course dinners. A prescient fashion editor correctly predicted in 1926 that the era would go down in history as one of fashion's most important periods, citing the immense freedom in clothing due to short skirts, waistless dresses, and a lack of linings and other restrictive constructions. Day and evening, the look for women was the same: the chemise dress, dressed down for day with stripes or other geometric elements, and dressed up for evening with dressmaking details like tucks, fagoting, and appliqué. Clothing became so simple that government officials insisted on a revival of embroidery and beadwork since so many hand workers were unemployed. Although the dresses themselves remained simple and became even skimpier, decorations became elaborate: paillettes, bugle beads, and sequins were embroidered in lavish art deco, Oriental, and floral patterns.

A flapper's escort would have looked overdressed in tails, and the great casual aura of fashion extended to men's clothes, too. The newly popular activities for energetic Twenties men and women included lots of sports. White flannels for tennis, tweeds like those worn shooting and fishing, heavy patterned sweaters for winter sports, and flying paraphernalia entered the male fashion wardrobe—at the same time influencing women's casual and even formal fashion.

Part of the decade's importance was that its relative simplicity allowed for embellishment by the wearer. Chanel had brought about a fashion for what was her own personal style—easy-fitting little dresses worn with a welter of real and false gems and pearls. Her look was as intelligent as it was fun to wear, and for this reason many of her



The formality of the Edwardian era gave way to a jaunty sportiness.



Créations JEAN PATOU.
15. — UNE CHAUMIÈRE. — D'une ligne simple et jolie, voici une ro
velours noir qu'éclaire un jabot de Georgette.
Sur un manteau de kasha blanc, des poignets et un col de velours rouge et
noir mettent une note gaie.

The Twenties image of beauty was girlish.

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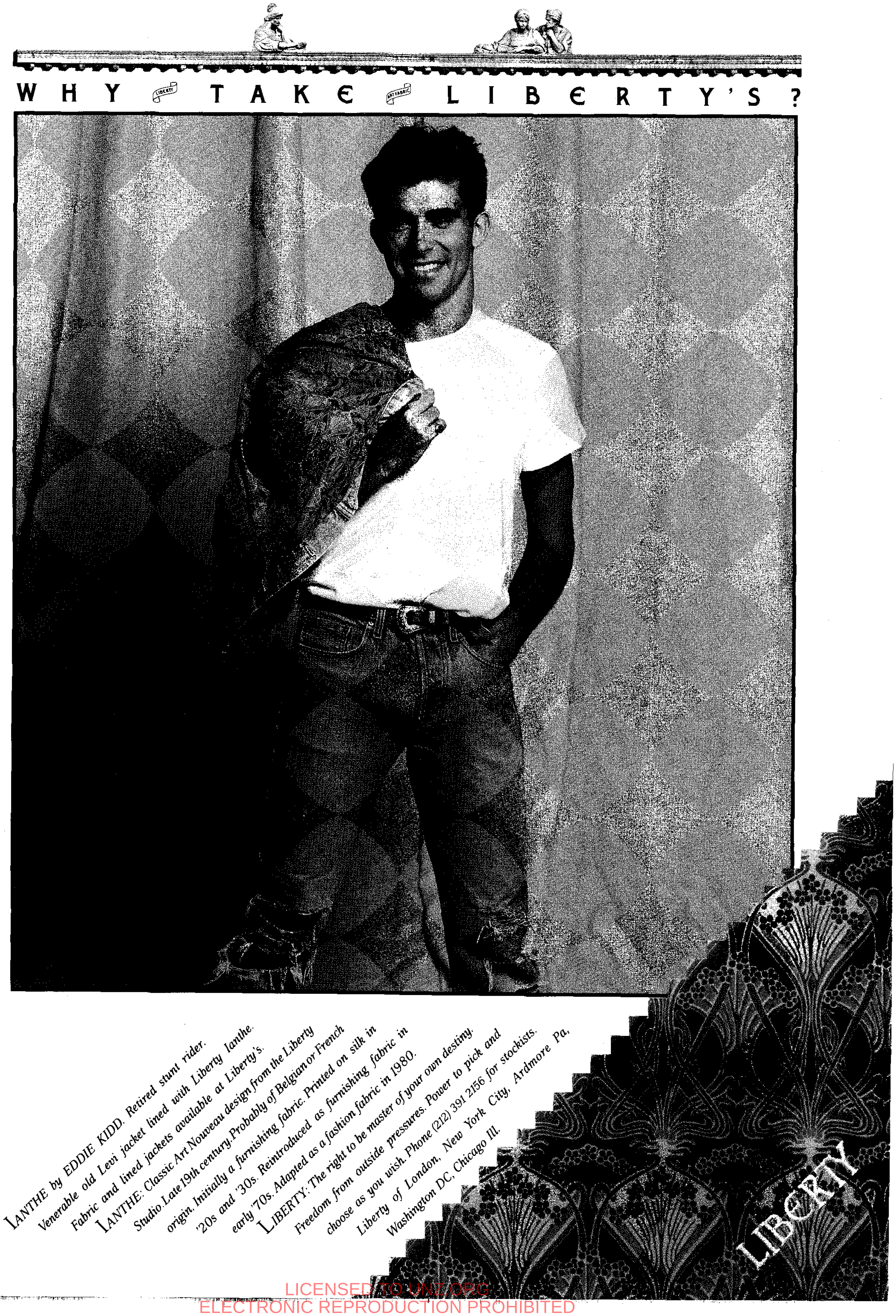

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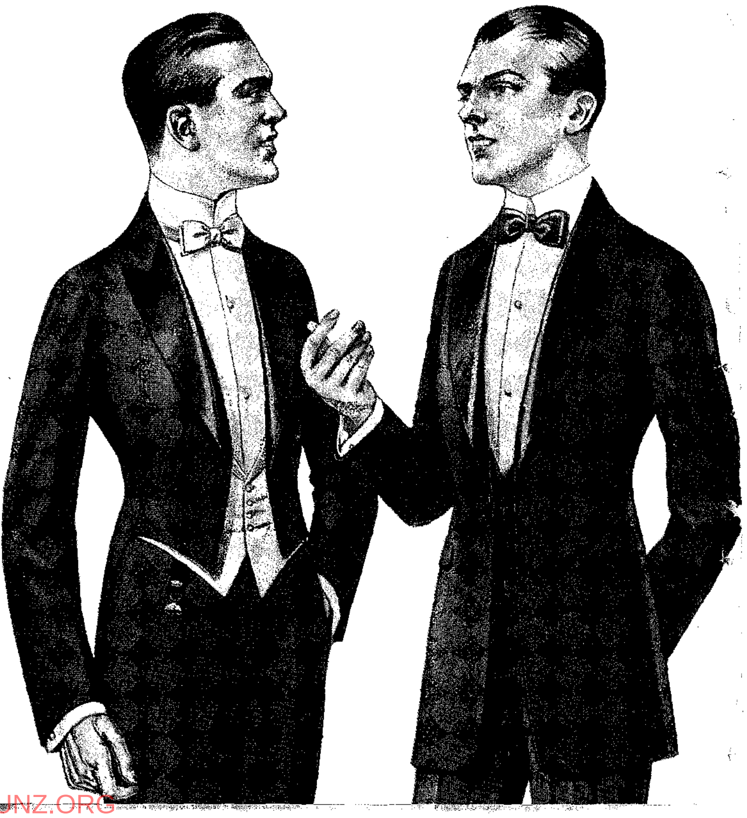
In the Twenties,
white flannels,
tweeds,
heavy sweaters,
and flying
paraphernalia
entered the
male wardrobe.

Photo: Donald Penny; clothing and jewelry furnished by Jean Hoffman–Jana Starr Antiques, New York City; jewelry furnished by Muriel Karasik Gallery, New York City; other items loaned from private collections.

Short skirts promoted freedom of movement.

1920s designs have been successfully revived in the Eighties. Besides her braid-trimmed suits, boater hats, strings and strings of pearls-and-chains, the 1920s have given the 1980s chemise dresses (often with low waists), the curved court-heel shoe (replacing the straight up and down heel of the Seventies), and knitted fabrics, particularly jerseys. Also reincarnated are many elements of the boldly geometric art deco style, which seems to be as suitable for today's pace as it was in the fast-living Jazz Age.

The 1929 stock market crash ended gamine flapper frolics. Fashion became more sober, and remained so well into the 1930s. Hemlines reached the floor for evening, and gravity also affected necklines, which descended until they were practically at the waist, front and back. Fabrics were supple and often monochromatic, in popular shades of black, white, blue, peach, pink, pale green, navy, burgundy, and forest green. "Poorer" fabrics like men's shirtings, eyelet, or corduroy became fashionable.



The two faces of Twenties evening wear

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1930s

Subdued Thirties fashion reflected the economic mood.

As women's silhouettes lengthened and became more willowy, so did men's—hemlines dropped, and tail coats came back into fashion as white tie replaced black tie for formal occasions. A new Prince of Wales was exerting an influence over men's fashion, which he would continue to do even after becoming the Duke of Windsor. His innovations included navy blue dinner jackets, the double-breasted blazer, the use of glen and other plaids for suits, and the Windsor knotted tie (and with it a wider spread collar). As women's necklines plummeted, so did men's: the high, close collar of Teens and Twenties suits descended in the Thirties, showing a great expanse of shirt, and providing for a more elegant, elongated line, which can be seen emulated today.

The Depression waged well into the Thirties, and escaping reality became an important part of the function of fashion, from formal to everyday. Hollywood's allegiance to elegance amounted to a new art form, as make-up artists, lighting men, and camera technicians devised new ways to highlight (and even produce) beauty. It became something that could be concocted in a studio; so fine were the techniques and results that Thirties movies and fashion photography continue to shape contemporary ideas of what is beautiful.

Elegance meant restraint.

And what was considered beautiful in the Thirties could not have been further from the more than slightly androgynous Twenties ideal. Femininity ruled the day. Hat brims no longer hid half the face, and figure-concealing slouchy postures ceased. Thirties women grew out their shingle hair-cuts, and emphasized their eyes, cheekbones, and lips with make-up. The waistline returned, and with it, rounded breasts and hips, and the newly curvaceous silhouette shone in charmeuse or gold cloth. A close fit became important, and towards this end two new inventions, Lastex elastic and the zipper, were utilized for tight-bodiced bathing suits and evening dresses.

As the decade wore on, the emphasis on femininity dictated a revival of nineteenth century full skirts and bustles. As skirts belled out, crinolines and even hoop skirts reappeared, and bodices, tinier and tighter than ever, were boned to support strapless necklines. Complementing the Winterhalter portrait dresses were ornaments of silk flowers, ruffles, and lace.

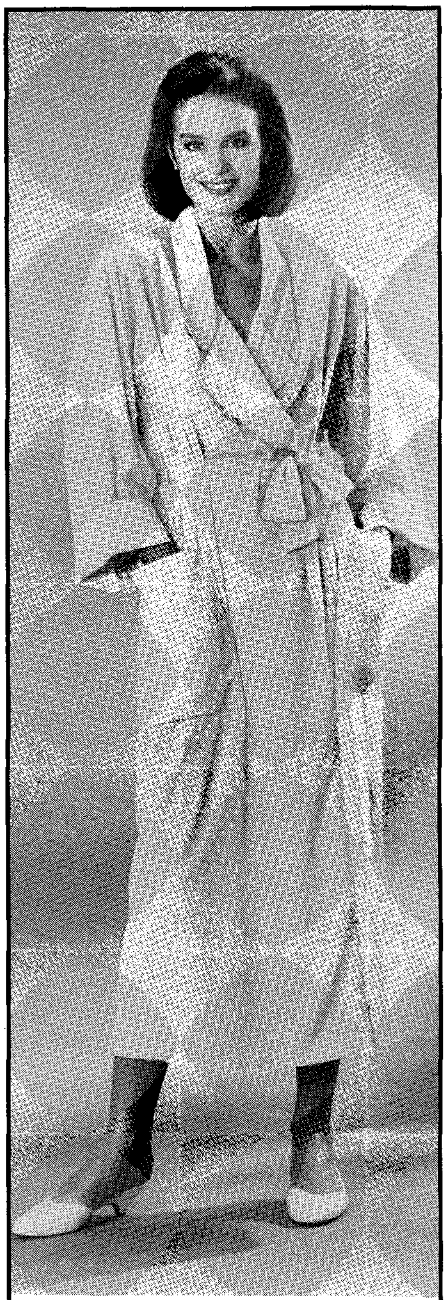
Thirties elements which have been revived today include strapless necklines, bustlebacks, trains, deep décolletage, light-reflecting satins, and lamés. But we're also in the midst of a surrealist fashion resurgence, directly related to that led by fashion's great wit Elsa Schiaparelli in the pre-war years. Her fondness for shocking effects, interesting juxtapositions, and trompe l'oeil (as well as her actual borrowings from Dali, Cocteau, and other artists) have inspired Eighties designers to make pocketbooks in the shape of hats, hats in the form of gloved hands, earrings in the shape of perfume bottles, perfume bottles in the shape of twisted fabric or bow-tied ribbon. Pocketbooks dangle from ear lobes, or are embroidered across the bodice of an evening dress. Shoes are sewn with miniature boater hats, scarves are printed with shoes. Decorations can make references to art forms other than fashion, or surrealism; musical notes or instruments march across skirts; lines of poetry are embroidered on jacket-fronts.

Like his grandfather, the Prince of Wales exerted great sartorial influence. When he wore something new, men on both sides of the Atlantic rushed to their tailors for copies.

Until she closed her couture shop in 1939, Chanel remained a leading arbiter of taste and style.

Thirties elements which have been revived today include strapless necklines, bustlebacks, trains, deep décolletages, light-reflecting satins, and lamés.

Photo: Donald Penny, clothing and jewelry furnished by Jean Hoffman–Jana Starr Antiques, New York City; jewelry furnished by Muriel Karasik Gallery, New York City; other items loaned from private collections.



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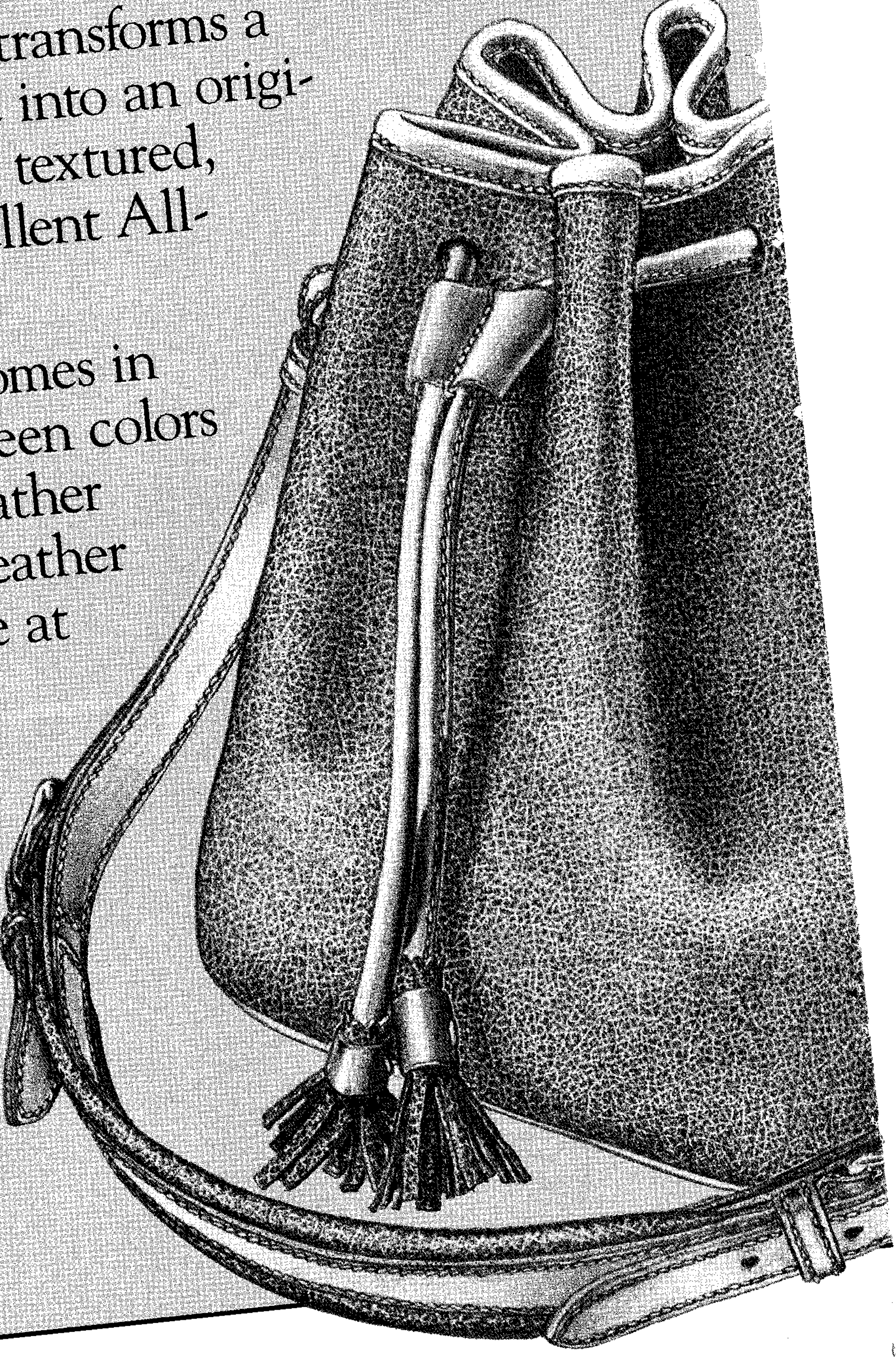

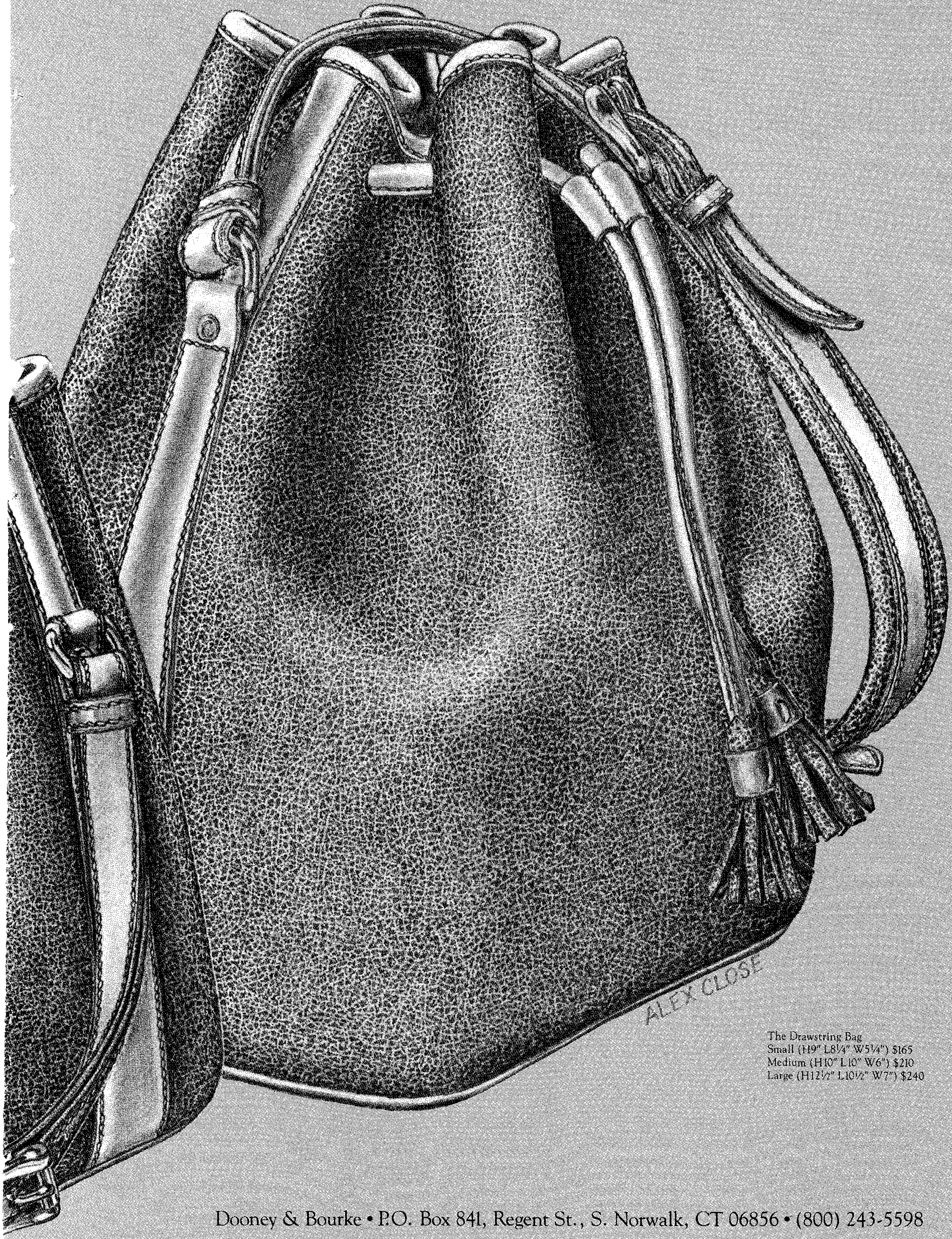

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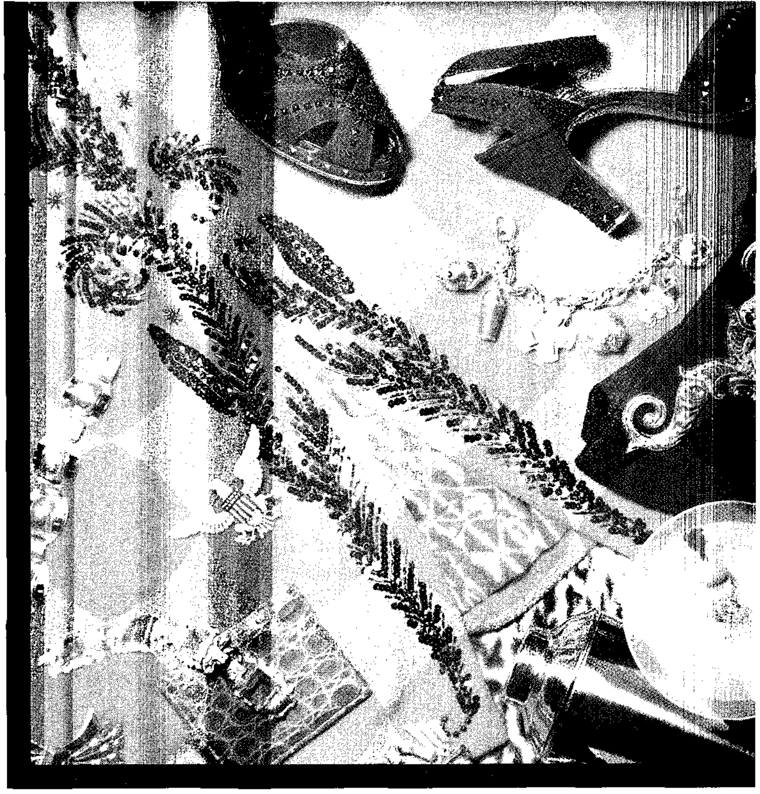
1940s



In occupied Paris, most couture houses closed down or operated under extremely reduced circumstances. England initiated severe rationing of any substance that would better serve the war effort; nylon stockings became so rare and coveted that they were among Princess Elizabeth's most envied wedding presents. In America, the amount of fabric for a dress or suit was restricted, and American designers honed their skills at making the most of very little. Leather was rationed, and shoes could only be made in black, navy, white, or one of three shades of brown leather. A combination of two colors could be used only when the sole was of unimportant (to the war) material like rope or plastic. Fashion magazines published articles on how to make a dress out of a husband's old shirt, or a woman's suit out of his suit, and tried to make austerity fashion sound like desirable fashion.

Novelty was frowned upon, since a change in skirt lengths mandated a change in shoe silhouettes which meant a change in machinery. For the duration, the silhouette was straight and narrow with exaggerated shoulders. Dark, durable colors and rayon prints predominated. The power look of the Eighties has drawn on the Forties silhouette of broad shoulders, tapered waist, narrow hips, and short skirt. Seamed stockings have made a comeback, as have (very briefly) platform shoes. Most Forties of all is today's mania for shirring, which was originally used to make the most of very little material, and today is necessary for an opulent display of material but a slim silhouette.

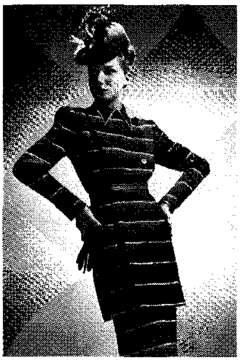
By 1947, when an unknown Christian Dior opened his couture house with a smashing first collection of full-skirted daytime suits, town dresses, and ballgowns, the world was hungry for a change. As men returned from the front and courtship resumed, that change was toward extreme femininity. The New Look, which had itself revived the late Thirties romantic styles, would be the prevailing look of the Fifties.

Most popular in any form was detailing: post-war women's fashions boasted a surplus of (unnecessary) double rows of buttons, turned-back cuffs, cape collars, dolman sleeves, peplums, and tunic-effect double skirts as well as fan-pleating, tucking, ruffles, and appliqué. Men happily returned to wearing double-breasted suits, suits with vests, trousers with pleats and cuffs, and other fabric-thirsty styles which had been forbidden during the war years.

Fantasy was inherent in crinoline-, mermaid-, or tulip-skirted evening dresses made in silk taffeta, lace, cut-velvet, or watered silks. Pale tones of violet, rose, aquamarine, or mint complemented strapless bodices or petalled off-the-shoulder "portrait" necklines sewn with silk flowers, jewelled embroideries, or lace. For day, a dress or suit was fully accessorized with hat, jewelry, scarf, pocketbook, and pumps. Coordination was important: parure of earrings, necklace, bracelet, and brooch, or suite of pocketbook, belt, and shoes in the same color as a hat. Gloves (from one-button up to elbow-length) completed every turnout.

The power look of the Eighties has drawn on the Forties silhouette of broad shoulders, tapered waist, narrow hips, and short skirt.

Wartime shortages brought about exaggeration. Platform shoes on nonrationed cork or wood soles grew in size, shoulders grew in width, for a dramatic effect with little fabric.



Men and women went into uniform, and military details influenced civilian fashions as well.

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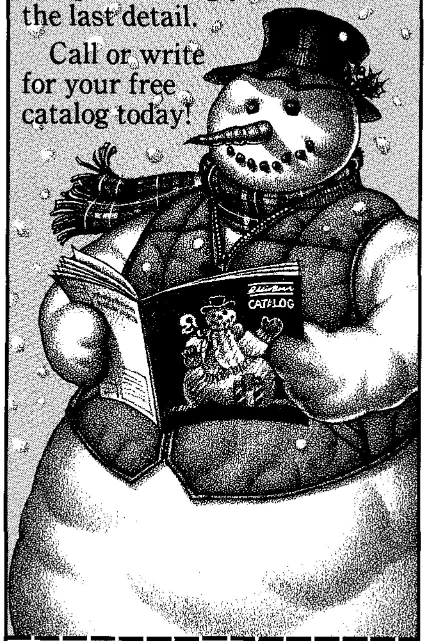

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1950s

Fashion in the Fifties was expressed not only in being correctly dressed, but also in being completely up-to-the-moment. Again, Dior led the way with his influential twice-yearly collections, each featuring a whole new silhouette, and a whole new emphasis for the body. Hemlines descended nine inches, rose two, and dropped again; skirts belled out, tapered, straightened, and then flared; shoulders were rounded, and then built up in curves. Etiquette and beauty books instructed bewildered women; men were depicted as bemused, watching a constant parade of hatboxes, suitboxes, and shopping bags pass by.

Even teenagers had New Look dance dresses, with full tulle-supported skirts and daringly décolleté bodices. Their daytime or after-school uniform of circle skirt, fitted blouse or waist-length sweater mirrored what was being worn by their elders. They also had unbreakable rules: jeans had to be rolled up at the cuffs, and bobby socks had to be folded down over a rubber band, Dad's (or big brother's) shirt had its sleeves rolled up a prescribed number of times, and hair was set according to elaborate blueprints published in special "young ladies'" magazines.

Social life became increasingly casual in the Fifties, with many occasions planned around baby-sitters' schedules. The cocktail party was born, and with it the cocktail dress, worn to anything after five that wasn't black tie. Evening dresses could be any color of the rainbow, but cocktail dresses were best in black, dressed up, dressed down, or simply changed with accessories. Also new were cocktail hats, usually miniature, precariously tilted, and always whimsical. For barbecues or pool parties, toreador pants, bermuda shorts, and sundresses came into being. Suburban wives, a new species, had clothes for their own specific needs: car coats, shirtwaist dresses, amusingly decorated aprons to wear at the stove.

Fifties women sacrificed comfort to look glamourous.

Fifties men looked like heads of families.

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In the Fifties, the cocktail party was born.

When men got home from work, they abandoned their grey flannel suits for madras blazers, Hawaiian and other colorful casual shirts, and the khaki pants left over from their war uniforms.

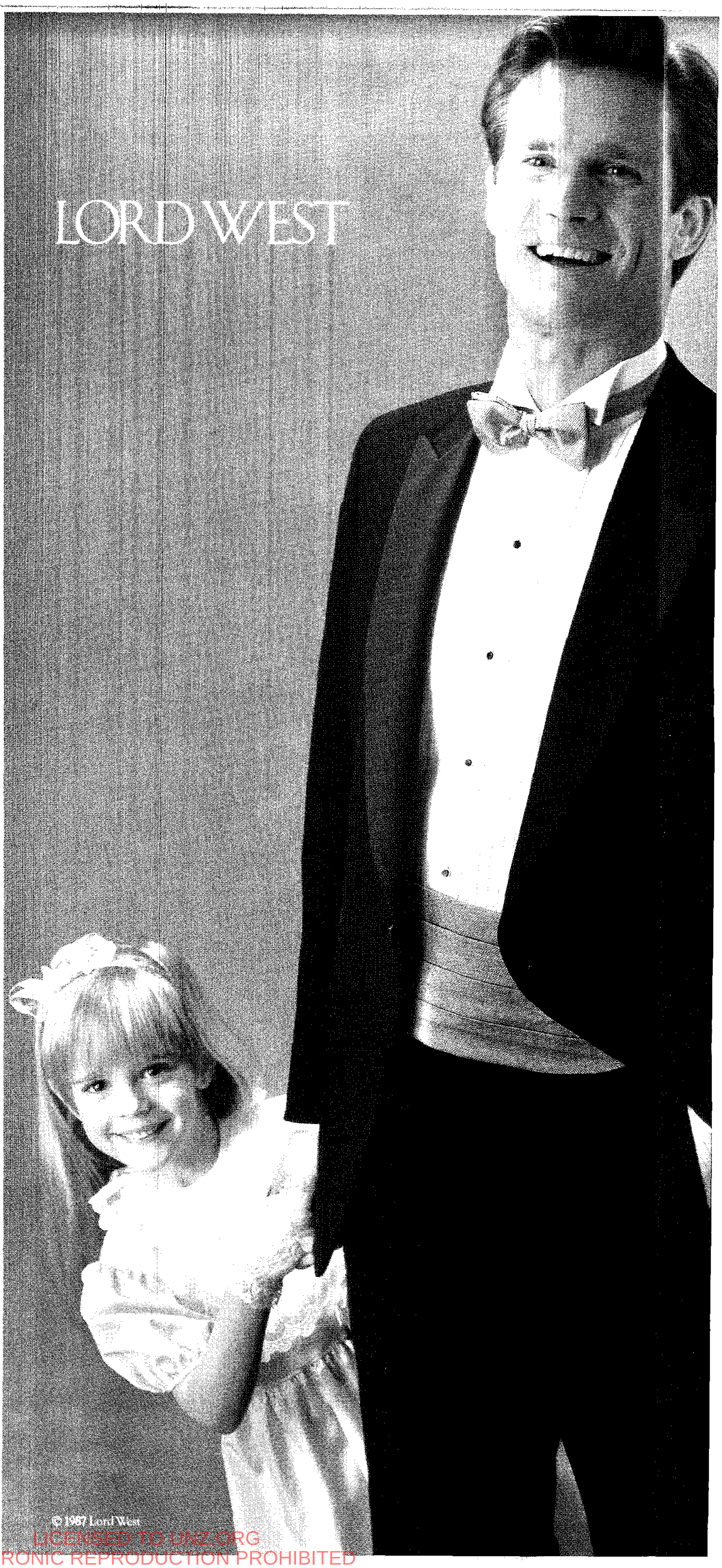
The baby boomers, born during the era of The New Look, with fashion memories of their mothers coming in to kiss them good night dressed in romantic ballgowns or sophisticated cocktail dresses, are wearing both of these now, reviving the curvaceous figures underneath as well. After years of dressing down, dressing up is back. For men, the crew cut has come back (this time with spikes). Back from a precise Fifties moment is the Kelly bag pocketbook, named after Princess Grace who wore one as camouflage when pregnant with Princess Caroline.

Rumbling underneath the Fifties fashion surface were two currents that would shape the early Sixties. The first began in 1954 when Coco Chanel re-opened her couture house despite the criticism that her period in fashion was over forever. But she was driven by her conviction that women's fashion shouldn't be dictated by men, and she proved right in wanting to offer women an alternative to The New Look. Once again, her easily fitted cardigan suits became a uniform, and her little black dresses were the most desirable cocktail dresses of the time. And although women were not vehemently pursuing independence as they had in Chanel's heydey, their lives were undeniably active, and her designs took how they moved into consideration.

The other indication of an easier silhouette was the chemise or sack dress introduced variously by New York's Norman Norell, and by Paris couturiers Balenciaga and Givenchy. The first versions were rather exaggerated in their shapelessness, cut full through the torso and narrowing at their somewhat short hems. But as the chemise evolved into the sheath dress (thereafter the Sixties silhouette), so the ideal of beauty changed: the desirable look was younger, girlish, idealized by models like Twiggy.

Christian Dior surrounded by New Look beauties.

Muriel Karasik Gallery, New York City; other items loaned from private collections.



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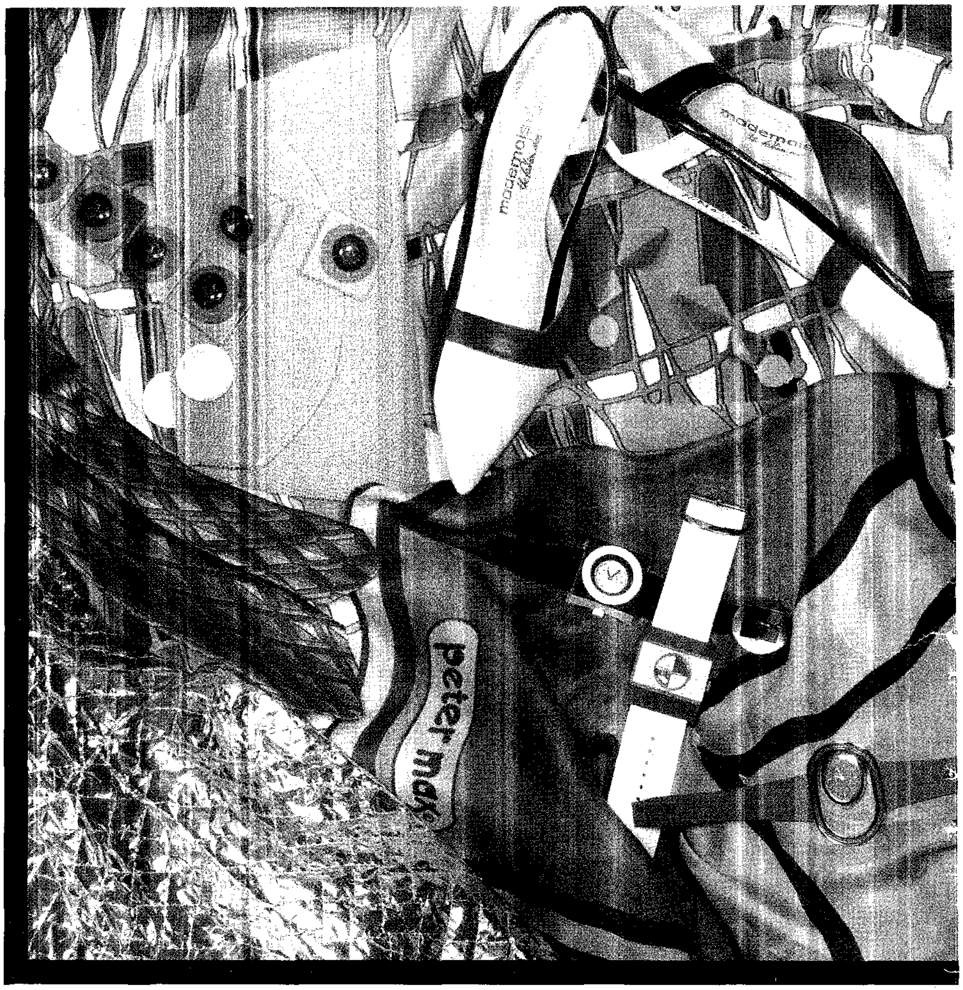
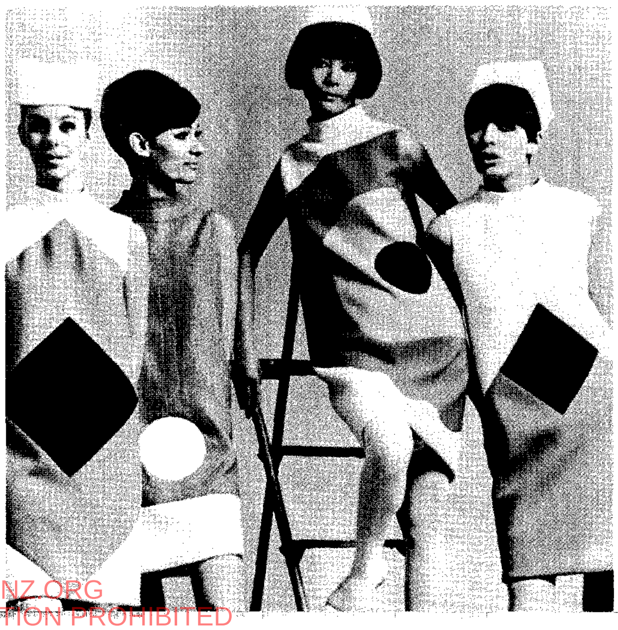


1960s

At first, Sixties fashion had been somewhat ladylike, exemplified by a waistless sheath dress accessorized with Mary Janes, a hair ribbon, and a small pocketbook hanging from a long chain, or with low-heeled pumps, sheer stockings, a string of pearls, and a pillbox hat. What we think of as the typical Sixties look didn't actually begin until 1967, when the Summer of Love spawned the now famous "youthquake."

Skirts climbed ever upward, jeans (or anything made of denim) became ubiquitous, bras were burned, and colors and prints responded to a taste for an out-of-body experience. The most important of all fashion inventions was pantyhose. Without "tights," skirts would have hovered above the knee but below stocking tops indefinitely. Also new were materials: pliable paper for disposable dresses and underwear, forms of

For the Sixties, shocking was an aesthetic in its own right.



Op Art inspired sheath dresses by Pierre Cardin.

As mini-skirts continued to shrink in size, maxi-coats became useful for protecting cold legs.

THE BEATLES

From the first, the Beatles influenced male hairstyles and fashion.

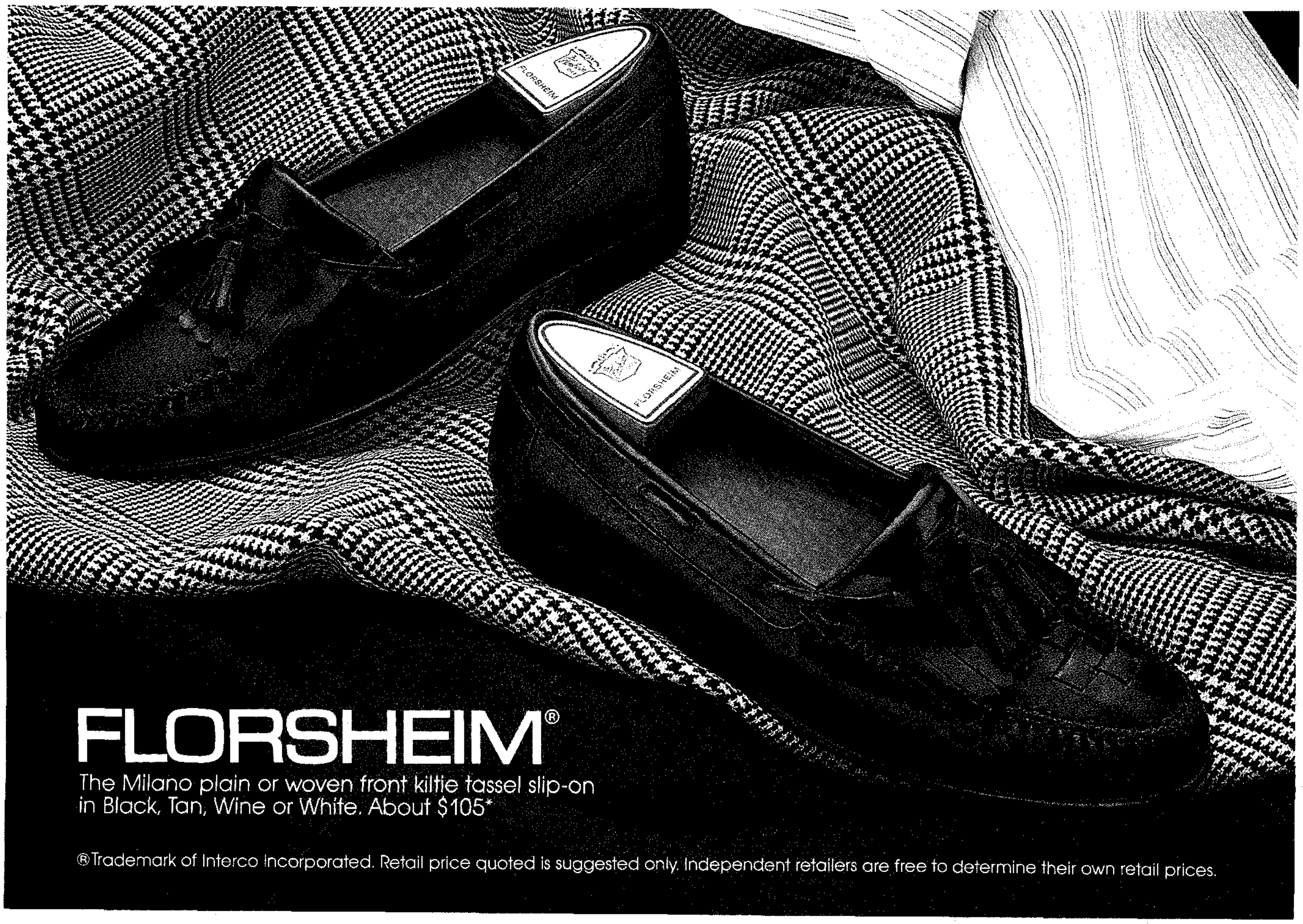
Photo: Donald Penny. Clothing and jewelry furnished by Jean Hoffman-Jana Starr Antiques, New York City; jewelry furnished by Muriel Karasik Gallery, New York City; other items loaned from private collections.

polyester and nylon, lurex, qiana, tinfoil, and meshes. Machines produced newly thick double and triple knits in wools and synthetics; jewelry was made out of lucite and anything else that was "frankly fake."

Artifice ruled the day. Nothing looked, or was meant to look, natural. Elaborate make-up included longer and longer eyelashes and nails, lips painted silver, white, or blue, and foreheads traced with flowers or swirls. Hair was teased and lacquered, filled out with hairpieces in the form of braids and corkscrews, ornamented with gems and flowers.

For the Sixties, shocking was an aesthetic in its own right. Designers abandoned trying to anticipate women's needs and wants, and opted for pure visual creativity. In men's clothes this meant unisex jumpsuits, wild prints for jackets and pants, and the abandoning of the necktie for a turtleneck sweater or a Nehru jacket.

Some of Sixties fashion has been deemed appealing again. The Eighties have revived neon colors, patterned stockings, tinted hair, beehives, bare midriffs, sequins, metallic materials, and short skirts.



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1970s

Each new generation must forsake the one before it, and the Seventies had much to eschew. Synthetic fabrics were shunned, as broadcloth, Oxford cloth, denim, linen, slub silk, wool, cashmere, and leather came back. The palette of choice stressed the colors of nature: khaki, beige, olive drab, cinnamon, and white. Hair was naturally styled, long, and sun-tinged, and the make-up look was the no-make-up look. Accessories were kept to a bare minimum: an ivory pendant, a gold chain or two, a leather belt, diamond stud earrings, a cinnabar cuff. Evening dresses (not infrequently described as being "nothing more than a long T-shirt") were replaced later in the decade by the peasant or gypsy look.

Exercise became a national obsession and the new ideal beauty was lithe and nonchalant. Bralessness developed the see-through look into a full-fledged fashion; bareness also took the form of halter necklines and slit skirts. Designers began to exercise their creativity by thinking of new places to put their logos, leaving no stern unsewn—the end of the Seventies became the age of the designer jean.

Natural materials and fabrics were expensive, and fashion magazines began to tout the idea of "investment dressing," advocating buying one perfect shirt, pair of pants, or watch. Although designers continued to produce five or so collections a year, classicism rather than novelty was the keynote.

Fashion in the Eighties is a matter of variety, novelty, nostalgia, choice, and freedom. On the streets, in the office, or at a charity event, the only people who are dressed alike are those who have had the misfortune to wear exactly the same designer ensemble; everyone else usually exercises the Eighties option to wear whatever feels appropriate that particular day or evening. And it isn't always emblematic of a

The end of the Seventies became the age of the designer jean.

personal definitive style: very Eighties is the freedom to look one way one day and another the next.

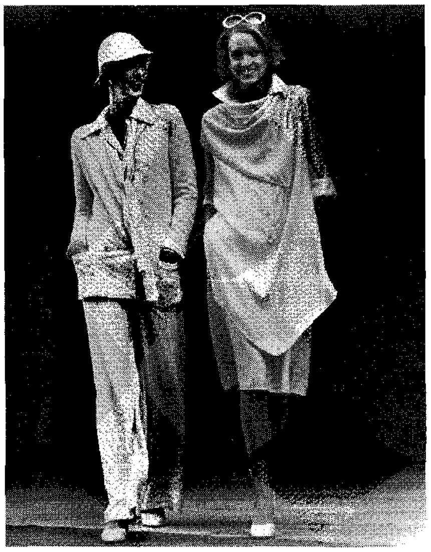
Whether it is a Chanel suit, miniskirt, or ballgown, today's choices emanate from the street and the couture, from Paris and New York, from London, Tokyo, Milan, Germany, Russia, Australia, and Africa.

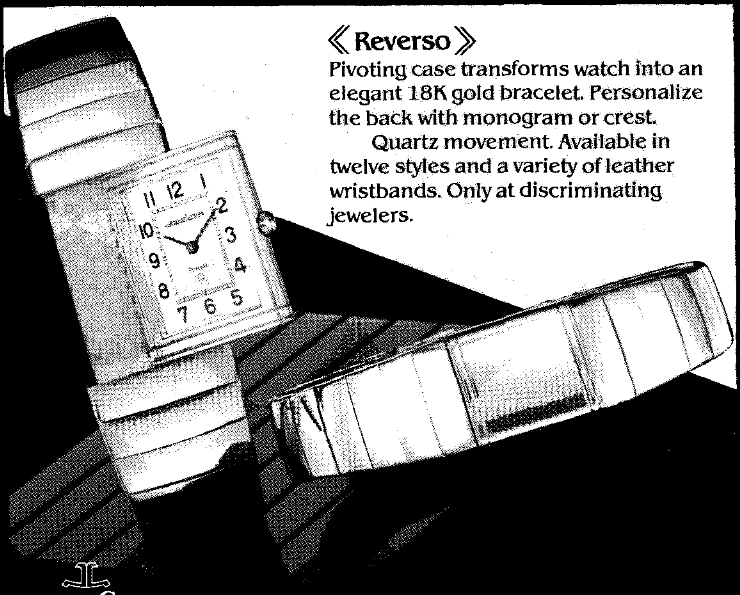
Similarly, the Eighties beauty cannot be characterized by a single type. Although fashions are shown predominantly on pouty-lipped, wild-maned child-women, in reality, variety abounds. Today stylish women are often quoted on their fiftieth birthdays as saying that they've never felt or looked better, and they continue presenting themselves in such a way as to convince us that beauty is currently ageless.

It has long been the norm in interior design for several different modes to be popular at once. Every era has had its version of the Eighteenth century, as well as its own contemporary design, with fashions from the Renaissance, Napoleonic and Victorian eras coming in and out of style. Clearly, fashion has adopted this point of view. To the lady at the charity ball, her bustle doesn't look 1880s, or 1930s or 1950s, it looks 1980s. This decade borrows from every period, and filters every style through its own lens.

Pants dressing provided an alternative to the midi-skirt in the Seventies.

Seventies elegance was easy and relaxed, as seen in these ensembles by Bill Blass.





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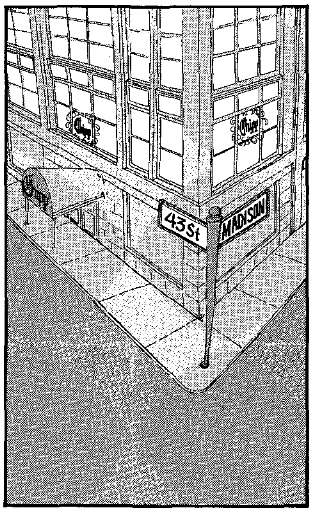

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®The name Crombie and the Coat of Arms are the registered trademarks of J & J Crombie Limited could stop to see the view. The sun was high and bright by this time, and the mist had vanished. We pulled over to the edge of the escarpment. Below us we could trace the road we were to take as it ran down through the town of Tambunan, which appeared to be set in a brilliantly green, lush meadow.

"I live beyond there," he said, "but you can't see it." He was climbing over the escarpment edge as he spoke and groping in the long grass that grew just below the roadside.

"Here we are!" he called, and climbed back holding something in one hand. "Try some of these." The fruit he held looked like raspberries. How had he known that he could plunge his hand into the long grass exactly at this spot and find them? When we bit into the berries, they simply deflated at the touch of our teeth—they were nothing but air, and yet, curiously, left an aftertaste of strawberries.

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"And you thought they were real," Anthony Lamb said, pleased at our surprise.

We soon reached the plain in which Tambunan was set. The bright-green meadow turned out to be fields of rice seedlings, which women were working, wading through dirty, calf-high water behind infinitely patient buffalo. Rickety huts on stilts stood in some of the fields, and here and there sago palms rose in startling fountain bursts against the otherwise bare horizon. More hills and plains were crossed before we reached Tenom, which was another Wild West town. We stopped briefly for some supplies and then headed back toward the forest. Anthony Lamb anxiously watched the sky through the windshield. "I'd like to be home for tea," he said.

We arrived at his house at teatime almost on the dot. His house was in the European kampong style, on stilts. An immaculate lawn spread around it —a hint of that garden we had heard so much about. However, my immediate attention was drawn to a little girl about twelve years old, dressed in a plain black cotton shift, who had come down from the veranda to meet us. She was clearly pleased to see Anthony Lamb, and I wondered if she had been watching for his jeep from the veranda. She turned on Deborah and me, however, a face burning with undisguised suspicion, and when I got my bag out of the jeep she began to tug at it.

"Me, me," she said, and she succeeded in pulling it away.

"She wants to carry it," said Anthony.

"But not up the steps?" I said, for they were steep.

He shrugged, as if to say "If she wants to," and so I followed the girl as she lugged the bag up the steps, into the house, and then out of sight around a corner.

A combined living room and dining room opened directly onto the veranda, as in the Bacons' house, and at each end was a passage leading to the other rooms. A bookcase filled the entire wall at one end of the big room, and by the books there was a cabinet and comfortable-looking chairs and a sofa. On the side walls were flower prints of the kind that Victorian ladies painted in loving detail. An old woman shuffled in from the kitchen, beaming with pleasure at seeing Mr. Lamb and bowing low before him. Like the White Queen, she had trouble keeping her clothing about her; her sarong needed constant adjustment, her hair was sliding from its knot, her slippers were half off. She diverted her admiring, maternal gaze from Mr. Lamb to us, and again bowed low as we were introduced.

"This is my amah," Anthony said. "She came with me from Ulu Dusun and has been here with me almost from the day this house was built." He added, "She is the mother of the little girl." I could find no resemblance between the soft, lumpish mother and the blade-thin girl, whose fierce little face scowled at us from under an untidy fringe of black hair. The woman, we learned, also had a teen-age son, who acted as a part-time gardener. There had been other children, but they had "vanished," and now the amah and her two children were the only other members of Anthony's household. He said something in Malay to the amah. "And now for tea," he said to us.

We went out onto the veranda. Anthony Lamb stood with one hand on its railing and, with the other, made a gesture that swept across his immaculate lawn to the blue mountains in the distance, which served as the boundary line of the Interior Residency. "I designed my house to face the mountains," he said. In its solitude, it commanded, as he himself pointed out, the most impressive view of that wild interior world. Now, however, a storm looked imminent. We sat down in the rattan chairs on the veranda, and as the little girl came out with her tray of tea the rains fell.

"Almost every day," Anthony said, watching the storm, "at about this

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time." He distributed the cups and saucers and then handed round a biscuit tin. "What are they today? Shortbread! The little girl makes them," he explained. "I used to come back from my home leave laden with the things one can't get here—important things like shortbread biscuits. Then the little girl asked me to show her how to make them, so I got someone to give me a recipe, and now she keeps me in supply. She also makes digestive biscuits." The little girl herself was standing in the doorway between the veranda and the living room watching the rain.

After the rain stopped, we went down to inspect Anthony's garden. The long shadows of late afternoon fell across the lawn, which appeared to have been freshly cut, and the smell of grass was in the air. The stream that flowed through the bottom of the garden was steaming after the rain. Anthony Lamb showed us pomegranate, passion fruit, vines of golden rain, and durian belanda. His love of his garden was legend on the island; it was said that he had lived in a tent while it was being laid out, and had only then seen about building the house.

"Now for some of my favorites," he said, leading the way back to the house. Against a wall of the garage, which was under one end of the house, was a trellis of roses that could have been growing against a Cotswold cottage. "They are possibly the only *real* roses in Sabah," he said proudly. "But now I must let you admire my orchids."

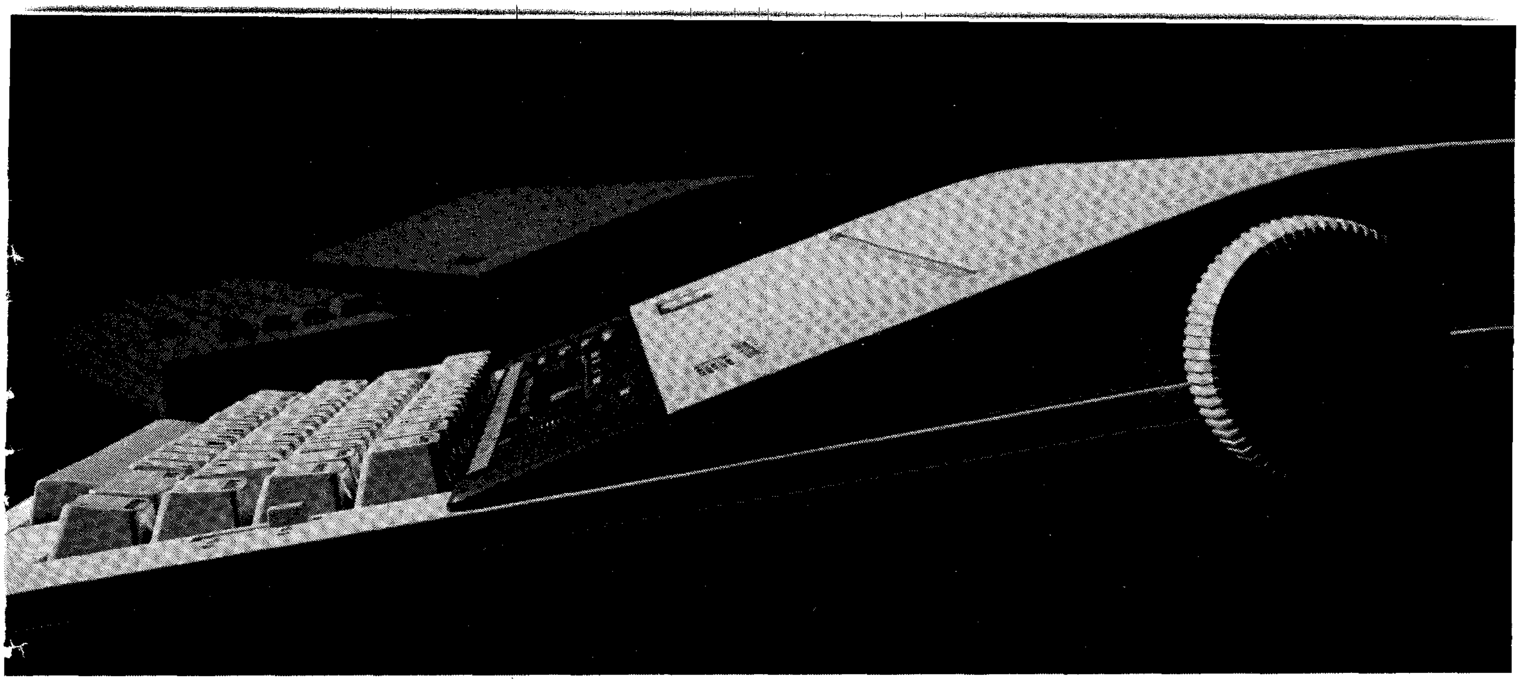
Under the house, among the stilts where kampong people moor their boats or chain their dogs and screaming monkeys, Anthony Lamb had the most beautiful orchids of Southeast Asia. He used to exhibit them, and win prizes, at the Southeast Asia Orchid Show, but now, he said, he bred them only for his own pleasure. He gathered specimens in the rain forest and then created hybrid variations of them. It was cool and damp under the house, and we made a tour of his trophies in growing darkness. He gave us the botanical name of each orchid as we came to it. "I do not expect you to remember Linnaean Latin, but I do feel you should be properly introduced." Of one specimen he was particularly proud; it was pure white, and each petal looked like a snapdragon with long tendrils. "Take a good look at that, for you'll never in your life see its like again," he said. He told us he had photographs in his files of hybrid creations he had bred one sole specimen of, which had blossomed and died in the heart of the interior, seen by his eyes alone.

Dinner was served by the little girl, whose face kept its hard, set expression. After dinner, we moved over to the chairs by the bookcase, and she brought us coffee.

"It's beautiful on the veranda at this time of night, but just too cold for me," Anthony said. "One gets spoiled," he added, with a grin. As we had all had a long day, we went to bed early that night. Going down the hallway to our bedroom, I glanced back and saw the little girl violently shaking the pillows of the chairs Deborah and I had sat on, as if to remove all traces of Mr. Lamb's offensive guests. "Good night," I said, but she didn't answer.

We discovered after the second day that there was a definite pattern to the days of Anthony Lamb, each of which passed with the inevitability one assumes of seasons. He rose every day at dawn and drank tea brought to him on the veranda by the little girl while he watched the morning turn from pearl gray to pale gold. He went to his office without eating, and worked there or in the fields until nearly ten, then came back to the house and ate breakfast, which was waiting for him. Returning to his office, he worked until after one, when it was time for lunch. In the afternoon, he again worked in his office. I later looked through some of his books. They were mostly on biology, and many had underlined passages. "The nipa palm is the sole representative of the sub-family Nypoideae. It has existed since the Cretaceous period for 100 million years with little variation." It was in the late afternoon that he went for "rambles" in the rain forest with an eye to obtaining orchids.

Deborah and I, after a somewhat cursory examination of the palm fields, could confirm what their manager had already stated: that there were no insect pests at all on this station. In our final field report, however, we conscientiously reported that the last recorded outbreak of pests there had been of the bagworms *Metisa plana* in 1978, which had infected the shade trees *Albizzia falcata*, and dropped onto the cocoa beneath. Anthony him-



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self was unconcerned about our collecting work. "As I understand it," he said easily, "you girls were here to make a collection and pick up what information you could by looking around." To this we gratefully assented, and instead of scouring the palm fields for insects, we followed Anthony's directions to some of his favorite rambling places.

Dinner was always served by the little girl. There were two deviations from the routine of the first night. For dinner itself Anthony appeared, a little self-consciously, in a sarong and a turquoise shirt; "I usually wear this in the evening—really much more comfortable than my other clothes, though I don't suppose I could get away with it at home in England." Secondly, we had hot chocolate, and not coffee, brought to us as we sat in the soft chairs by the bookcase. "Nursery days," Anthony said, somewhat sheepishly. There was a cat who had just had kittens, one of which took an early interest in me. I encouraged this, and would sit with the kitten on my knees.

At this time of the evening, he told us stories about his life in the interior. When his house was being built, he said, elephants used to come at night and scratch their backs against the frame. I said I hadn't known that there were elephants in Borneo, and he replied that there had once been many, but they were slowly being exterminated by the expansion of the oil-palm estates: "Yes, it is very sad."

He told us of places he had been in his forest rambles. Once, he had pulled aside a curtain of creepers and stared at a black waterfall with golden highlights which flowed not into a stream or a pool but into jungle foliage. "Then I got closer and saw that the water was a stream of insects, similar to cockroaches, and the gold light was the iridescence of their wings." In our room there were metal slide boxes that held records of these forest rambles, and he gave me advice about how to take pictures: "Don't even attempt what you feel is most characteristic of the forest." He meant the towering trees, whose crowns were hidden by their own lower branches, and the great clumps of hanging ferns that seemed to have been carefully planted in baskets and then hoisted aloft to decorate the forest canopy. "You'll never capture their scale." He focussed his camera instead on the almost unseen, the usually overlooked: the serrated edge of a blood-red leaf with raindrops on it, small fungi that poked forth from the leaf mold like crocuses from snow, mushrooms that glowed in the dark. In the intimate darkness of his living room he could watch the minute details of forest life which his keen eyes had apprehended loom to majestic grandeur on his walls. He had so many slides that he had no hope of seeing them all again. He had been in Sabah nearly twenty years, but he had decided eventually to return to England. He was thinking of buying a farm in Devon, which he could visit every year and eventually retire to; there he planned to grow a vegetable garden and raise sheep.

The very fact of his unvarying daily routine was seductive: it seemed a pattern of order superimposed on the raw, disorderly nature that ran wild all around him; it was the tranquillity, the safety of civilization juxtaposed with the barbaric and the random. I happened to confront it at a time in my life when I was extremely vulnerable to its attractions; as I have said, I had gone to Borneo in the hope that from the journey I would get some idea about what to do next. When I remarked at one point that I had enjoyed my visit, Anthony Lamb took me to refer to Sabah in general. "Don't go," he said. "Plenty you could do here—a young woman with a university degree? You should have no trouble getting a job." His words put a fantastic picture in my mind: I saw myself rising with each golden dawn, drifting out into the serene palm fields, spending my afternoons roaming in the forest. I pictured the high-piled boxes of slides and notebooks that I would accumulate as I mastered the forest. I saw myself, in short, as Anthony Lamb, breaking the overwhelming world into tiny, bite-size pieces. To define and organize one's own universe to one's heart's content—that seemed to me an enviable thing.

Later, the orchidist in the heart of the interior became for me a metaphor of the colonial enterprise. The science of hybridization presupposes that one can improve on nature, that one's touch will enhance and better the existent state of things. "This size, this number of blossoms? No, it couldn't happen in the wild. That is due to my care," said the orchidist. We spoke on several occasions about the intricate relationship between an orchid and its pollinators, which has often evolved to such a state of refinement that there may be only one pollen-vector adapted to the task of fertilizing one unique orchid species.

"How are your hybrids pollinated?" I asked, and Anthony Lamb explained that he had to do this himself.

"What will happen when you leave?"

"Then, I'm afraid, they will wither away."

Only one thing disturbed the peacefulness of our visit, and this was the unconcealed jealousy, the near-hatred, of the little girl. Her black eyes noted the sarong that Anthony Lamb now wore in the evening, our consumption of her special biscuits, the kitten who sat every evening on my lap—the sharing of all the intimate details of Mr. Lamb's life which would appear to entrench Deborah and me more deeply, more permanently into the quiet intimacy of their lives. The little girl's life seemed to have been molded entirely by Anthony Lamb's routine; but in varying degrees, I thought, we both, she and I, were taking life-sustaining direction by following in the slipstream of her master. I found I could not perform a charade of friendship toward her, as I might have done with another child, and we generally met each other mutually unsmiling and stone-faced. Of this silent drama Anthony Lamb himself was unaware.

Up to the last evening, he told of his adventures: of tribes in the interior that had scarcely seen a white man before and had screamed and run at his approach. He told of caves of giant stalactites in Sarawak; of rock chambers that he had walked through in pitch darkness, not knowing whether the pool of blackness below him had depths of ten or of a hundred feet. "And the bats . . ." His blue eyes, which were usually focussed somewhere just over the shoulder of the person he was addressing, returned vaguely to us. He seemed that evening more than ever to be a remarkable man.

That evening, he told us, too, about the farm in Devon. "Fifteen minutes from the station, ten minutes from the post office, but completely private. I can grow strawberries," he said, rubbing his hands together.

We were up early the next morning in order to go with a worker who was driving back to Kota Kinabalu for supplies. I had walked straight through the living room and put my bags on the veranda when I heard Anthony's startled voice behind me:

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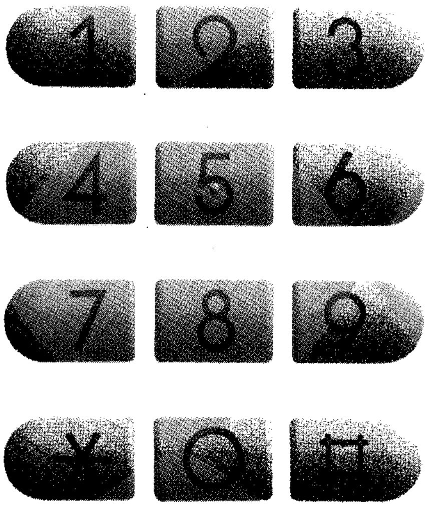
"What's happened here?" I turned, and saw that he was staring into the far corner of the living room. I went back to the veranda threshold and followed his eyes. The kitten I had held every evening was lying on its side. Frightened, I went closer still. A pool of blood spread around its body. The sun fell on the blood, making it glitter like cut glass.

"Poor little thing," said Anthony Lamb, "I suppose that old tomcat got it." He was sentimental about animals. "Poor little thing," he said again.

I looked around, not for the tomcat but for the little girl, and she was suddenly there, in the doorway between the living room and the kitchen, standing very straight and staring directly ahead of her, her eyes seemingly focussed on nothing. The amah pushed past her from the kitchen, holding a wad of newspaper, and I turned back to the veranda.

I stood briefly on the veranda before our departure, reflecting on how Anthony Lamb's life would continue in its course of quiet happiness—every dawn with its golden light, every afternoon a ramble in the forest, every evening dinner and hot chocolate. Then, one day, this quiet, unquestionable routine of days, which the little girl in her deep wisdom had never trusted, never for a moment relaxed with, would be broken, and Anthony Lamb would return to Devon, and his life would follow a new pattern. He loved telling of his adventures: his hidden waterfall, the special majesty of his dusk-blue mountains, his orchids—of all these he might tell stories.

THIS was our last trip within Sabah, and the time had finally come to bottle the insects, which had so far been kept in mesh cages at the Department of Agriculture, and to prepare them for shipment before our own departure. It was an unpleasant job, entailing squashing together the insects' pulpy bodies in test tubes. These were then deep-frozen on an estate near Kota Kinabalu while we made arrangements for sending them out airfreight. Finally, we took the insects to the airport, to be flown to Singapore via Kuala Lumpur, and from there to Britain. At the same time, we sent a cable to the Institute, giving details of the insects' arrival. We knew that there was a chance that by the time they reached Oxford they might have disintegrated into a putrid mess; but the Institute's interest was in the virus, not in the insects per se, and



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any attempt to preserve the latter by way of chemicals of some sort would run the risk of inactivating the virus. After the insects had been sent off, Deborah and I stared at each other in disbelief: "Did *you* think we would really get them?"

Having vowed that we would not allow ourselves to leave Sabah for further travel until we had written and mailed our final report, we spent a number of painful afternoons in various Chinese and Indian coffee shops around Kota Kinabalu, drinking milky sweet coffee and eating bean-curd cakes while we attempted to grind out the report. Wording this document properly seemed to us every bit as delicate a task as writing the prospectus had been. Although we had faithfully accomplished all we had promised we would, the question from the annoying Mr. Lee still echoed in our ears: Why had the estates not just sent the insects to the Institute? We were therefore anxious to show that our on-the-spot collection had special value, and so the report, highly scientific in tone, gave a brief profile of the pest status and the usual means of pest control on each estate. It was a somewhat slim document, and concluded with the pious observation that "a systematic method of biological control by viruses is eagerly awaited in Sabah." The report, written in Deborah's Gothic longhand in an old exercise book, was mailed to the Institute along with a thank-you letter to each of our sponsors.

OUR responsibilities to science dealt with, the remaining two-thirds of the North Borneo Expedition left Sabah for Sarawak, travelling by boat to Brunei and overland by bus from there. The road was a track of red clay that had become boggy after a recent rainfall. Although the bus did not appear to run by any timetable, people would appear from the forest on either side of the track as it drew to a halt, and nonchalantly get on board, as if it had arrived exactly on schedule. The men were dressed only in loincloths and wore their hair long and carefully rolled back from their foreheads, and the women were wrapped in sarongs. At one point, the bus slipped in the mud and spun in an almost complete circle before becoming lodged head-on against the high mud wall of a roadside ditch. The driver, in a gesture of despair previously unknown to me, flung off his shirt and laid his head on the steering wheel. All the passengers remained quiet, and appeared to have taken no notice at all of the incident.

We arrived at last in a town in Sarawak called Bintulu, which is on the South China Sea and is a port of call for the cargo and lumber boats coming and going along the west coast. However, the only boat that took passengers to our next destination, the town of Sibu, was not due to arrive until the following Wednesday—"perhaps longer." There was no way out by road, and our only option was to fly from the tiny local airport. Bintulu was a strangely busy town, for all its isolation. It served as a kind of pit stop for several lumber and oil corporations with operations in the area, and so received a sizable influx of foreign visitors. Our immediate concern was for cheap accommodation—the cheaper the better, since we had not budgeted for the airfare to Sibu. After wandering around the town for a while without seeing anything at all apart from a "smart" hotel, we ended up at the docks. It was late in the lunch hour, and all the boat crews and workers were sitting on overturned

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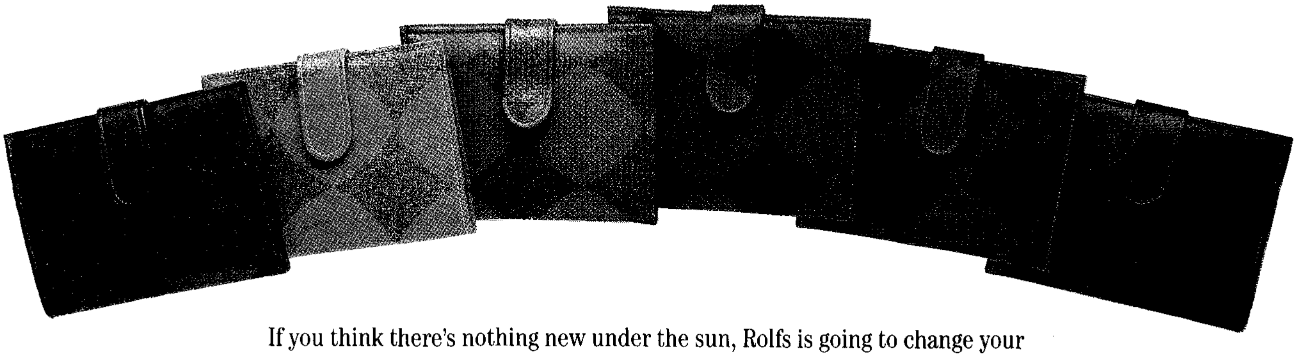

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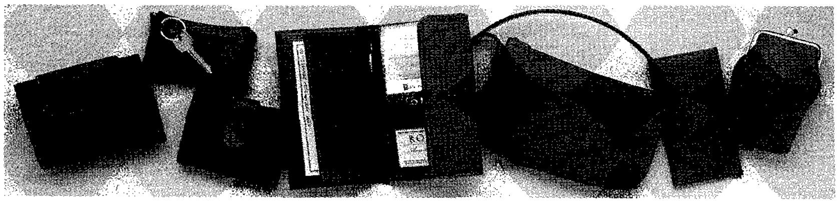

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barrels in the sun, playing cards. It seemed reasonable to suppose that these men would know of cheap places to stay, since they would often have to travel in and out of town, and so we approached one group and asked if anybody could recommend somewhere to spend the night. We were met at first with an incredulous silence, then with laughter. A tall, rather plump Chinese man who had been leaning against a shed somewhat apart from the group approached and, without saying a word, indicated by jerking his head in the direction of the town that we should follow him. He led us through winding streets and stopped outside a pleasant-looking hotel. It was owned by a friend of his, he said. He left us, and reappeared within minutes to say that it was arranged. Before we could really thank him, he sauntered off.

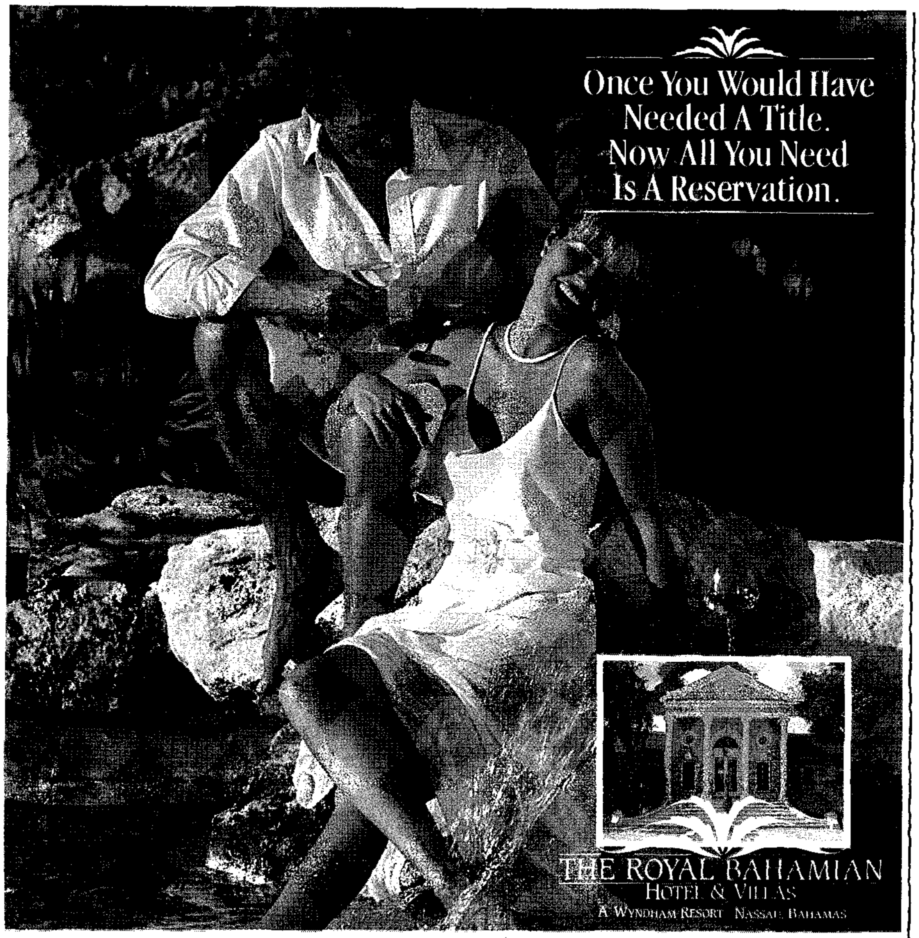
The manager was an extremely friendly old woman, and she showed us the way to our room. We inquired the price.

"Your friend has already paid," she answered, "and will be here at half past six to take you to dinner."

At half past six, our friend appeared, dressed in what was evidently his best. He introduced himself now as Lim, and said that his friend George was waiting in the car. Deborah and I exchanged worried looks as we followed him outside, where George was leaning against the front of the car. He was a Dusun, as he later told us. A fit, wiry-looking man, he had a heavy Beatles haircut and an alert, engaging face. Deborah and I dived together for the back seat.

It was a short drive to the restaurant, which Lim said was the best in town, adding, "Even I have not yet been here." It was a Chinese restaurant, with red-and-gold walls and red-fringed lanterns hanging from the ceiling. At the tables we were surprised to see many European faces as well as Chinese; there were few Malays. A band was playing on a stage at the front—or, rather, appeared to be playing, for closer inspection revealed that the "musicians" were not themselves creating the canned music that warbled through the restaurant but were manipulating various synthesizers.

George and Lim were impressed to learn that we were members of a scientific expedition. They insisted on ordering for us, and we had squid in a sweet barbecue sauce, an enormous whole baked fish, shark's-fin salad,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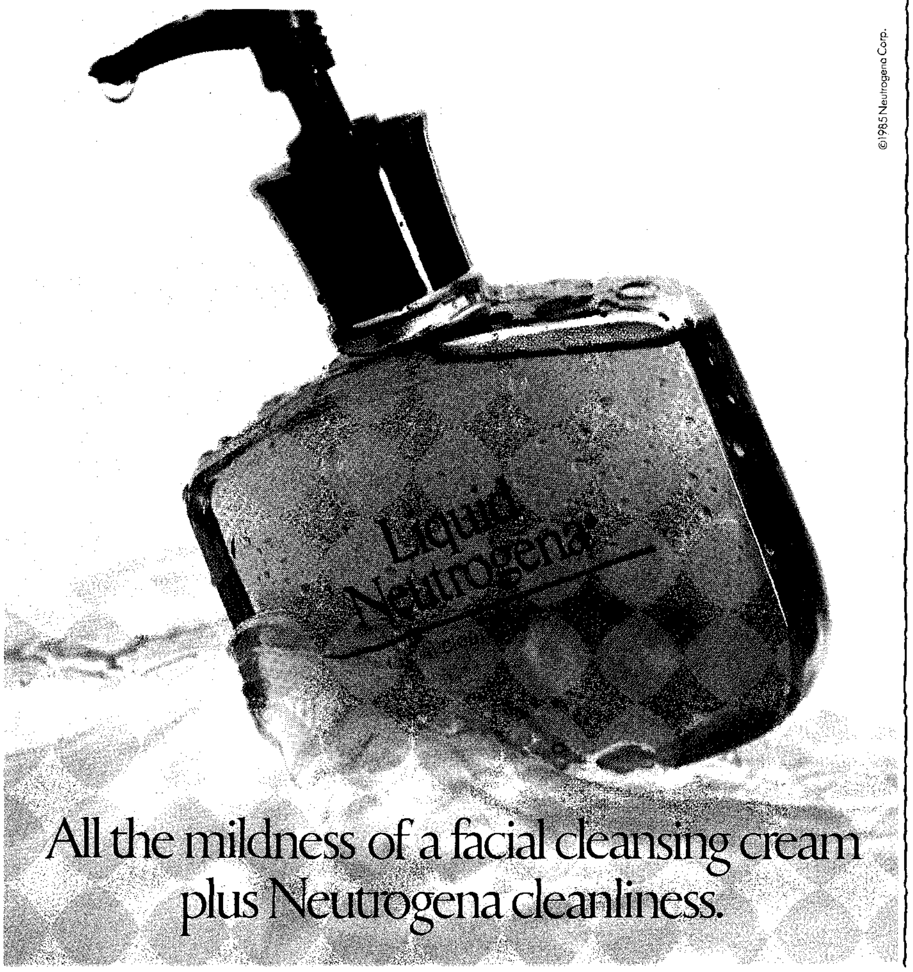
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bird's-nest soup, and some unidentifiable but delicious fruits and vegetables. The members of the band turned from the stage and began to call out for "Mr. John," and the audience took up the cry. A tall, slim European man with a mane of reddish-brown hair stood up and, smirking, made his way to the stage. After consulting with the "band," he announced that he would sing "a favorite," which turned out to be "The Green, Green Grass of Home." It was obviously his party piece, to judge not only from the cry of recognition that erupted from the audience but from his insufferably polished, practiced manner, which was worthy of Tom Jones.

Lim said hardly a word all evening but sat back smiling, content unto himself. George, however, could not speak fast enough; thoughts and questions spilled over each other until Lim interrupted to say that the band was calling us.

"*Us?*"

"Yes. You can go and sing."

We said that we did not especially want to.

George translated less ambiguously: "It is expected that all visitors will sing."

On our way to the stage, surrounded by the flushed, laughing, expectant faces of the audience, Deborah and I had a whispered consultation. How could we hope to measure up to Mr. John? As one of the songs the band had offered earlier was "Happy Birthday," we assumed that someone in the audience was celebrating, and decided that it would be a nice gesture to sing this. The music began, and, standing squarely stage center and avoiding looking directly at anyone in the audience, we began to sing. Our choice was evidently too short, and to discharge our duty we had to repeat it twice. On the fourth playing, however, we simply left the stage.

"Whose birthday is it?" Lim asked once we were back at our table, sweating furiously from the ordeal.

Deborah and I then realized that the song we had heard had nothing to do with birthdays—that the tune must simply have been adapted to other words.

When the bill was brought, it was whisked by George and Lim well out of our reach.

"We are going dancing now," said George, conducting us outside. We began to protest feebly, saying that it was late, that we had an early flight.

"It is not *so* late," said George smoothly, checking his watch. "Anyway, we won't be long."

We drove out of town. Although the road was well paved, there was only jungle on either side. Deborah and I sat quietly in the back. George turned around to talk to us from the front seat.

"There, you can see it," he said after a while, and looming ahead of us like some weird spaceship was a brightly lit circular building. It was a luxury hotel, obviously catering to the European businessmen who might find themselves stuck for days in Bintulu. We passed through a dim gilt-walled foyer to an enormous ballroom. The dance floor itself was nearly empty; most people were sitting at small tables in a semicircle around it. A lone Chinese woman in elaborate Western evening dress was doing an "interpretive dance." We took a table and joined the other people in staring blankly at the empty floor. We had a drink each. The music began to pick up, and Lim suggested that we dance. Having lost all sense of shame and embarrassment on our previous stage appearance, we joined them with little resistance on the still empty floor. Lim and George soon stopped to watch us dance around alone. "We don't often see the latest Western dances," George explained.

It was late even by George's standards when at last we headed back to Bintulu. For this part of the ride, George sat in the back with me, and Deborah was consigned to the front with Lim. We arrived outside the prepaid hotel. Our thoughts were whirling; a thousand defenses, excuses, ploys had been rehearsed in silence for this crucial moment.

"Well, here we are," said George, and before we could say a word he continued, "Excuse us if we don't get out, but it is late, and you have a flight to catch early in the morning."

Deborah and I looked at them, dumbfounded.

"Thank you! Thank you!" we burst out.

"Not at all," said George, as we shook hands all around. "Now you will remember Bintulu."

Sibu is a busy harbor town on the Rajang River, the main waterway to the interior. Deborah and I arrived there from Bintulu and took a two-day boat trip up the river some way into the interior, stopping at a town called Kapit. From there we made an excursion to see the communal longhouses

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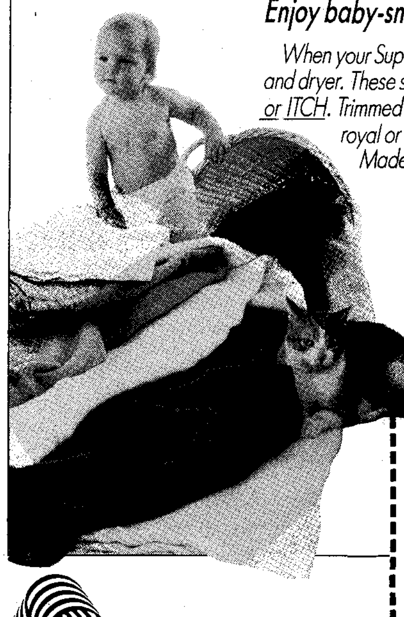
of the Ibans, who are the best-known headhunters of Borneo. The men are also famous for blue-black tattoos that cover their bodies like the inky thumbprint of a giant, and a man who has taken an enemy head tattoos his throat with the image of a cobra. Headhunting is said to be obsolete now, but we saw many young Ibans with the cobra tattoo. Perhaps it has become a mark of fashion. Headhunting enjoyed a period of revival during the Second World War: Borneo was used as a base by the Japanese, and some unfortunate soldiers who strayed into the interior lost their heads to the Iban hunters. Skulls that one comes upon in the longhouses probably date from this period.

Since we had enjoyed this river trip, we decided when we returned to Sibu that instead of travelling overland to Kuching, our last stop in Borneo, we would go by boat. We bought tickets in a Chinese pharmacy, which also sold valuable medicines such as pressed dried frogs in bottles, contorted roots, and bats' wings. Our boat was called the Soon Bee and was scheduled to leave Sibu in the late morning. It would go down the Rajang River to the South China Sea and then follow the coastline southwest to Kuching in open water. We were told that the trip would take from eighteen to twenty hours.

The North Borneo Expedition had purchased the cheapest tickets available, which entitled us to a space in the hold for the night. At the top of the gangway, a Chinese man whose hair hung almost to his waist in one long braid and who was wearing nothing but a pair of oversize white diapers asked to see our tickets. A young Malay man, also a member of the crew, showed us politely to the hold and handed us a pair of straw mats: "Your bed." There were only three other passengers in the hold (or on the ship, it turned out)—an Indian couple and their little boy. The floor of the hold looked like the bare boards of an empty stage. From the stern to the stairwell it was filled with crates marked "TEA," enormous urns that looked like Minoan storage jars, and bundles of bamboo poles. On both sides were large open portholes. There appeared to be no way of closing these portholes, and I guessed that detachable covers for them had been stowed away somewhere; I thought it would be pleasant to sleep in the breezes that would blow through them. We left our bags by the forward



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bulkhead and went up on deck again.

In my journal I wrote, "It is a lovely boat—the cozy miniature of a real ocean-going vessel. It has all the accoutrements—white shining railings, fat red winches, thick coils of rope, lifeboats in dapper green covers—but everything is too neat, too small and house-proud to take seriously. The hold where we will be sleeping also has an unreal, theatrical air." Describing the crew, the scenery, other parts of the boat, I used the words "perfect," "unreal," and "stagy" again and again. Everything was how I wanted it; if I was to travel as a member of an expedition on a river in Borneo, then this was how it should all look.

The sky grew dull soon after we left Sibu. We ate our meals sitting on top of the "perfect" winches. Nipa palms, like great feathers standing upright in the muddy water, lined both shores of the river all the way to the South China Sea. We passed longhouse settlements, where children were playing in the ochre water or on the slushy beaches. Women went to and from the river with their water jars, or sometimes appeared in the longhouse entrances to watch the boat pass. A few times, men in canoes came close enough for us to see the whorls of their tattoos expand and contract as they paddled. By one settlement, a little boy was dancing naked on the back of a buffalo, which stood patiently in the river.

The sky was quite gray by the time we pulled into a town that looked as if it might once have been a colonial outpost. A crowd of several hundred people filled its wharf. The young Malay man who had given us our beds joined us at the railing.

"Who are all those people?" I asked.

"They are pilgrims going to Mecca," he said.

"To *Mecca*? From here?"

"They will go, like you, to Kuching, and fly from there to Singapore, and then to Mecca."

The men were dressed in different-colored tunics that looked like pajamas and wore fezzes or white lace caps. The women wore gauzy dresses that resembled saris, and covered their heads with long, bright veils.

"It must cost a fortune," I said. (Was I surprised to discover that poor villagers also travel?)

"The towns and villages of this area have saved money for many years. Only a few men are going."

"Does this happen often?"

"Every Muslim desires to go to Mecca. The villages send as many as they are able, but it takes a long time to make the money—see, the pilgrims are old men."

A stream of people carrying baskets and bundles was ascending the gangway, and I was not able to tell who the pilgrims were. The gray sky began to drizzle.

"How many of these people are coming with us?" Deborah asked in alarm.

"The pilgrims must be accompanied by friends as far as Kuching," our friend said elusively.

Suddenly, someone in the crowd caught sight of us at the railing and began to shout, "U.S.A.! U.S.A.! U.S.A.!"

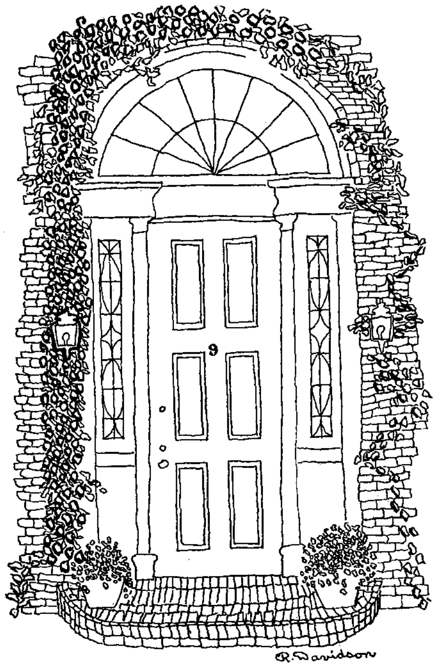
The attention of the whole pier wheeled upon us. A roar went up—of laughter, surprise, delight? I couldn't tell. The drizzle became a soft, steady rain. We remained where we were, sheltered by the deck above us.

"U.S.A.! U.S.A.! U.S.A.! . . ." The younger men began to press forward, waving their arms like the crowd of the dead who throng the banks of the Styx in the Aeneid.

"What do they want?" I asked. The rain fell harder, and the women cried out and clutched at their veils.

"We here—we are always hearing about your land," our friend said. "We would like to go, we would like to know someone there—perhaps these people that you see would like to have a pen pal."

In the gray rain, the splintered huts on stilts at the harbor's edge looked like giant storks with water lapping at their spindly ankles. The young men continued to call and wave their uplifted arms. "Take me with you! Take me with you!" Their filmy clothes were quickly soaked, and clung to their bodies. The pilgrims were on board, and the Soon Bee was leaving. The crowd, in their sodden clothes, surged forward to the very edge of the wharf and cried out and waved their arms after the departing ship. Through the heavy rain, they were only a blur of color.



Nearly all the new passengers went immediately into the hold and spread themselves and their possessions across its floor, as if they were setting up a bazaar. A few wandered around on the decks. Turning a corner, Deborah and I were surprised to come upon a young Englishman sitting under the weather deck and eating a bowl of rice.

"Oh, hello," he said noncommittally.

We exchanged greetings, and Deborah and I explained that we were members of an expedition that had been collecting insects for Oxford.

"So am I," the young man replied. It turned out that he was one of a four-man team that had been doing scientific work akin to ours in Sarawak. His group had just completed its work, and he was travelling around on his own before going back to England. Unnoticed by us, he had boarded the Soon Bee with the pilgrims. We told him that we had already written our report, and for the first time he showed real interest: he stopped eating his rice and exclaimed, "Good for you! We still face that when we get back." Deborah and I were gratified to be recognized as members of a well-organized expedition.

We left him to his dinner and did not see him again. I remained on deck until it got dark. The rain stopped before dusk, and a ribbon of strange yellow light appeared below the clouds. Briefly, the nipa palms were lit in feathery silhouette, then they became only a dark line at the water's edge.

I believe that it was around nine o'clock when we reached the sea. A warm, strong breeze blew the last of the rain clouds away. The Soon Bee's progress was no longer smooth and silent, as it had been on the river. Just before ten o'clock, I went down into the hold to go to bed.

By the single light that shone at the top of the stairwell, I picked my way over the bodies and bundles that filled the floor. Many people seemed to be already asleep. My bag still reserved my sleeping space, beside Deborah in the front corner, and I lay down among the sleeping pilgrims. I could hear the waves through the floorboards—a dull thud, thud. Through the open portholes to our right came fresh, salty air and the sound of rising wind.

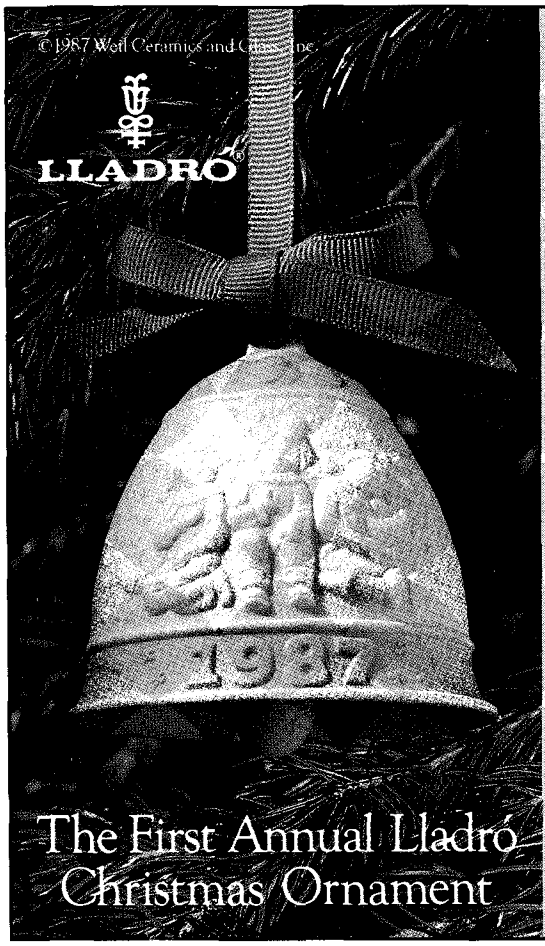
At about half past eleven, I woke up. I sensed that something had changed but could not immediately tell what it was. The boat was rocking violently; I looked around and saw that most people were sitting up. I started to get up, and discovered as I did so that I felt sick. A man in green silk clothes was standing by the open porthole. I again tried to stand, but was thrown down by the motion of the boat; now I realized how violently it was moving. I managed to stumble to the porthole, and reached it just as a wave washed in. Leaping back, I saw that the floor was soaking wet. I looked at the man and followed his gaze outside: it did not seem possible, but the waves appeared to be rising above the portholes. Water was splashing through one hole or another the whole time. A strange sound had started up somewhere behind me, but I did not look around; I was staring at the man in green who stood in silence by the porthole. He turned to me and rocked his hand up and down and shook his head. I suddenly realized what was disturbing about the motion of the boat: it was rocking from stem to stern, and not from side to side. The man was trying to communicate with me. "One year," he said, after much thought. "Three hundred." And again he made the up-and-down movement with his hand.

"Three hundred? Three hundred? I don't understand."

"Three hundred people," he said, and he flipped his hand over.

I whirled around; the strange sound was coming from the women, who had put on white prayer veils and were kneeling in a double line, with their hands on their thighs, and chanting.

"Allah," said the man in green, but I was now making my way across the hold. For some reason, I had made a special effort to take with me my sarong, which I had wrapped around me to sleep in. Deborah was up, too, and together we stumbled toward the stairwell. The hatch was shut. At the top of the steps, we began to hammer on it with our fists. The other pilgrims seemed absorbed in their prayers or in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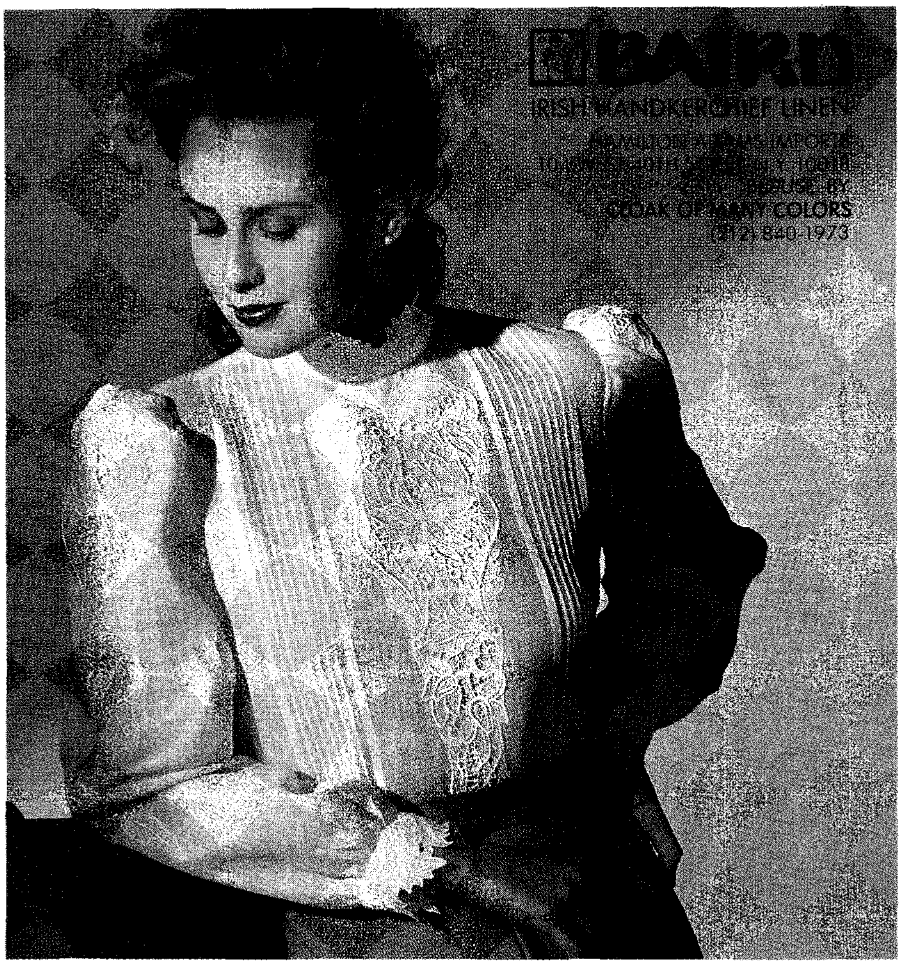

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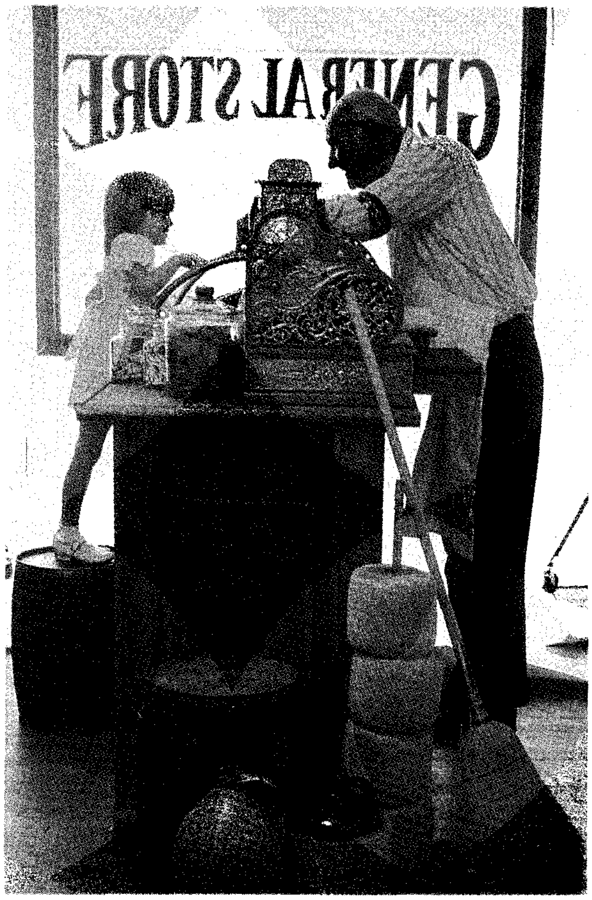

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contemplation of their fate. I decided to use English.

"I said open this!" I screamed.

The hatch flew up, and the Chinese man with the long pigtail peered into my face. Without a word, we pushed past him onto the deck. The wind almost ripped my sarong from my hand. I saw the young Malay man we had spoken to earlier standing by a lifeboat.

"What is happening? Are we all right?" I asked him. I saw that his hand was on the lifeboat cable, and that other men were standing by the other boat. "Are you lowering the boats?" I shouted against the wind.

"No," he said, and he looked up at the pulleys above the boat. "They are stuck."

We stared at him; I wanted clarification, an explanation, a clear and unambiguous statement of our position.

"But—*would* you? I mean, if you could?"

Without emotion, he said, "The winch is jammed."

In disgust and desperation, I turned away. From this point on, Deborah and I avoided looking at each other, for to see a familiar face expressing stark fear would be unbearable. For the first time, we found ourselves in circumstances more truly expeditionary than we had wished for, and the threat that we might share the fate of some of our more notable predecessors seemed terribly real. As I clung to the plunging bow rail, I made myself look closely at the sea, and I found it so strangely terrifying that I could not immediately associate it with myself. Black and shining, like ridges of smooth obsidian, each wave rose to a height that I refused to comprehend. Full and white above was the familiar, peaceful moon, shining sometimes clear, sometimes through scraps of dark-blue cloud. Briefly, I had a vision of myself treading water, my legs dangling in the black sea, peering vainly into the black night that engulfed me on every side. That I would die in the cause of science was no comfort. I cannot recall any particular thought after this point, and my recollection of terror is that one's mind goes blank.

There was a narrow alley between a bulkhead and a high stack of goods covered with a tarpaulin. I crawled into it and, with my sarong wrapped around my head, discovered what beggars and street sleepers must have always known: that with a scrap of cloth as cover it is possible to telescope the world to its essentials—the mere warm breathing in and out of self.

At three o'clock in the morning, the storm vanished, and by four we had drifted into the harbor of Kuching. Deborah and I dragged ourselves back down into the hold and lay there with the other souls, exhausted, on the bare floor. We dozed off. The pilgrims and their retinue must have one by one gathered their possessions and left the boat in silence, because when we woke up, in the very early dawn, the hold was deserted. We wearily made our way on deck; no one was in sight. Our first steps on the solid dock were swaying and shaky. We hoisted our bags over our shoulders and began to walk in to Kuching.

The streets were damp and gray, the sky and the river gray but shot through with a pearly light. Riverboats moored in rushes along the shore began to light their lanterns, and these glowed through the boats' canvas walls like fireflies strung along the river. A sampan glided by in silence, its one lantern revealing a man in a wide triangular hat pushing hard at two stubborn upright oars that propelled his craft's bulk through the water. The road turned away from the river. Smooth, rounded cobblestones gleamed wetly ahead of us. White wood-slatted buildings towered over the narrow street, relics of the colonial past.

Down the road, a pair of heavy double doors opened outward, and a Chinese man stepped forth and shook a dustcloth into the street: his coffee *kedai* was open for business. We entered and sat down. The world still seemed to sway around us. We said very little to each other, but took in the smell of coffee, the solid furniture, the sounds of humanity stirring down the length of the street. We had originally planned to go by boat from Kuching to Java, but decided now to fly instead.

DEBORAH and I travelled through Indonesia for four weeks, both of us together living on roughly nine dollars a day. Money that I had received from selling an electric wok I won by running in the Sabah Cross Country Nationals helped supplement our savings. We went bankrupt at last over mixed-fruit drinks in Raffles Hotel in Singapore, and so had to come home.

We arrived in Oxford at the Gloucester Green station on a misty, drizzling October day. Dressed in thick, long skirts and woollen stockings, we made our way, with some trepidation, to the Institute of Virology. During our four weeks in Indonesia, we had given little thought to insects, and the ostensible purpose of the expedition seemed very far away.

Our supervisor's secretary greeted us brightly. "I've got something for you—you can look at these while I fetch it," she said, and she handed us a stack of brightly bound booklets with neat spiral spines. They were copies of our report, which she had typed, photocopied, bound, and mailed to our sponsors—many of whom had already responded with thank-you notes for a job well done. When the secretary returned, she handed us an envelope that looked worryingly official—like a summons, perhaps—but in fact it contained a check for twenty-five pounds that had been sent belatedly by our college in support of our project.

Our supervisor was not available, but we were told to meet the renowned expert on crop pests, Mr. Entwistle, in the tea lounge.

"Yes, I heard you were back," he said. The conversation at our table was about everything but our expedition.

"I hope the insects got here safely," Deborah ventured at last. We were informed that our telegram had arrived late and, as a result, there had been some mixup over collecting them from Heathrow, but that eventually everything had worked out.

We continued to wait for some sort of comment. Had the scientists been delighted? Had they begun their research on the viruses? Would we be asked to undertake a further expedition? But Mr. Entwistle had turned back to his tea.

"I sent your very interesting cocoa-moth report to a colleague of mine at London University," he said, suddenly looking up. "He may very well want to publish it—after all, it is the latest word on the situation. Yes," he went on, looking vaguely out of the window at the drizzling sky, "now *that* was very interesting. Very interesting indeed."

—CAROLINE ALEXANDER

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Waterville* (*Maine*) *Central Maine Morning Sentinel*]

Monday at 3:40 p.m., police received a call that a Gage Road teen-ager had been handcuffed by children she was babysitting. Police freed the babysitter by dismantling the metal handcuffs.

The Village: There's a lot in it for You.

Here is a partial list of the 125 shops and restaurants, all of whom share a commitment to quality and service:

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HARD TIMES

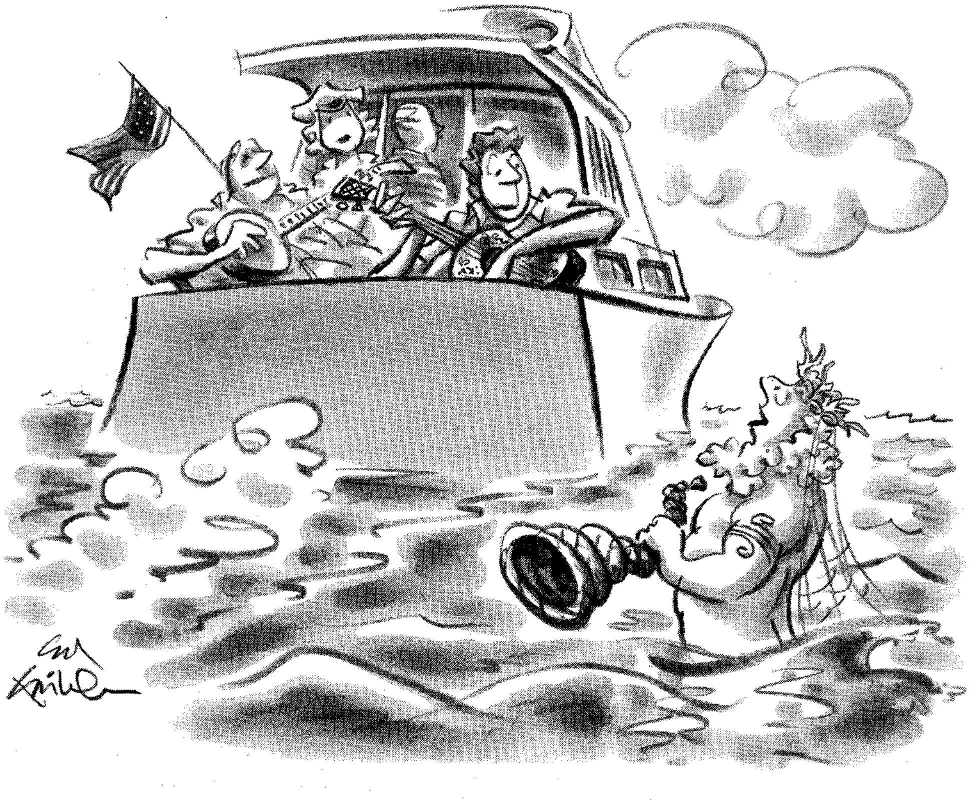
THE mood on Wall Street these days has been one of astonished euphoria, as the stock market has soared into the stratosphere, up almost two thousand points from its level of August, 1982. Yet for anyone who has been following the American business press and the letters of the major financial houses, a quite different state of mind is visible beneath the glow of good fortune. It is a sense that an ill-defined but vast crisis looms on the economic horizon—not the expectation of an imminent market crash, although *that* is always the uneasy spectre aroused by any tremendous run-up, but an awareness of an underlying condition of economic disarray. I do not think it an exaggeration to say that the unspoken concern on the Street is that the United States, for the first time in its history, is not in charge of its destiny.

Without question, the cause of this anxiety is our catastrophic failure to balance our international books. It is clear—or, rather, it has become clear in retrospect—that we grew up in the immense assurance that the United States was marked out by nature and history to supply the world with the commodities it wanted: timber in our earliest days; then cotton from the South and steel from the Midwest; thereafter, automobiles from Detroit and high tech from Massachusetts and California; and, always, wheat, corn, and soybeans from the great American breadbasket. Moreover, until very recently our unreflecting confidence in America's natural economic place in the world proved justified. In virtually every year from 1896 through 1981—with the exception of 1977 and 1978, when we incurred a tremendous oil bill because of the second OPEC crisis—we sold more goods and services abroad than we bought in return.

It is this long-standing relationship with the world that has changed. In 1982, our trading balance with the world was negative by a hair; a year later, it was thirty-seven billion dollars in the red; in 1986, it was out of balance by a hundred and twenty-five billion dollars; and this year, despite the tremendous fall in the dollar, which has lowered the price of American goods abroad, it will almost certainly still be in deficit, in the neighborhood of a hundred and twenty billion dollars. The situation is worse if we look at merchandise alone, leaving aside the services, such as transportation and finance, in which we generally show a positive balance. By 1981, the goods we were importing came to twenty-eight billion dollars more than the goods we were selling in return; by 1983, the figure was sixty-seven billion dollars more; and in the current year we are headed for a deficit of over a hundred and fifty billion dollars. In the decade from 1978 through the end of this year, the merchandise we will have bought from other nations will amount to almost a half-trillion dollars more than what we will have been able to sell.

This worsening failure to pay our way has come as a shock for two reasons. The first has been the disconcerting recognition of our lacklustre economic showing vis-à-vis our main competitors. The popular villain here has been Japan—from which the goods and services we bought in 1986 came to fifty-five billion dollars more than what we sold it in exchange—but in reality the imbalance is general, not narrowly focussed. We imported a balance of thirty-five billion dollars from Europe in 1986, although as recently as 1980 we had an export surplus of twenty billion dollars with it. In fact, between those years our trade balance worsened with all our ten top trading partners—indeed, with nineteen out of our top twenty. In the face of such reverses, it is not surprising that "competitiveness" has become a major political issue—the focus of worried debates about the reason for Japan's and West Germany's superior performance and about whether we may be forced to adopt protectionist measures of one sort or another to turn our balance of payments around.

But the waning of our competitive economic strength raises a more alarming, although less generally discussed, possibility. It is that the structure of the world economy may be in the first throes of a rearrangement as profound and as ramified as that of the industrial revolution. Here the crucial consideration is what might be called the logic of international production—the economic rationale that determines which commodities various countries will produce and will exchange with one another. That logic has traditionally been supplied by the doctrine first propounded in 1817 by the English economist David Ricardo. Essentially, it asserts that the international allocation of production will be determined by the comparative advantages in cost

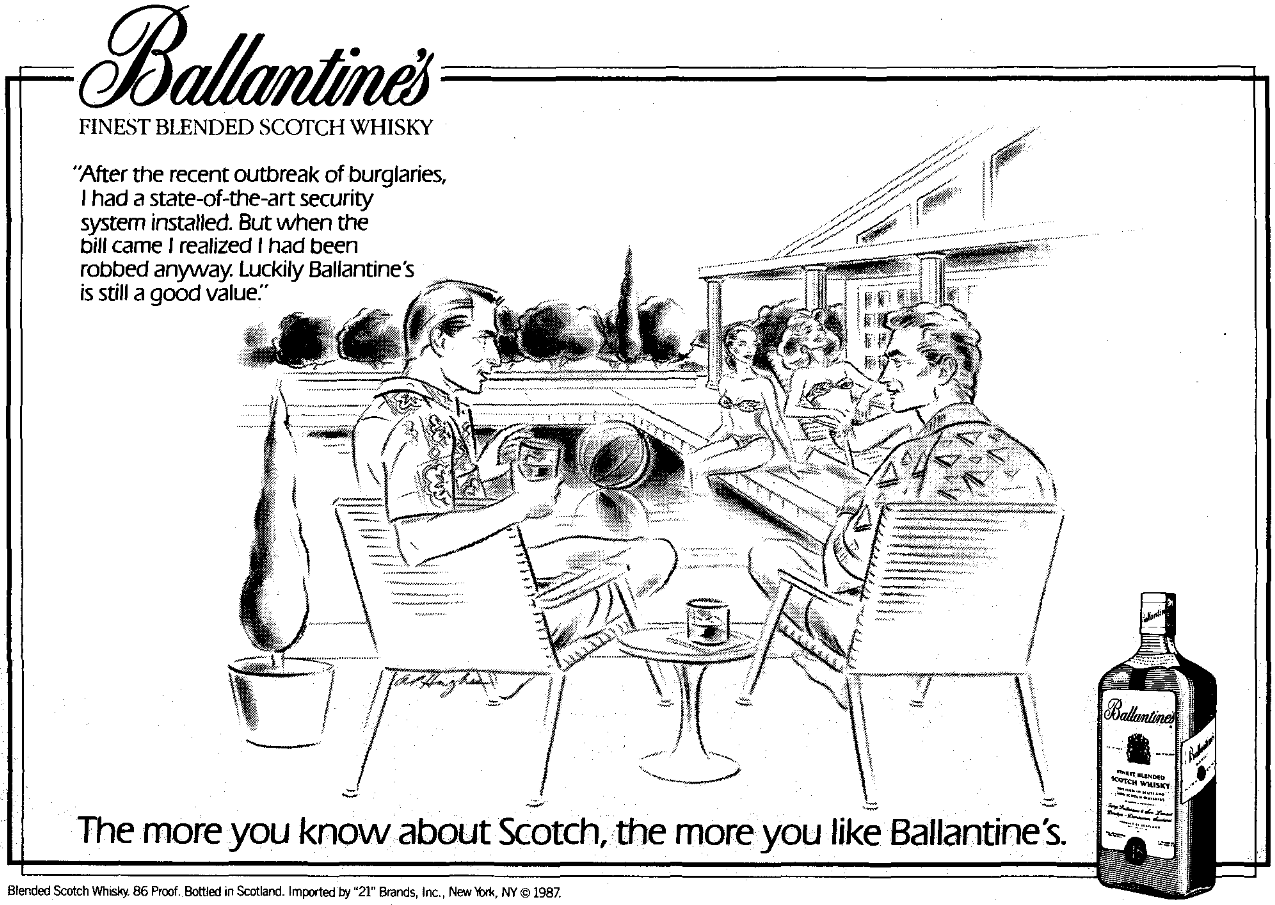


"Ahoy, there! Can you give me an A?"

which countries enjoy with respect to one another. The key word here is "comparative." Everyone has always understood that countries would have a natural basis for exchanging things over which their climate or endowments gave them an "absolute" advantage. If, for example, England's rich mines made it a low-cost coal producer, and its limited land areas made it a high-cost wheat producer, it would obviously be in England's interest to export coal and buy wheat abroad. Ricardo's famous contribution to economics was to show that foreign trade was profitable even where such common-sense considerations did not dictate the course of trade. If the United States, for example, could produce both machinery and handicrafts more cheaply than Mexico, it would still be mutually advantageous for the two countries to trade: the United States would move its labor and capital out of handicrafts, where their potentially greater productivity in machinery was wasted, and Mexico would do just the opposite, putting all its resources into handicrafts, rather than into the machinery industry, where it would be hopelessly outclassed. In that way, we would sell Mexico our machines and would buy from Mexico its handicrafts, and—as countless economics students have dutifully learned—thereby make it possible for each country to be better off than if it divided its activities between producing things in which its comparative advantage was great and those in which it was not.

As might have been expected, Ricardo's doctrine was always more enthusiastically endorsed by nations that produced machinery than by those that produced handicrafts. Although the basic doctrine has become considerably more complex, it has always conveyed to the more highly developed nations the comforting message that the international division of labor, knit together by free trade, would serve the interests of the world's Mexicos better than any misguided efforts on their part to make their own machinery. That bland morality has long been indignantly contested by the economists and statesmen of the handicraft economies, but now its validity has also been challenged by what is happening in the advanced industrial world. The challenge arises because modern technology—the superfreighter, the jet transport, the worldwide net of communications, and, not least, the organizational capability of transnational corporations—has altered the constraints that compartmentalized world production in Ricardo's day. Even then, of course, it might have been cheaper to run the English textile mills in the West Indies, but there was no economical way of organizing such an enterprise, since it would have taken weeks simply to learn of the need for a mechanic or a spare part, much less to make sure that the output suited the market. Thus, Ricardo's logic did not have to consider the changes that would be introduced into international economic relations if advanced equipment could be installed in a country with cheap labor. But that is precisely the challenge that lurks in the American trade collapse: it is the threatened advent of a world in which the Mexicos become the producers of industrial goods and the United States of Americas become the purveyors of handicrafts.

SOME such foreboding, I believe, accounts for part of Wall Street's and Washington's anxiety about the future. For the prospect arouses the suspicion that a nation specializing in handicrafts—even very sophisticated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handicrafts, such as fashion goods or legal, advertising, or financial expertise—will rapidly lose its preëminence to one specializing in machinery. In turn, this suggests that the reassuring teachings of Ricardian theory may have overlooked a critical aspect of world economic organization; namely, its division into an exploitative nucleus and an exploited hinterland. This organization of a powerful Center feeding on a weak Periphery can be clearly discerned in ancient imperial kingdoms, with their caravans and barge trains of tribute, slaves, and foodstuffs moving toward their Romes and Pekings. It is less easily recognized—not to say denied—in modern economic life, where the flow takes the form of capital rather than more tangible tribute. Yet it remains true that, despite vast investments by the industrial countries in mines, plantations, railways, and factories in the unindustrialized nations, the net flow of capital has been centripetal, not centrifugal. Between 1950 and 1963, for example, American corporations invested some seventeen billion dollars in the underdeveloped world but repatriated twenty-nine billion dollars in profits. Even after the OPEC takeover, the flow of international capital was still pumping wealth out of the Third World into the First. In 1977, the Center invested seventy-eight billion dollars in the Peripheral nations, while taking out a hundred and fifteen billion dollars in the form of interest, profits, and debt repayments. Again, between 1982 and 1985 the inflow of capital from the rich nations to Latin America and the Caribbean was thirty-nine billion dollars, and the outflow of profits and interest back to the rich nations was a hundred and forty-six billion dollars. These asymmetries of capital flow come to resemble those of ancient imperial relationships more closely when we reflect that two centuries of trade, instead of evening up the disparities of world living standards, have exacerbated them. According to the calculations of the Swiss economist Paul Bairoch, the gross national product per capita in 1750 was approximately the same in the present developed countries as in the present underdeveloped ones; by 1930, the ratio was about four to one in favor of the Center; today, it is eight to one.

Thus, the unease generated by contemplating an imaginary efflux of manufacturing across our southern border or eastward across the Pacific makes us suspect that there may be a deeper rationale to economic life than that provided by the logic of trading relationships. Making machinery is qualitatively different from making handicrafts—different in ways that the Ricardian analysis does not suggest. As Stephen Cohen and John Zysman, of the University of California at Berkeley, argue in their recent book, "Manufacturing Matters," manufacturing is how modern economies seize the commanding heights of applied technology—the modern substitute for Roman legions. "The wealth and power of the United States economy would decline drastically if major segments of manufacturing were to shut down or move offshore," they write—sentiments that echo Alexander Hamilton's belief that "not only the wealth but the independence and security of a country appear to be materially connected to the prosperity of manufactures." Although Cohen and Zysman concentrate their attention on the case of the United States, their argument clearly applies to the industrial world as a whole. A general movement of manufacturing sites from the heartlands of Europe, North America, and now Japan would ineluctably entail a corresponding decline in the economic power of the Center.

I must make clear that this is not a near-term prospect. The outflow of capital from the Center to the Periphery has proceeded very unevenly, bringing its huge failures as well as its successes. It has sent out money capital that has become factories and office buildings, but the return flow of interest and profits and debt amortization has sucked many recipient countries dry. Brazil has become an automobile manufacturer but is staggering under a thousand-per-cent annual inflation rate; Mexico has its sub-assembly plants but is on the verge of economic disaster; and over Latin America as a whole hangs a mass of unrepayable debt. Moreover, recent scholarship indicates that, except in a few industries, prospects for a wide-scale movement of industrial capital from rich to poor lands are still largely a future possibility, not a present danger. With respect to multinational corporations in particular, a study by Arthur MacEwan, of the University of Massachusetts at Boston, shows that they place their overseas investments mainly in high-income rather than low-income na-

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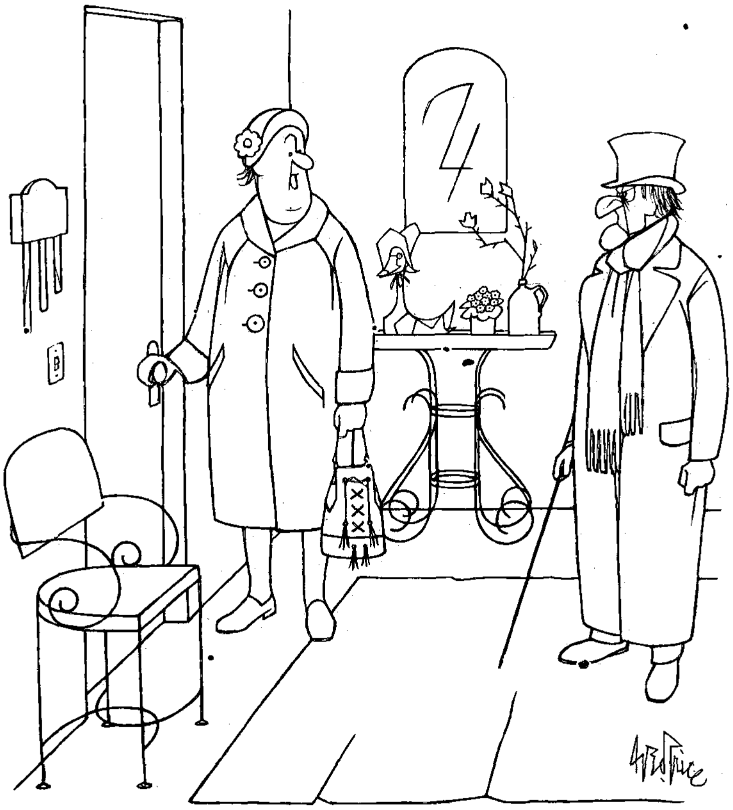

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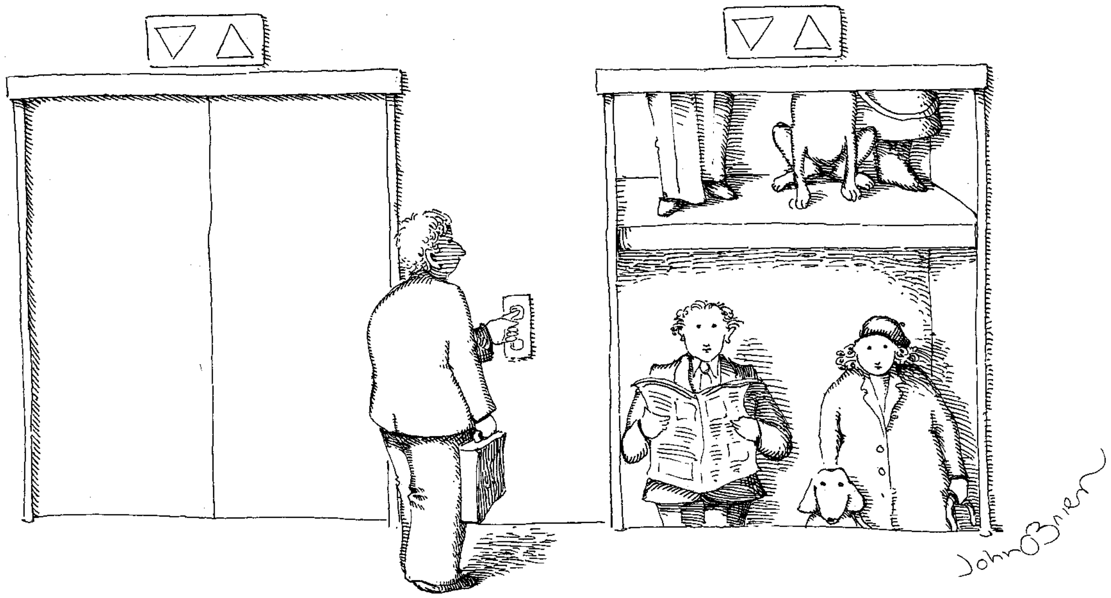

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tions, because they are more interested in taking advantage of already existing markets than in exploiting low-cost labor. Similarly, David Gordon, of the New School for Social Research, finds that the motives that primarily guide the multinationals are political and economic security, not cheap labor, and that the statistics of international investment, though indicating a surge in the industrial capacity of a few developing countries, give no sign of a relocation of industrial production on a global scale.

Such studies provide a healthy corrective for the fears that can be conjured up by a hasty extrapolation of what are still only changes at the margin of things. Nonetheless, economists are trained to look at margins. Even if MacEwan and Gordon are right, the relocation of capital permitted by the new technologies makes possible a degree of change that would have been unimaginable not very long ago. One characteristic of earlier economic relations between Center and Periphery was their remarkably different modes of business organization: factory versus plantation; modern versus old-fashioned ways of doing business. That contrast between the Henry Ford look and the Somerset Maugham look can still be seen in certain kinds of multinational operations—mining, for example—but the social as well as technical organization of industry in overseas subsidiaries is today much closer than formerly to that of the homeland, and the tone of the managerial echelons is closer yet. Whatever the social and political consequences of these changes from cottage industry to factory and from merchant managers to business-school types, the economic consequences are likely to be very great. Establishing modern industrial nuclei in the "backward" nations is like administering a transfusion of whole blood, bringing with it the living presence of organizational experience and technical know-how on which the recipient nations may in time erect industrial economies of their own.

In Asia, the Four Little Dragons—South Korea, Singapore, Taiwan, and Hong Kong—are the showpieces in this argument, for the Little Dragons were all unequivocally "backward" as recently as the nineteen-sixties. Today, there is no commodity that has not been made in these countries, from television sets and integrated circuits to steel and automobiles, and none that cannot be made. If the story of Taiwan and South Korea can sooner or later be duplicated in Turkey and Egypt, Nigeria and Indonesia, Argentina and India—and why should it not be?—the present industrial core of capitalism would face a challenge of unprecedented magnitude. It is this long-term drift that gives such portent to the achievements of the Little Dragons, and even to the staggering Brazils and Mexicos. In 1913, the dominant capitalist economies accounted for over ninety per cent of world industrial production; today, the figure has dropped to just over fifty per cent. In 1913, the less developed countries—including Japan, which was then still a resident of the Periphery—accounted for only five per cent of global industrial output; by 1984, these same countries produced twenty-two per cent (about a third of it Japanese). To look ahead, the steelmaking capacity of the underdeveloped world is expected to grow by twenty per cent between 1985 and 1990, while that of the United States, where employment in steel has dropped from five hundred thousand to two hundred thousand over the last ten years, is expected to fall by three per cent. Thus, even if the global geography of production shows relatively little change over the next decade, the technological possibilities of our age no longer permit us to think of the Center as an impregnable fortress. More and more, it comes to resemble a citadel under siege.

IT will be a long time before we are able to tell if the expansive forces of capitalism have sent down deep roots in its Periphery, or what sorts of political or social structures will emerge from these roots. Many apocalyptic scenarios can be constructed to depict the outcome of this contradiction-filled prospect, all of which add to the uncertainty with respect to our economic destiny. At the same time, the feeling of being under siege by a restive hinterland diverts our attention from an important aspect of our current plight—an aspect that bears more directly on our immediate prospects than any slow shift of the world's geography of production. This is the loss of economic momentum in the Center itself. Many of the ailments that we ascribe to our exposure to world competition can be better understood as stemming primarily from the relative stagnation of the post-boom decade.

An economic slowdown has been a source of concern for some time in the capitalist world. From the nineteen-sixties to the mid-nineteen-eighties, the United States' annual growth rate has dropped by almost half—from 4.6 per cent in 1960 to 2.7 per cent today. The European Economic Community's performance has been even less inspiring. In the early nineteen-sixties, the Community's annual rate of growth was about the same as that of the United States, but since the early nineteen-eighties it has been under two per cent. Even Japan has shown a marked decline in growth, from an amazing 11.2 per cent a year for the second half of the nineteen-sixties to just under four per cent for the nineteen-eighties. Since growth rates are invisible and intangible, the slowdown has become manifest to most people in the form of an increase in unemployment throughout the Center countries. Between 1970 and the early nineteen-eighties, the rate of unemployment rose in every Center nation—roughly doubling in the United States, Canada, Italy, Japan, and Sweden, quadrupling in France and Great Britain, quintupling in Australia, increasing fourteenfold (from an extremely low base) in West Germany. The rate in the United States has subsequently dropped considerably—though not to pre-boom levels—but the rates abroad continue to be very high. In terms of absolute numbers, not rates, the picture is equally dim: from under eight million in 1970, unemployment in Europe, Japan, and North America has risen to about thirty million today.

The slowdown is probably best explained by the extraordinary combination of mutually reinforcing circumstances that gave us the unprecedented boom in the first place. One of these boom-producing elements was the repair and then the "catching up" of the European economy, evident to any traveller abroad during those remarkable postwar decades. A second element was the opening of a whole new frontier of air transportation, with its infrastructure of airfields and hotels and tourism, in some ways comparable in its stimulative impact to the advent of the railway and the automobile. A third was the burst of intra-Center trade following the formation of the Common Market. A fourth was the stimulating effect of government spending, which generally tripled and quadrupled over the period. Yet another propulsive force was the establishment of an informal labor-management concordat over the division of the growing economic pie. Finally, the long boom reflected the stabilizing presence of an American hegemony, which until the end of the nineteen-sixties went unchallenged. Eras of prolonged prosperity require economic as well as military and political stability. The almighty American dollar provided the solid underpinning on which the boom was based.

All these stimuli have now largely come to an end or greatly lessened in effectiveness. Europe's standard of living now rivals—and, in some cases, surpasses—that of the United States, so "catching up" is no longer a spur to economic growth. The age of air travel has lost its expansive momentum, just as did the previous ages of rail and auto travel. A quarter-century of economic expansion has changed the structure of society in ways that have made the economy increasingly prone to inflation; and inflation itself has provided the rationale for restrictive economic policies, such as tight money, that have severely affected growth. In turn, the slowing down of growth has undermined the expectations that made a labor-management concordat possible, and has brought a renewal of union-bashing, especially in the United States. Perhaps most critical of all, the collapse of the American hegemony, nowhere more evident than in our inability to balance our trade account, signals the end of an era that may have chafed under American power but nonetheless fattened under it.

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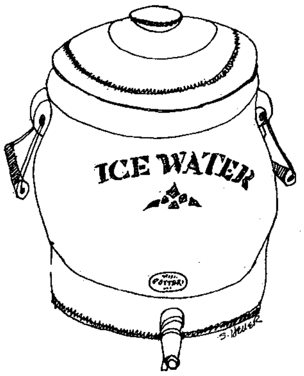
mild stagnation that we are now experiencing is not the exception but the norm: Angus Maddison, of the University of Groningen and a leading student of economic growth, has recently called the postwar era a "golden age," and suggested that if it were blotted from memory "performance since 1973 would appear less worrisome." This consideration throws a new light on our present condition. For example, a study by Robert Lawrence, of the Brookings Institution, traces the over-all decline in manufacturing employment before 1980 to the slow pace of domestic activity, not to the impact of foreign trade. It is certainly the laggard performance of the European Community that accounts for its embolism of unemployment, and this same absence of strong growth has undercut the market for the exports of the underdeveloped countries, plunging so many of them into crises of insolvency. In this general state of economic doldrums, the United States blames its European and Japanese partners for not revving up their motors or opening up their markets—as, indeed, they do not, fearing to reignite inflationary tendencies or worsen joblessness—and they blame us for economic profligacy, most strongly for the failure to balance our federal budget. However the blame may be apportioned, the upshot is an increasing national sensitivity to foreign penetration, not just because of intensified competition from low-cost producers but because the over-all world market is no longer sustained by a widely shared boom. Hence, there is every likelihood that "competitiveness" will become an increasingly important political word.

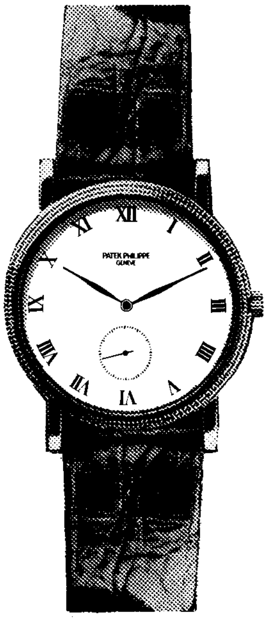


The issue of competitiveness has a number of aspects. Ten years ago, when American corporations began to become aware that they were losing significant market shares to British, West German, and, especially, Japanese firms, competitiveness focussed on the difference between our wage levels and theirs. There was a good deal to be said for that in the early nineteen-eighties, when the dollar was riding so high that German or Japanese wages translated into dollar amounts far below United States wage levels. Since the fall of the dollar, however, the argument has lost much of its cogency. In Germany, for example, hourly wages, which, figured at the exchange rates of only two years ago, were twenty-five per cent lower than ours, are about twenty per cent higher than ours at today's exchange rates; and Japanese wages, which were only half United States levels in 1985, when two hundred and fifty yen equalled one dollar, are within fifteen per cent of them now that it takes fewer than a hundred and fifty yen to equal a dollar. And there remains the uncomfortable fact that American industry has been not merely undersold but outclassed by its major industrial rivals. American industry has allowed world leadership to slip from its hands—first in steel, then in automobiles, thereafter in machine tools and computer chips—but it is not clear that the villain in every case has been foreign price-cutting. Also to blame has been an American failure to adopt the technology on which competitiveness depends. The American steel industry was the last to convert to oxygenation and continuous casting; American automobile-makers were far behind the Swedes and the Japanese in breaking away from a "military" organization of factory work and in installing robotization; and in the crucial field of programmable automation American design has been directed at large machines used for complex purposes, while Japanese design has targeted small machines with a wide variety of tasks. The result is that American manufacturers now dominate the defense applications of automation but the Japanese dominate its market applications.

In addition to wage comparisons, a frequently encountered complaint concerns the rules and regulations of foreign nations which keep American products out of their markets. This has brought forth a range of measures designed to "level the playing field" by imposing tariffs or penalties on countries that do not give American products an even break. There are certainly many such discriminatory practices, but their impact is by no means great enough that a level playing field would guarantee a tie score. Gary Hufbauer, of Georgetown University, has calculated that if all European and Japanese barriers to trade were eliminated our trade gap would be reduced by only about twenty per cent. And then there is the embarrassing fact that it is not only our rivals who tilt the playing field. The European Community has cited more than thirty such discriminatory practices on the part of the United States, such as the provision that the Pentagon purchase only American machine tools; and the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade—the United Nations organization that oversees trade practices—has also found United States violations of its free-trade charter, of which we are a signatory.

The issue of competitiveness comes down to the problem of labor productivity—the value of the output of an hour's labor. Productivity normally grows, year in and year out, mainly because we labor with more and better equipment, but the *rate* of increase is a very important element in determining the over-all growth of the G.N.P. Accurate statistics of productivity are hard to come by, if for no other reason than that the kinds and the mixture of output are constantly changing, but economists agree that since the early nineteen-seventies slackening productivity growth has become a major problem in all industrial nations, particularly in the United States. In 1979 and 1980, for instance, our measured rate of productivity improvement was actually negative; that is, the average American worker produced less wealth at the end of the period than at the beginning. Productivity figures jump around with the business cycle, but in 1985 and 1986—both moderately good years—our improvement rate averaged less than one per cent, about half the long-term average.

What is the cause of this loss of economic vigor, discoverable everywhere but especially pronounced in the United States? There are many—perhaps too many—explanations. One of them lays the blame on the occupational shift of Western (and Japanese) labor from high-productivity agricultural and manufacturing tasks into service occupations, where output per hour is generally much lower. In the United States, where three-quarters of the labor force today works in some form of service-producing job, this shift has been particularly marked, which sheds some light on why our productivity performance has been poorer than that of Europe. A second reason often heard is the absorption of American corporate management in merging or escaping merger. If the merger drive has any rationale, it is to



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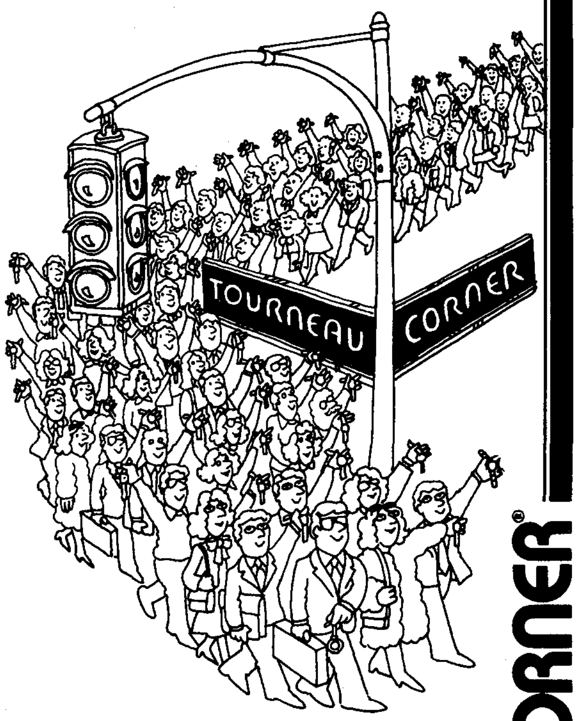

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improve productivity by eliminating duplications and overlaps, but the haphazard record of newly merged companies, some of which have immediately turned around and sold off as separate units what had just been glued together, makes this explanation less than convincing. Meanwhile, the merger mania has created a mind-set that directs managerial talent into aggressive or defensive financial pursuits rather than into a concern with efficiency and growth. Still another often mentioned reason for poor productivity is labor's deteriorating work ethic—an attitude that may be labor's answer to the American propensity to have two or three times as many managers per worker as our European or Japanese rivals. A fourth possible reason is the discouraging impediment of government regulation on industry, more stringent in the United States than in Europe or Japan. Finally, there are two background conditions that exert far more influence here than among our foreign competitors. The first is the proportionally larger burden of defense expenditures; the second, the deplorable quality of American education.

When a problem can be traced to so many causes, there is a temptation to explain it as a symptom of the decline of the West. It may well be that the productivity decline is such a symptom, bred of the sclerotic tendencies that have accumulated within democratic capitalisms. Whether or not it is a systemic failing, the multiplicity and the divergence of its roots obviate any hope of finding one single cause, which, if it were to be addressed, would make the problem go away. Lester Thurow has described the lag in American productivity as "the death by a thousand cuts," although ten cuts would seem quite enough, when they are as deep as ours. Perhaps what is even more germane to our situation is that in many areas the American wounds are more crippling than those of our industrial competitors, so that we are likely to suffer a relative disadvantage vis-à-vis other Center countries until the necessary surgery—much of it far from cosmetic—has been applied.

HOWEVER difficult it may be to attack the productivity problem, at least the issues can be openly debated. This is less true of the last, and perhaps most critical, of all the elements that will shape America's economic destiny. It is the problem of how to provide the global economic stability necessary for another long era of worldwide prosperity.

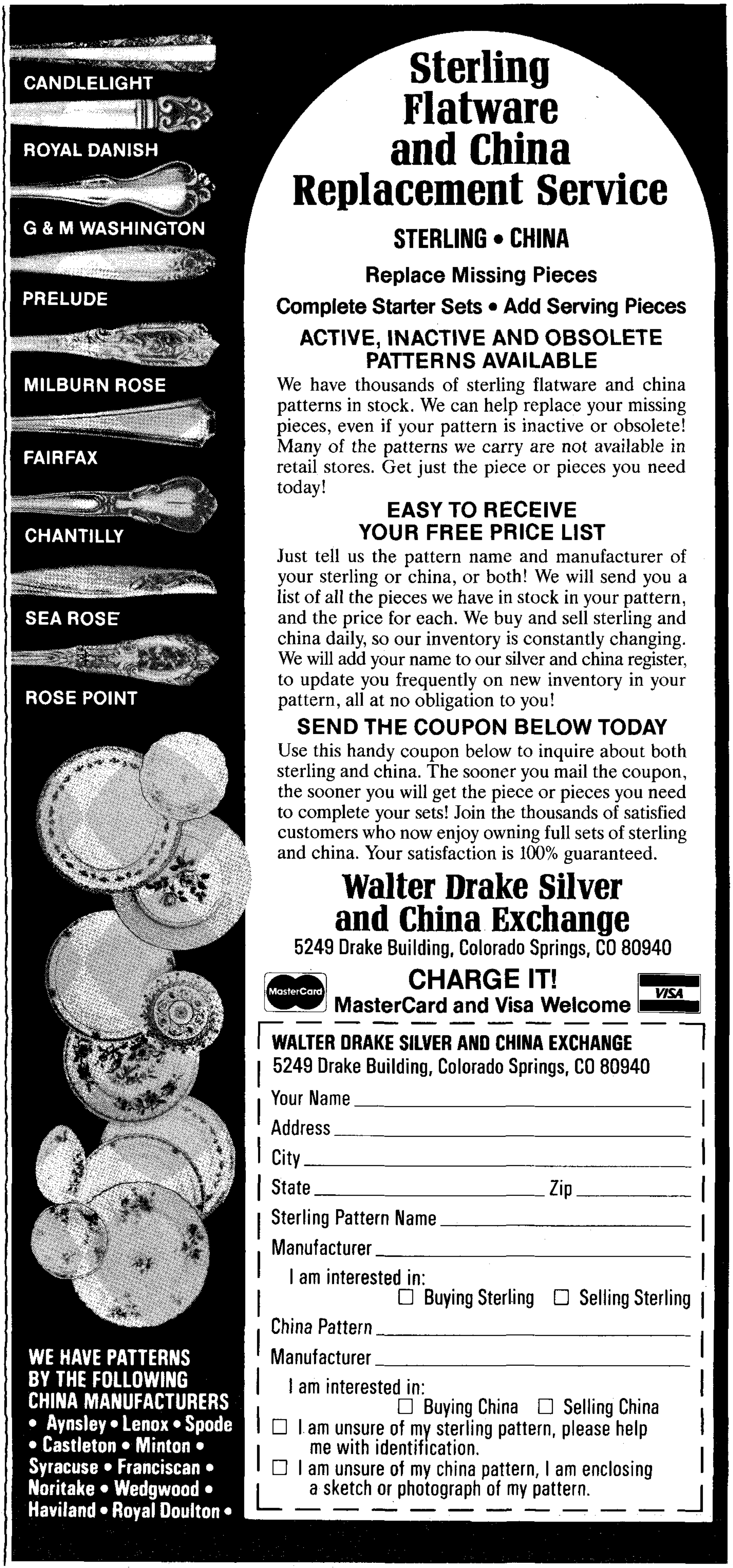
Global stability requires more than political or military order. It demands above all the provision of a reasonably dependable means of financing international trade. One of the major problems of a world market system is that each country depends for its well-being on trading goods and services with other countries but that no country will accept the currency of another in payment except under certain conditions. The essential aspect of economic stability is the attainment by one nation within that system of sufficient power and respect—neither by itself will do—so that its currency can serve as such a medium of international acceptability.

During the last hundred and fifty years, there have in fact been only two such periods of "hegemony," as this order-bestowing exercise of economic power has been called. These were the periods in which England and then America filled the role of hegemon, and in which, accordingly, the pound sterling and then the dollar became, in effect, international legal tender. As the political scientist Robert Gilpin has pointed out, in "The Political Economy of International Relations," the causal connections between hegemony and global prosperity are far from clear, but the fact remains that the years from 1853 to 1873, when Britannia ruled the waves, and those from 1951 to 1973, when the Pax Americana prevailed, were both times of extraordinary growth. Moreover, Gilpin goes on to note, periods of hegemonic decline—from 1873 to 1913 for the British, and from 1973 onward for America—were characterized by no more than normal growth, and the period from 1913 to 1951, when the world had no hegemon, was one of "terrible" growth.

Hegemony not only paves the way for general economic advance but also carries enormous economic rewards for the hegemon. When the dollar was the world's preferred money, the United States was in the enviable position of being able to buy foreign goods without selling an equivalent value of its own wares, because European or Japanese sellers were content to hold American payments *in dollars*, without cashing in those dollars for francs or marks or yen. This meant that the United States was able to pay for its imports with checks that would not be cashed into other currencies. That is unlikely to happen again. For American tourists, the dollar is still as good as, and often better than, the local currency of most nations, but for bankers and financiers the manifest inability of the American economy to balance its international books has destroyed the unquestionable superiority of its currency. Without that superiority, no matter how formidable this country's military power may be its hegemony no longer has economic validity.

The dollar's loss of status as the legal tender of the world poses a very serious problem for America's immediate economic future. This is because the United States can no longer ship merely enough goods and services to foreign buyers to cover the costs of our imports. In addition, we must ship enough to cover the interest and amortization on the nearly half-trillion dollars of debt that we have accumulated from our trade shortfall—payments that can no longer be made painlessly in dollars that will be left in American banks or put into American stocks and bonds. Moreover, because we continue to import more than we export we continue to go ever deeper into debt, especially with our industrial rivals. Our adverse-trade-balance debt to Germany alone mounts at the rate of over twenty-five billion dollars a year, and our debt to Japan rises at the rate of fifty billion. If things do not turn around, we will owe nine hundred billion dollars to the world by 1991, with an annual carrying charge estimated at between fifty and sixty billion. There are only two ways of settling that account. One would be a sale of enough of our foreign assets—plants and equipment, holdings of foreign real estate, foreign financial balances—to bring in the necessary foreign currency. Short of that wildly improbable act, we can only pay the current interest on, and begin to amortize the capital of, the debt by earning more European and Japanese currency than we spend. That will require us to generate a surplus on our trade account of about a hundred billion dollars a year. And that means a turnabout of roughly a quarter of a trillion dollars from our present imbalance.

Given our competitive problems with our Center partners (I will not even consider problems with the Periphery), a turnabout of such magnitude may seem beyond all hope. Yet it can be done. A twenty-five-per-cent rise in the value of our exports and a



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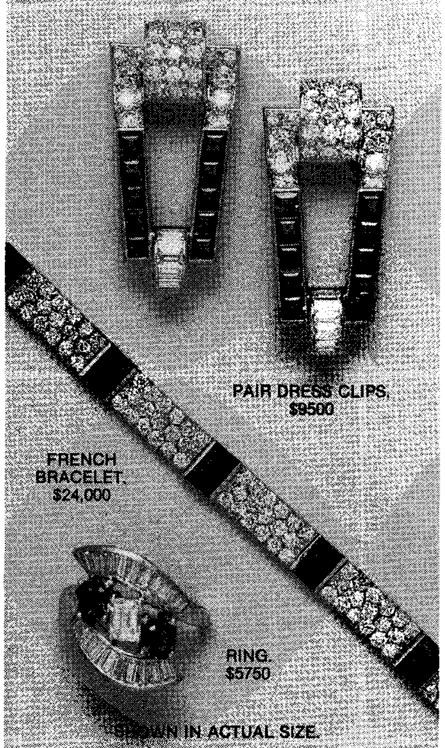

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one-third cut in the value of our imports would do the trick. I mention these numbers only to show that the bedazzlement of vast sums must not panic us into thinking that there is no way out. Even if the pace of world growth remains sluggish, at *some* price for the dollar foreign goods will be so expensive and United States products so cheap that we will be able to balance our accounts. There are two difficulties in the way of this cure. The first is that the necessity to deliver more goods to, and bring in fewer goods from, other countries must cause a fall in our standard of living, as with any debtor who finally gives up his wastrel ways and settles down to living within his means. The second trouble is that the fall in the dollar required to bring about a two-hundred-and-fifty-billion-dollar change in our trade balance could easily have serious financial repercussions. At the end of last year, European and Japanese governments and private investors held some hundred and seventy-nine billion dollars in United States Treasury bonds and what was estimated to be two hundred and forty-two billion dollars more in stocks and bonds and other such assets. As the dollar falls, these balances lose their value in terms of those countries' own currencies. A fall sufficient to achieve a two-hundred-and-fifty-billion-dollar swing in our foreign balance would create a rush to convert foreign dollar holdings into other currencies. Indeed, given the nervous anticipations of the market, the rush would come well before that time, not unlike a run on a bank that is expected to be in trouble. To prevent the major banking crisis that such a flight could bring, we would probably be forced to impose exchange controls—the international equivalent of closing the stock exchange.

Hence a key problem in restoring America's place in the international economy is to avert the financial panic that might result from our very efforts to restore it. If we were still ruler of the international economic roost, we would not face such a problem, but it is the fate of a declining hegemon that its currency is no longer accorded the status of world money. The question, then, is: What *will* be world money; or, if there is none, how *can* we manage our financial turnaround?

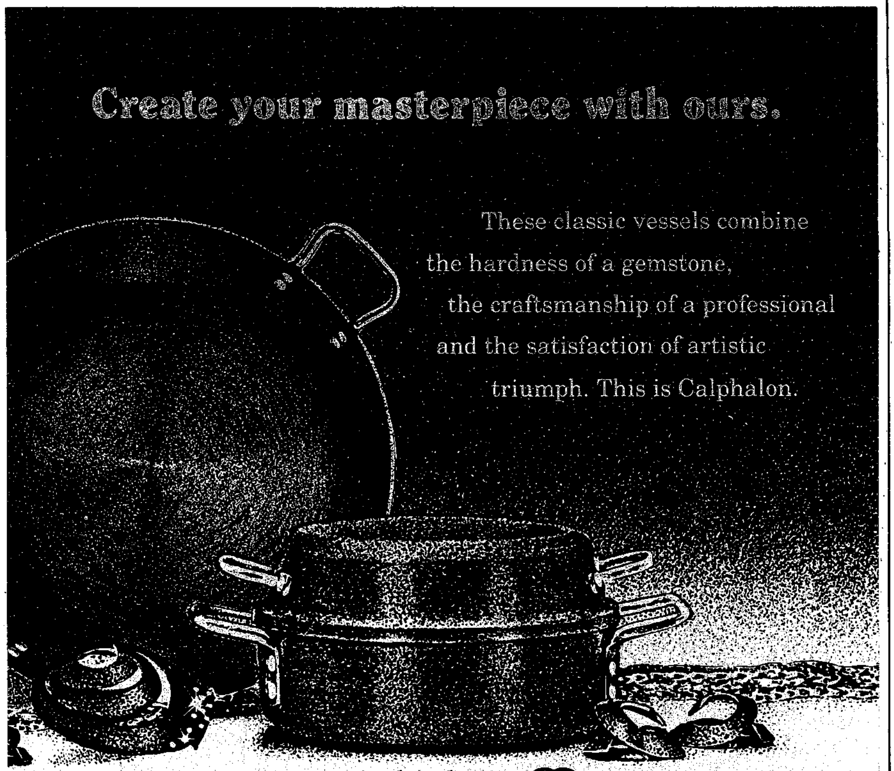
No doubt the best solution to the problem would be a skillful coördination of economic policies among the nations of the Center, but the huge difficulties of achieving agreement on such relatively simple matters as fair trade practices make such a reign of reason unlikely. Nor does there seem to be any candidate to take over the hegemonic role in a world in which the United States is still the commanding economic presence, even though its currency is no longer as good as gold. Hence, attention is turning to the creation of a new hegemon—or, rather, the recognition of one that has already emerged, although it is not yet publicly perceived as such. It has been called the Nichibei economy—an amalgam of the Japanese characters for "sun" and "rice," the first referring to Japan, the sun country, and the second to America, the rice country. The Nichibei economy is a kind of marriage of convenience between the world's most spectacularly rising new economy and the world's most spectacularly declining older one. In thirty years, Japan has leaped from bare subsistence to the world's foremost creditor nation, with foreign assets in 1986 of a hundred and thirty billion dollars. Over the same period, America has fallen from the world's biggest creditor to its largest single debtor. The Nichibei relation is thus a means by which Japan finds a profitable outlet for its huge gains, investing them in high-yielding United States Treasury securities—it held fifty-nine billion dollars' worth at the end of 1986—and also in American real estate and industry, while at the same time sparing the United States the trauma that would befall the dollar if it were not continually pumped up by Japanese investment purchases. In "The Political Economy of International Relations," Gilpin describes it this way:

> The importance of Japanese finance to the success of President Reagan's economic and defense program may be appreciated by contrasting it with an earlier event. In October 1979, West German unwillingness to support the dollar . . . was a vital factor in causing the United States to change its domestic economic policy and to shift to a tight monetary policy. The Federal Reserve contracted the money supply and caused the recession that helped elect Ronald Reagan. This was the first time in the postwar era that the United States made a major change in its domestic economic policy in response to foreign pressures. In the economic realm, this policy reversal was the end of American hegemony. Henceforth, the United States required the financial backing of the Japanese.
>
> By the mid-1980s, Japan had replaced West Germany as America's principal economic ally and the financial backer of the continued economic and political hegemony of the United States. Japanese investment of their savings and of the na-

> tion's huge payments surplus in the United States supported the dollar, helped finance the defense buildup, and contributed to American prosperity. More importantly it masked the relative economic decline of the United States. . . . Thus, by the mid-1980s, the world monetary and financial system had become largely underwritten by Japanese capital. The greatly over-valued dollar would have declined and perhaps collapsed . . . had it not been for this Japanese financial backing.

Thus, the Nichibei connection has become our best means of assuring the turnaround that is necessary for American, and perhaps worldwide, prosperity. At the same time, it is obvious that the connection itself is full of contradictions. The economic interests of America and Japan are inextricably conjoined in the world of finance but are at odds in that of trade. Financial dependence on Japan requires an American economy that has always faced westward to recognize a profound change in the world economy's center of gravity: since 1970, the value of trade across the Pacific has been larger than that across the Atlantic. On both sides, public attitudes of admiration—our marvelling at Japanese discipline, the Japanese marvelling at American freedom—are matched by deep mutual incomprehensions. Considering such tensions, no one can assert with assurance that the Japanese will continue to stand behind the dollar until the United States has extricated itself from its international fix. In fact, there is only one element in the situation that gives rise to optimism. It is the difficulty of finding an alternative.

IN the face of all these strains and pressures, plus a good many I have left unmentioned, the direction in which our economic policy will move seems clear. The stage is set for a resumption of protectionism. The Nichibei connection may stave off financial chaos; a long overdue attention to our weakened underpinnings may begin to heal the ten, or thousand, cuts; the movement of manufacturing capital into the Periphery may remain modest; and, for all that economists know, a new billow of growth may come upon us. But even in such a best of all worlds the United States cannot possibly balance its international books for years—perhaps a decade. In the interim, there is bound to be an intensification of a tendency already well under way—the use of tariffs, "voluntary" quotas, or other restrictive measures to hold down the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volume of imports into the economy.

Protectionism generally gets a bad rap from economists, for two very good reasons. The first, and by far the more important, is that it is a dangerous game, for it invites countermeasures and retaliations. No economist ever forgets the suicidal protectionism of the infamous Smoot-Hawley law of 1930, which imposed general tariffs of up to sixty per cent and was a factor in exacerbating the world depression. For fifty-three months, beginning in January, 1929, the volume of world trade dropped lower each month. The second reason for opposing protectionism is that it violates the conditions for efficiency and productivity—the wellsprings of economic growth. In the minds of most economists, protectionism means using our resources in wasteful ways, by allowing uncompetitive industries to maintain a hothouse existence.

Nevertheless, it is foolish to regard protectionism only as a policy of mischief or of truckling to special interests, often in the name of national defense. Protectionism also raises issues of equity and fairness, and these are not always decided in favor of freer trade. An instance is provided by the restrictions imposed on the number of Japanese cars imported into the United States. All Americans who would like to buy Japanese cars are hurt by these restrictions, because they pay prices that are higher—perhaps by several hundred dollars—than they would be if there were no such restraints. But there is the other side of the ledger. It is the costs imposed on a much smaller number of Americans, who would lose their jobs if Japanese cars were free to enter the country without hindrance. Some—perhaps the majority—of those unemployed individuals would find other work, but, as we know from the experience of the nineteen-seventies, a substantial number would not. For those whose livelihoods are adversely affected, perhaps for a lifetime, the harm may run into the tens of thousands of dollars. Thus we can see that protectionism forces us to confront a choice between the damage of higher prices inflicted on a large number of consumers and the damage of lower incomes suffered by a smaller number of producers. By and large, economists have voted for consumers, counting on the fluidity of the market to offer other jobs to displaced workers and managers. The choice makes a good deal of sense in buoyant times but is less easy to accept in periods of slow growth, such as the one we now face. When whole towns and regions are hit by imports, and when the possibilities for easy relocation are nullified by the sheer numbers of individuals seeking work, the calculus of consumer interests versus producer interests tips toward the producers' side. Protectionism, therefore, has its respectable as well as its unrespectable aspect. It amounts to the elevation of the logic of politics, which is applied morality, above that of economics, which is applied efficiency.

These considerations, I hardly need add, apply to all nations, not just to our own. Thus, protectionism, very likely under the more palatable title of planned or managed trade, seems to be the direction in which world economic policies will move, at least as long as the world economy is sluggish. Indeed, it is the direction in which they have already moved. The Common Market safeguards a higher percentage of its own trade than either America or Japan does; Japan is notoriously solicitous of its domestic industry; and the Reagan Administration, despite its rhetoric of deregulation, has always been strongly protectionist in action. The rhetorical battle of free trade versus protectionism may continue to rage, but in actuality the main issue now concerns the form that the "planning" or the "management" of trade will assume. The great fear is that the contending parties will, perhaps unintentionally, set in motion a series of measures and countermeasures which will touch off a global contraction like that of the early nineteen-thirties. But that strikes me as an unlikely prospect. The greater likelihood is that trade policies will be defensive rather than aggressive, arranged by collective agreements, governmental or private, that will establish permissible foreign market shares—agreements similar to the understanding that assures our automobile industry against an all-out confrontation with the Japanese. Such policies are, of course, a kind of cartelization—anathema to the American government in name but in fact its favorite and perhaps most successful way of introducing order into the international industrial scene.

All these policies carry enormous risks. Measures taken to redress dangerous problems can themselves become dangerous problems. The line between defensive and offensive policies is often as difficult to draw in economics as it is in war. But that is no more than a capsule description of why I see hard times ahead. By "hard times" I do not mean severe depression or financial panic—although both remain threats, especially while international economic relations are so seriously out of control. Hard times will come, and indeed are already here, because the establishment of a strong but not hegemonic American economic role requires the most extraordinary exercise of political foresight and economic pragmatism. These are not qualities that have been abundantly evident in recent years. Wall Street is thus quite correct in sensing that America confronts challenges that rob it of its accustomed control over its economic destiny. This is because the currents of economic history no longer bear us along like some great river majestically moving us toward our desired destination. At this complex juncture of world economic history, both political and economic decisions must play critical roles in determining our economic future. Insofar as such decisions place our destiny within our grasp in a manner that a surrender to the market does not, the future has never been more firmly entrusted to our own devices. What remains to be seen is the use we will make of this onerous privilege.

—ROBERT HEILBRONER

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Storms intensified over the Rockies. Showers and thunderstorms scattered Nebraska and South Dakota into Iowa while Marble-size hail and street flooding occurred in Gallup, N.M., and Yellowstone Park, Wyo.—*Charlotte* (*N.C.*) *Observer.*

Watch out, Iowa—here comes Minnesota!

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Times*]

Police investigating a report that the Ku Klux Klan were meeting in a secluded copse found that the "sinister", white-robed figures were members of a beekeeping club.

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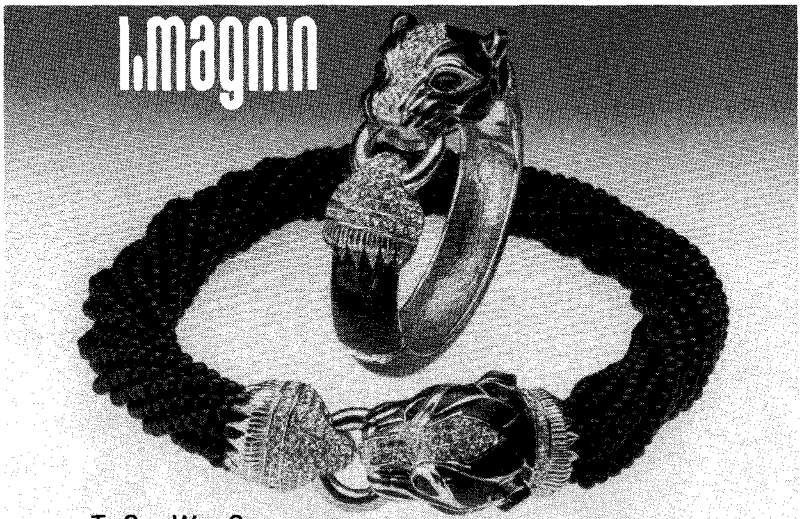

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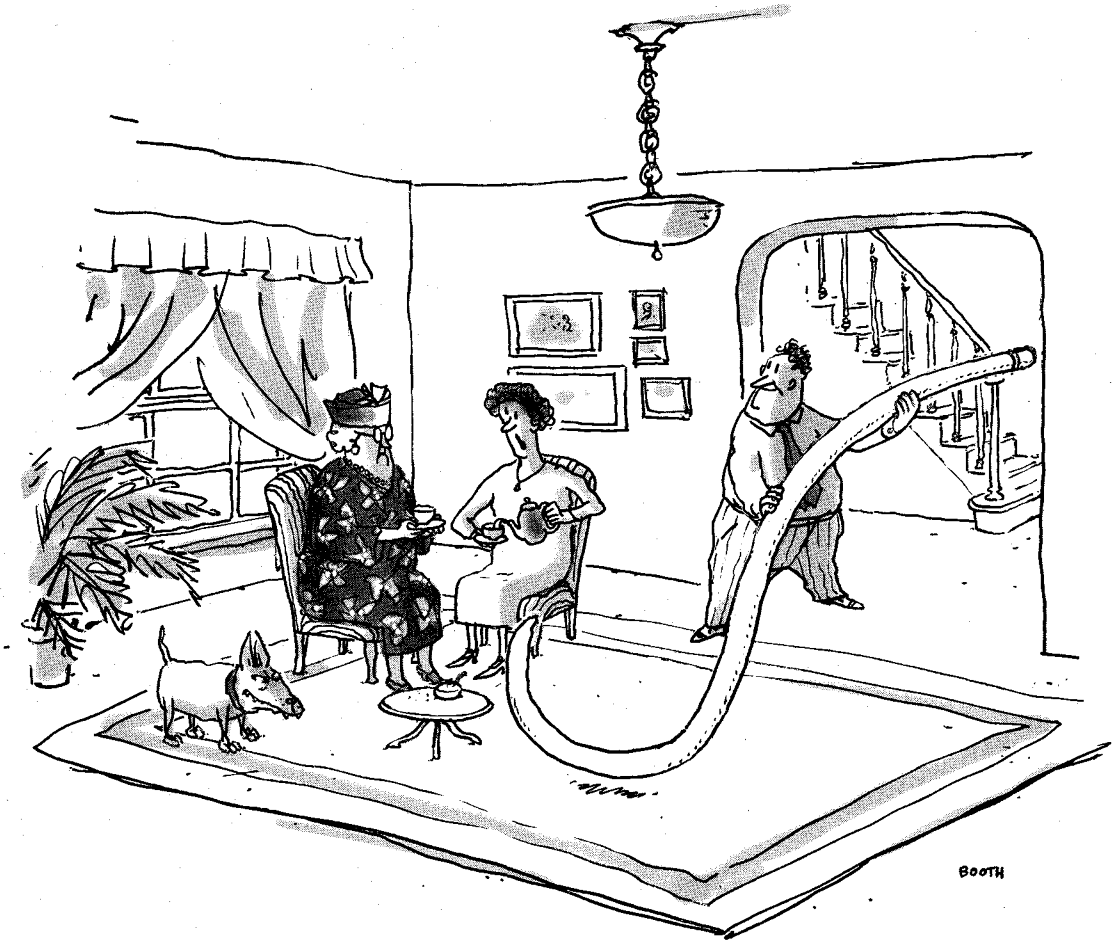
MUSICAL EVENTS

Mozart

“Le Nozze di Figaro,” “Don Giovanni,” and “Die Zauberflöte” were the Mozart operas widely performed until, about half a century ago, “Così Fan Tutte” and “Die Entführung” and, more recently, “Idomeneo” and “La Clemenza di Tito” joined them. Today, “La Finta Giardiniera” seems on the point of being added to the canon. The next work to be taken up—since modern listeners are readier than their grandparents were to accept the conventions of opera seria—will probably be “Lucio Silla,” Mozart's second opera for Milan, a noble, expansive drama. “Lucio Silla” and “La Finta Giardiniera” are both long. “Il Re Pastore,” which appeared three months after “La Finta Giardiniera,” is shorter, and easier to manage, but less dramatic. The characters lack depth and development. It is, however, an exquisitely worked entertainment, filled with choice, varied music, and well worth reviving from time to time. It made a welcome appearance this year at Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival.

The libretto is one of the exemplary little five-character dramas, extolling fortitude, justice, magnanimity, that Metastasio wrote for performance by court children in the garden theatre at Schönbrunn. For the first performance, in 1751 (at which, we are told, the future Joseph II, then aged ten, played Alexander the Great), the court composer Giuseppe Bonno wrote the music. Many other composers then set “Il Re Pastore;” among those before Mozart were Sarti, Hasse, Gluck, Jommelli, Galuppi, and Piccinni. It is a polished, mellifluous drama, a pleasure to read (but not in the Lincoln Center libretto, which was horribly mislineated, without concern for Metastasio's metres). Amyntas, heir to the throne of Sidon but brought up as a shepherd, ignorant of his true identity, loves Elisa. Although she is of noble birth, her parents bless the match, since the young shepherd is honest and brave. Alexander, who has conquered Sidon and deposed the tyrant Straton, seeks out Amyntas and calls him to the throne. Since a king should have a royal consort, he proposes Straton's daughter, the princess Tamyris, as Amyntas' bride, not knowing that she loves his own friend Agenor. Amyntas would rather abdicate than renounce Elisa. Alexander admires his steadfastness and installs Amyntas and Elisa on the throne, promising to bestow the next kingdom he conquers on Agenor and Tamyris.

Mozart's setting, an occasional piece, was composed in 1775, as a graceful tribute to Maria Theresa's youngest son, the Archduke Maximilian Franz, as he passed through Salzburg on his way from a visit to his sister Marie Antoinette. Metastasio's libretto was abridged. Four of the sixteen arias were omitted; Amyntas' second aria acquired new words, “Aer tranquillo e dì sereni;” the quartet that closes Act II was omitted, and Acts II and III were run together; and the words of the final *coro* (provided by the principals singing together) were rewritten. Near the start, Mozart employs a dramatic (though far from unprecedented) stroke: Amyntas, embarking on the final section of a ternary (in *aba* form) aria, stops in mid-phrase as he sees Elisa approaching. Then things become more conventional: there follow five arias in polished ternary form, with figuration that is supply responsive to the verbal images, and much florid writing. Four of them are scored for oboes, horns, and strings, and one for strings alone. In Act II, Mozart begins to vary his resources. The act opens with Elisa's “Barbaro, oh Dio!,” in *abab* form in two tempi, with broken declamation and chromatic harmonies. In the next aria, flutes and oboes play together for the first time. (Hitherto, Mozart has written as if for a pair of players proficient on both instruments.) The band swells again



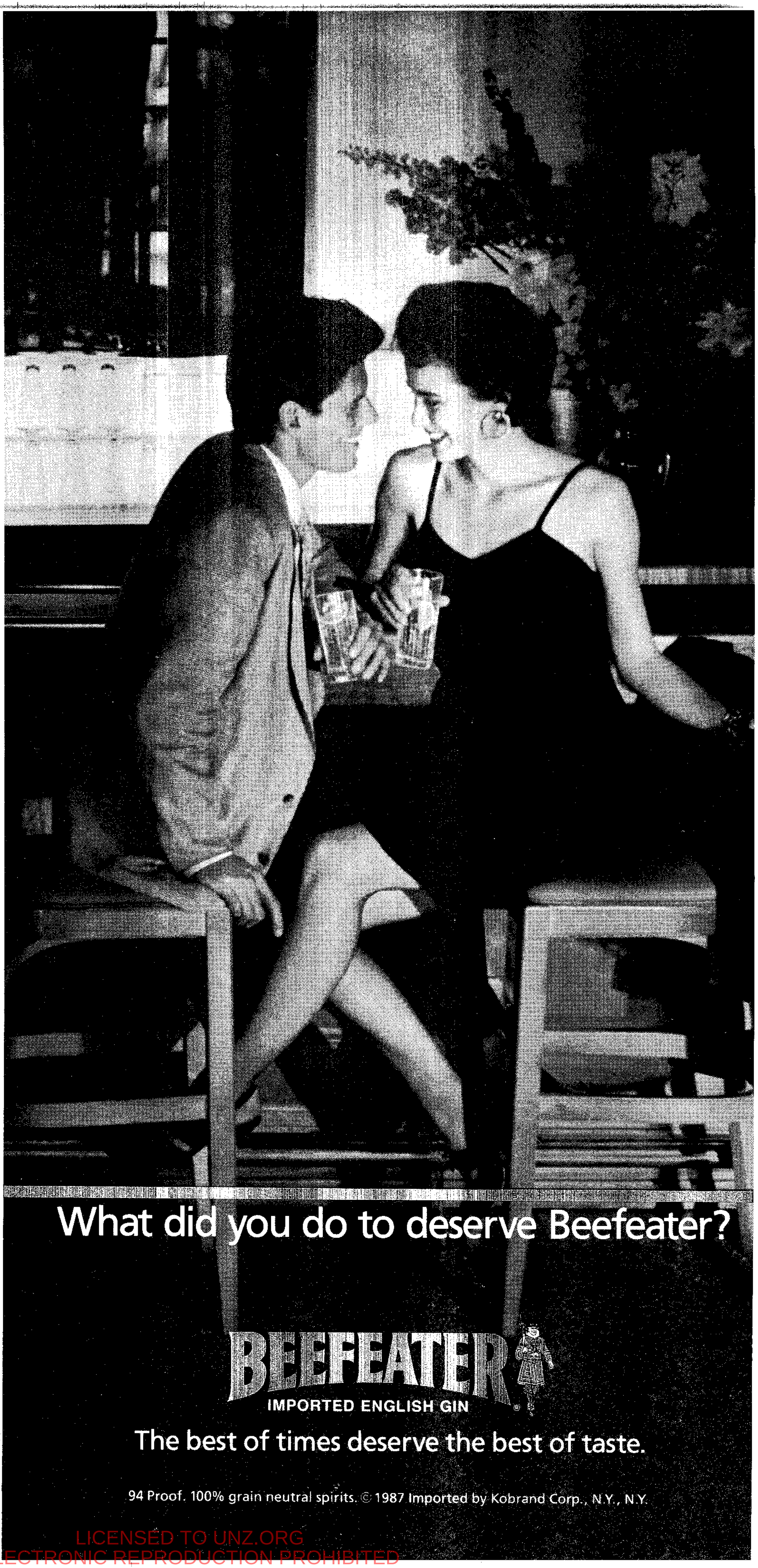
“Have some more tea, Mrs. Van Sickleford. Wendell is going to show you his mastodon tusk.”

for Amyntas' rondo "L'amerò, sarò costante," the most famous number in the opera: flutes, oboes switched to English horns, bassoons with an independent line, and an elaborate part for a solo violin. In contrast, the next number, Tamyris' simpler rondo, "Se tu di me fai dono," is beautifully accompanied by strings alone. The following aria has, for the first time, four horns. In the final aria, Alexander's "Voi che fausti," the trumpets reenter. Metastasio's scenic descriptions are quite detailed. His Act III, for example, begins:

> The interior of a large and delightful grotto, fancifully formed by nature in the living rock; distinguished and in large part clad by the vivid green of various plants, some hanging from above, others winding about within, and refreshed by a vein of limpid water, which, falling obliquely amid the rocks, is here concealed, there revealed, and finally lost to view. The ample openings that make the place luminous give onto a view of pleasant, irregular hills in the distance, and in the middle distance of military tents, from which one gathers that the place is not far from the Greek encampment.

Mozart's "Il Re Pastore" takes prettily to the stage. A "semistaging" on a concert platform could also be effective. But the Salzburg première, it seems, was in concert form, and so was the Mostly Mozart performance.

The title role, composed for the high male soprano Tommaso Consoli, who had just created Ramiro in "La Finta Giardiniera," was taken by the female soprano Hei-Kyung Hong, who has an enchanting, lively appearance and ravishing tones—bright and true, evenly produced through the wide range—which filled the big spaces of Avery Fisher Hall. When she learns to pronounce—and use—Italian, she should be a leading Mozart singer. As it was, many consonants were slid over, unformed, and many vowels were altered to whatever sang most easily. The sound, however, was lovely. Elisa was Gail Dobish, who has good notes in her voice but an uncertain control of them. Tamyris was Kaaren Erickson; her voice refused to lift cleanly above the staff, but of "Se tu di me fai dono," which does not go high and has no coloratura, she gave an affecting, sensitively shaped performance. Jerry Hadley bugled Alexander's music in monochrome, offering smudges in place of clean coloratura. Michael Myers sang Agenor's music (which is like a draft for Idomeneus') expressively, and with distinct coloratura; and he alone delivered the abundant secco rec-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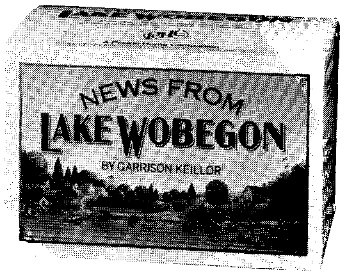

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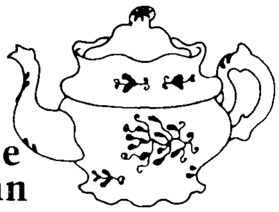

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itative as dramatic dialogue. (The harpsichord continuo, instead of impelling the singers, was often laggard.) Everyone indulged in whopping great cadenzas, generally shooting up to ugly high notes at the close. Gerard Schwarz, despite some nice touches of detail here and there, was a rather stodgy conductor.

THE week before, Mostly Mozart had put on two performances of Handel's "Acis and Galatea" in Mozart's orchestration. The work, of course, is mostly Handel. Handel's "Acis" is compassable by five singers and seven players. (It can hardly be staged that way, however, for the vocal disposition—soprano, three tenors, bass—would give a lopsided nymphs-to-shepherds relationship. But I don't believe "Acis" was staged at its 1718 première, in Cannons.) Mozart added two flutes, two clarinets, a second-bassoon line, and two horns to Handel's score. Gottfried van Swieten—the son of Maria Theresa's doctor, the librettist of Haydn's "The Seasons," the dedicatee of Beethoven's First Symphony—commissioned Mozart's version of "Acis" in 1788 (the year after "Figaro"); the next year, Mozart scored "Messiah" for Swieten, and, in 1790, "Alexander's Feast" and the "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day." For "Acis" they worked from Walsh's score published in 1743; Swieten's copy survives, and even if it didn't one could deduce the provenance. At the lines

> The flocks shall leave the mountains,
> The woods the turtle dove,

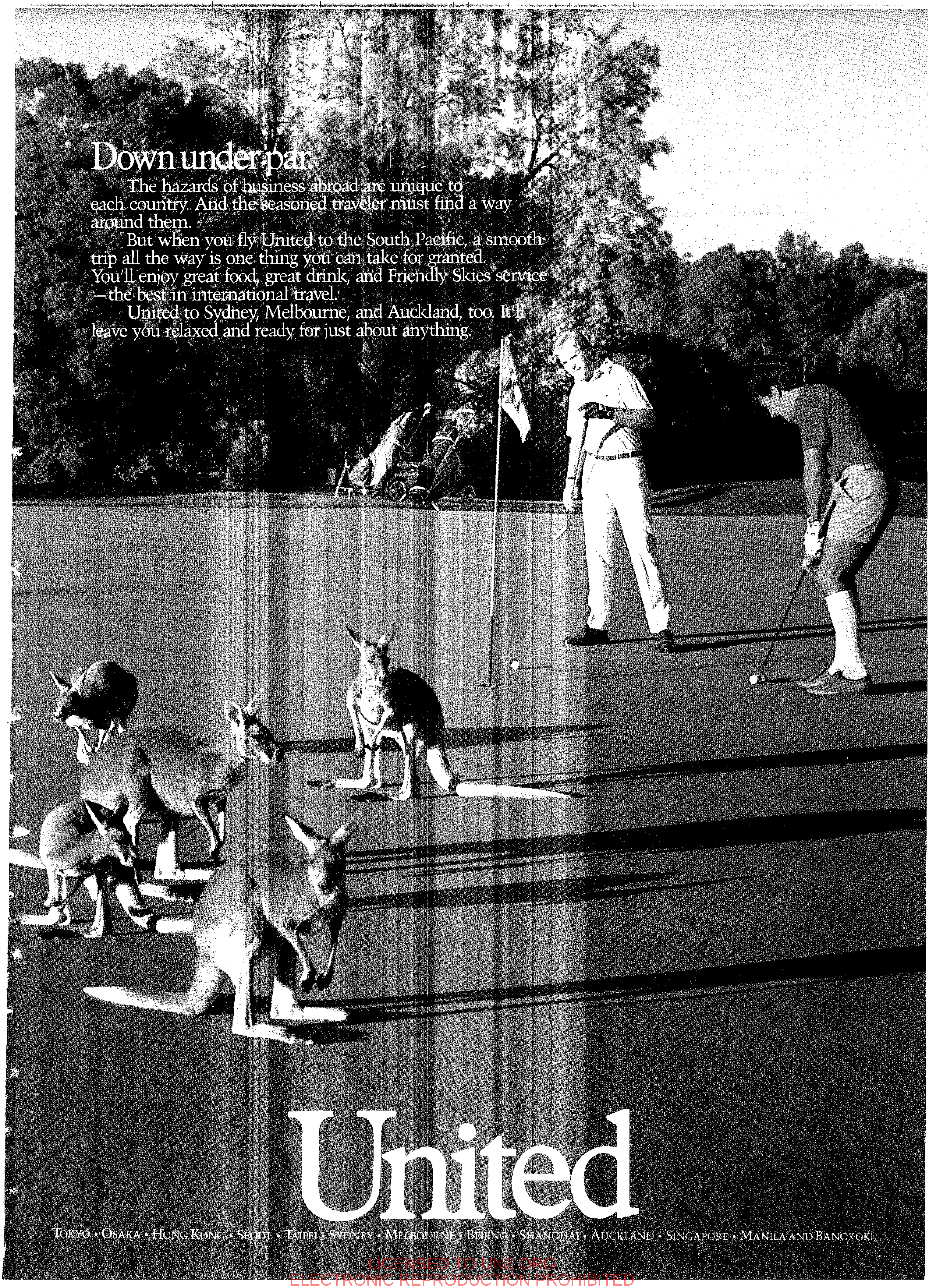
Handel misread his librettist's "woods" as "floods." Walsh blithely preserved the misreading, and Swieten translated it, again giving the turtle dove a watery home: "Den Bach die Turtletaube."

The Mostly Mozart "Acis" was sung—by American singers to an American audience—in Swieten's German translation: strange piece of pedantry! It's not as if Mozart had adjusted Handel's lines to fit the bluntly unrhymed translation; in that case the German might have had some point. Mozart kept unchanged the melodies that Handel devised to match an elegant, delightful text, most of it by John Gay, some of it perhaps by Alexander Pope. Common sense and "authenticity" conspired to prescribe an original-language performance; in Vienna, "Acis" was sung in German translation so that the audience could follow the words and the music at once.

Mozart's work with Handel left an indelible impression on the compositions of his last years: on the "Jupiter" Symphony, "The Magic Flute," the last quartets, the Requiem. All commentators agree. But whether his rescoring of "Acis" is of interest to more than a few scholars and historians of late-eighteenth-century orchestration and musical taste is a question that the Mostly Mozart performance left open. There is very little "creative" work here beyond a few extra woodwind lines—notably some doodles in "O ruddier than the cherry" ("Du röter als die Kirsche"). Perhaps it was the German text that moved Mr. Schwarz and his performers to give so lumbering an account of the pastoral. The closing pages—Galatea's "Heart, the seat of soft delight" and the chorus's cheerful "Galatea, dry thy tears"—sounded more like a Passion finale, lugubriously beaten out at half speed.

Erie Mills' machine-made soprano gave little pleasure. John Aler sang Acis in stuffed-dummy oratorio style. David Britton's Damon had more life in his phrasing. John Shirley-Quirk, the Polyphemus, used his diminished resources cunningly, but they were not enough to animate the blustering, touchingly amorous giant.

THE City Opera has a new production of "The Magic Flute"—or, rather, of "Die Zauberflöte," since it is sung and spoken in German. Staged by Lotfi Mansouri, unattractively and weakly designed by Thierry Bosquet, it has no character. It is not solemn, and it is not amusing. (The good "Flute" productions are both.) The best moments were provided by Stephen Dickson's resourceful, engaging Papageno. The other performers went through their paces. The magic was omitted: no trapdoors, no flying machine for the three boys after their first (unnecessary) appearance during the Act I quintet. The ordeals by fire and by water were feeble, unfrightening. Faith Esham, the Pamina, had concealed her natural charm beneath heavy paint, long false eyelashes, and a stiff, matronly wig. She sang "Ach, ich fühl's" in full, sweet tones but far too slowly, making a meal of it. Jon Garrison, the Tamino, had his hair tied back in a big blue bow. In a plain way, his singing was not unsatisfactory. Rodney Godshall, the Sarastro, wore an undignified tunic that may

## Down under par.

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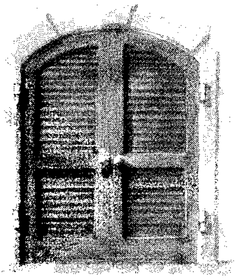

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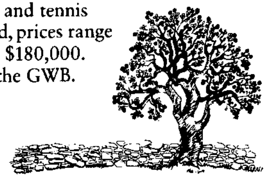

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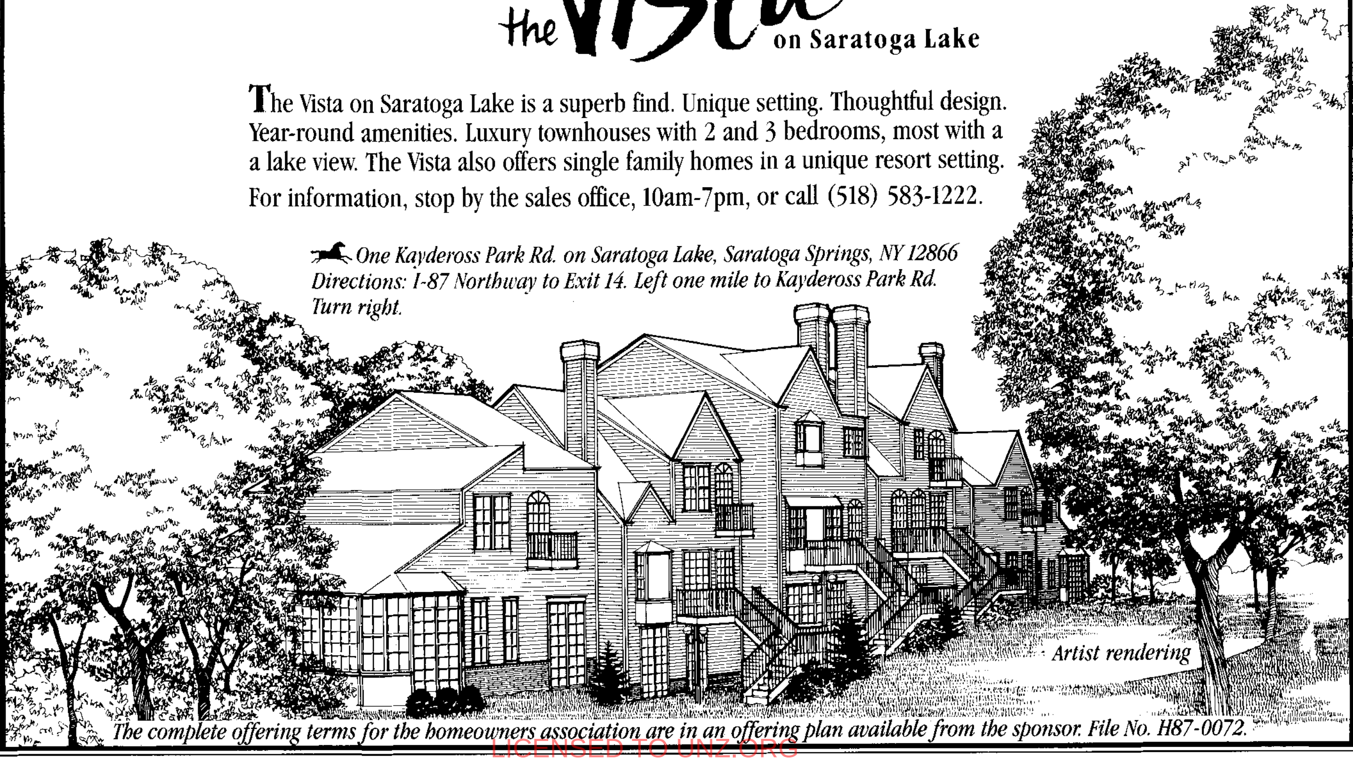

Artist rendering

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have been cut for someone a foot shorter. He was making a City Opera début but seemed unready for a metropolitan showing. The temple spokesman, Harry Dworchak, banged down on each syllable of his phrases. James Billings' second priest and Michele McBride's Papagena were winning.

The spoken dialogue was abridged. At Covent Garden, on occasion, the page of rather interesting conversation between the Queen of the Night and Pamina, which fills in details of the plot, has, for a Queen unversed in English, been cut to the two words "Kill Sarastro." Here it was shortened to barely two lines, perhaps because the Queen, Rachel Rosales, did not command fiery German delivery. "Supertitles" flashed on and off overhead, and people reading the opera rather than following the performers laughed at some jokes before they were made onstage. The women-slighting remarks of Sarastro and his band drew some hisses. Mozart's view was more enlightened than Sarastro's, but Mr. Mansouri didn't show it: his Pamina didn't lead the way through fire and flood.

Let me add—before I am charged with prejudice because the City Opera no longer does the "Flute" in my English translation—that I prefer hearing Mozart's piece in the original. (A sure way of discovering the drawbacks of opera in translation is to attempt a translation.) I was disappointed by this low-grade "Zauberflöte" performance because it didn't begin to reveal the greatness of the opera. Sergiu Comissiona's conducting was slow, careful, undramatic.

—Andrew Porter

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UH-HUH DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Irvine* (*Calif.*) *World News*]

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Editor's Note: The names of the women interviewed in the following story have been changed to disclose their identity.—*Richmond* (*Ky.*) *Register.*

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[*Adv. in the Oakland Montclarion*]

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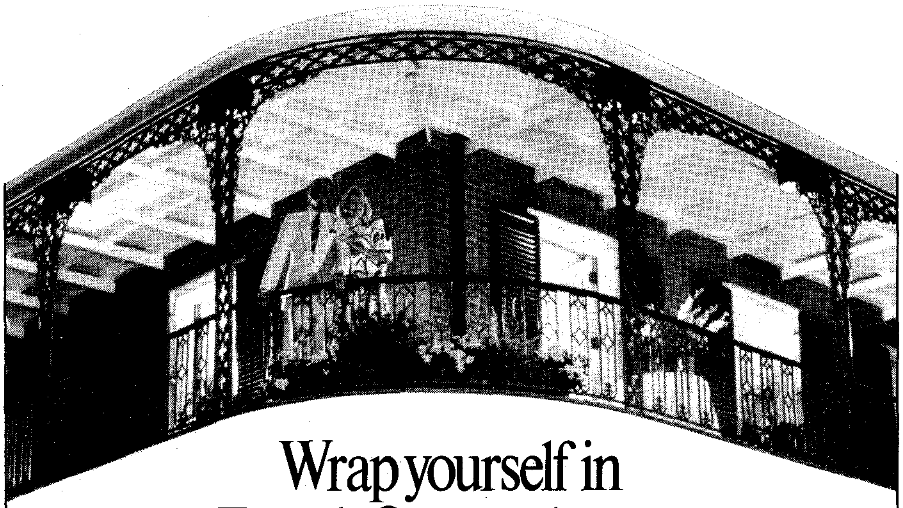

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AROUND CITY HALL

CRUCIBLE

ALTHOUGH Israel Zangwill, a Jewish writer from the London ghetto, may not have invented the phrase, it was after the production of his play "The Melting-Pot"—it opened in Washington in October, 1908, with President Theodore Roosevelt in attendance, and was later a big hit on Broadway and in theatres all over the country—that "the melting pot" as a term for the immigrant experience in America (and particularly in this city) became a common reference. "Seldom has an author so molded thought through the instrumentality of a single phrase," the *Herald Tribune* once said of Zangwill. When the playwright appeared onstage on opening night, Roosevelt shouted out, "That's a great play, Mr. Zangwill!" To the writer's wife, who was sitting in the Presidential box, he said, "I'm not a Bernard Shaw man or an Ibsen man. . . . No, *this* is the stuff." The stuff described how a Russian-born Jew named David and a Russian-born Christian named Vera found ecumenical compatibility and love on New York's lower East Side. According to Zangwill's melting-pot theory, intermarriage would cause separate ethnic groups and institutions to disappear here in what he called "God's crucible," and from that would emerge the new American race, "the fusion of all races, the coming superman." The play's final scene shows the young couple on the roof of a settlement house, looking out over lower Manhattan toward New York Harbor and the Statue of Liberty, lit up by a blazing sunset. "There she lies," says David, "the great melting-pot—listen! Can't you hear the roaring and the bubbling? . . . What a stirring and a seething! Celt and Latin, Slav and Teuton, Greek and Syrian—black and yellow." Vera adds happily, "Jew and Gentile." Cries David, "The great Alchemist melts and fuses them." As the orchestra plays "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the curtain falls.

The melting-pot theory had great appeal for Roosevelt, who often spoke out against the unmelted—what he called "hyphenated" citizens, who saw themselves not as Americans but as, say, Irish-Americans or Italian-Americans. Others who heaped praise on Zangwill's play were the drama critic Burns Mantle (he called it "something of a masterwork"), the novelists Hamlin Garland and Booth Tarkington, the British historian Lord Bryce, and Jane Addams, the founder of Chicago's Hull-House, who declared that Zangwill had done Americans "a great service" by reminding them of "the high hopes" of the writers of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. It's hard, though, to think of a Founding Father who would have had high hopes for a new American race that included a black strain, as Zangwill's play specified. Many of the prominent figures who gave "The Melting-Pot" rave reviews probably assumed that when Zangwill referred to black immigrants he meant, maybe, dark-complexioned Middle Easterners—certainly not the millions of blacks who had been brought here on slave ships, and intermarriage with whom would have meant, in many states, breaking anti-miscegenation laws. If there should prove to be support for a present-day melting-pot policy for immigrants—support that only the most eccentric of sociologists is likely to discover—it would have to accommodate the fact that in this city, where nearly a third of the residents are foreign-born, the largest number of new arrivals each year come from the Dominican Republic.

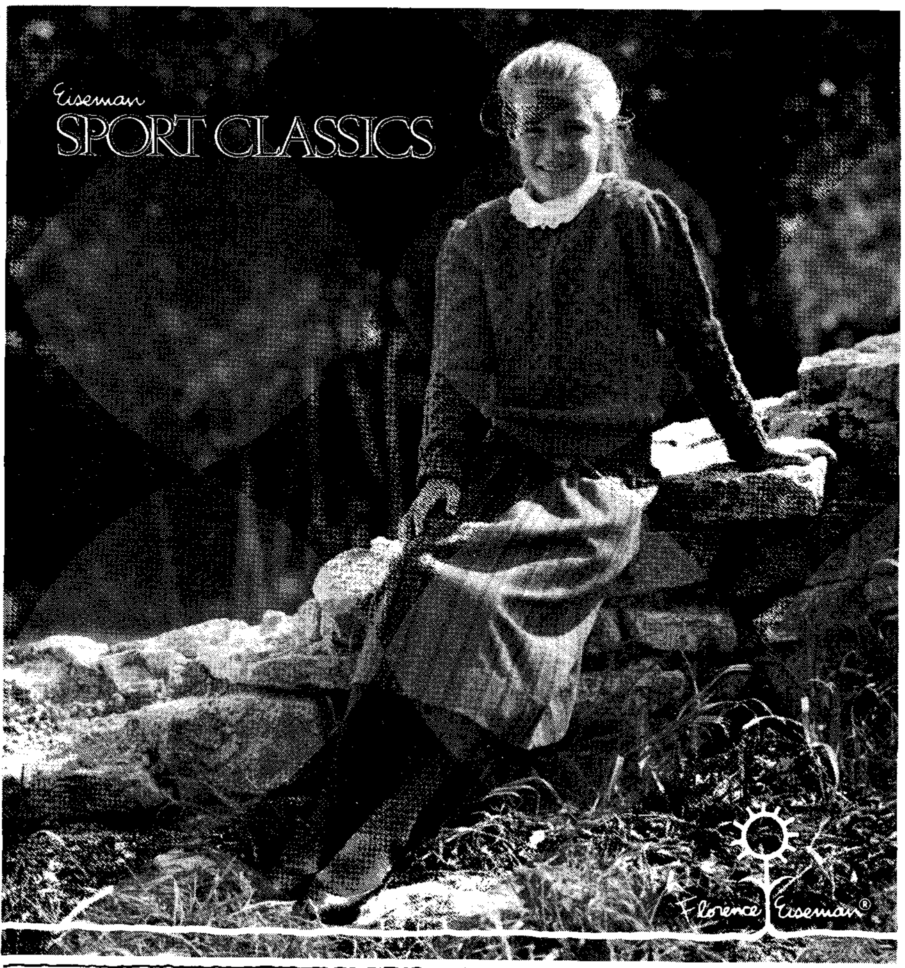
The intense opposition of most early-twentieth-century immigrants to wholesale intermarriage (and they might have been thought to have some say in the matter) had apparently gone unnoticed by Roosevelt, although he had run for mayor and served as head of the Police Commission in this city of the foreign-born. Zangwill, who never lived in the United States, could plead ignorance. Still, more than a decade before his death, in 1926 (which was reported on the front page of the *Times*), he, too, had lost some of his enthusiasm for the intermarriage process in God's crucible, Arthur Mann, of the University of Chicago, has pointed out. Although Zangwill predicted, in 1914, that Americans "will ultimately harden into a homogeneity of race," he said also that "actual physical fusion is a long process and is not even necessary." What was important, he said, was that Americans who emerged from the crucible would be "politically homogeneous"—a prophecy that, of course, has not proved any more accurate than his great intermarriage prediction. Last year's Statue of Liberty centennial was a celebration not of a national race but of scores of different ethnic groups, each fiercely protective of its differences from the others. And nowadays, in the city that was the setting for "The Melting-Pot," polit-

"Do you see what I see?"

ical homogeneity isn't something a prudent candidate should count on. In 1977, when Edward Koch defeated Mario Cuomo in the race for mayor, Koch got eighty per cent of the Jewish vote and Cuomo eighty per cent of the Italian-American vote. Five years later, when the two men ran against each other for governor, the Mayor thought he could surely depend on the votes of his own constituents on Staten Island, where Cuomo had spent relatively little time. Instead, Cuomo carried that borough, almost half of whose population is of Italian descent. Anyone who doubts that politicians sort out voters here according to ethnic or racial roots might consult Koch's book "Mayor." Describing a walk he took down Broadway during the 1980 transit strike, he wrote, "I received a good response from blacks, Hispanics, Asians, and whites." Of his 1981 reëlection campaign he reported that on a single weekend "I probably saw five thousand people: Jews, Italians, blacks, Irish, Hispanics, you name it."

"CONSIDERING that we have a hundred and seventy-five different religious and ethnic groups in this city, I think our relations are probably better than anywhere else," the Mayor told a black congregation in Brooklyn a few months ago. Last month, he was able to call attention to an example of local interethnic agreement. After the August 6th medical episode that his doctors described as "a tiny, trivial stroke," he had paid close attention to televised man-in-the-street interviews, and could report that New Yorkers representing all major ethnic persuasions had expressed concern and distress over the event. A week after his return to his mayoral duties, following a six-day convalescence, concerned New Yorkers were able to read about a new sign on his City Hall desk, in honor of the dangers he had passed.

Not all politicians feel the need to communicate their philosophy of life or to offer possible chapter headings for an autobiography through desk-top pronouncements. Up in Albany, the furniture in Governor Cuomo's office bears no special message for visitors. By contrast, Koch, in his nine and a half years as mayor, has had six different signs on his desk, five of them in the last five years. The most famous of politicians' desk-top pronouncements, the one about where the buck stops, was not one of them. Koch has said



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that he is accountable for whatever in his administration led to the scores of corruption investigations, indictments, and formal convictions of close City Hall allies of his in the last year and a half. This means, he has explained, that he is *politically* accountable; that is, when he runs for reëlection to a fourth term, in 1989, the voters can decide whether he has been a good mayor.

The sign that appeared on his desk shortly after he first took office, in January, 1978 ("If you say it can't be done, you're right—you can't do it"), stayed in place until late in 1982, while many of the problems he faced in the city—such as the soaring numbers of homeless people and the steady departure of major-corporation headquarters from New York to more inviting economic climes—turned out to be intractable. Then, after he lost the Democratic nomination for governor to Cuomo, a new sign appeared on his desk, reading "Be Not Afraid," which, he said, was the title of a Catholic hymn meant to comfort the grief-stricken—one that he'd heard at policemen's funerals. Early in 1985, when he ran for a third term, it was time for a new, upbeat message: "The best is yet to be." That this line from Robert Browning follows "Grow old along with me" conveyed the accurate impression that Koch planned to remain mayor for many years. Early in 1986, soon after the beginning of his third term, which coincided with the onset of the municipal scandals, there was another new sign, a quotation from Horace: "Begin, Be Bold, and Venture to Be Wise." If you prop messages on your desk, you're bound to get back talk. Some thought it noteworthy that in his ninth year in office Koch would choose a slogan that urged him, "Begin." Last winter, there was still another—a fifth—sign at City Hall. It read "Public service is the noblest of professions if it is done honestly and done well. Those who cannot do it honestly should be in jail. Those who cannot do it well should be in the private sector." The author was not another poet but Koch himself—or, at any rate, the words had appeared in one of his speeches.

The reference to politicians' possibly going to jail, to which a number of the Mayor's former employees have been sentenced, may have been a first for an officeholder's desk. The judgment that officials who couldn't get things done belonged in the private sector seemed less appropriate. It ap-

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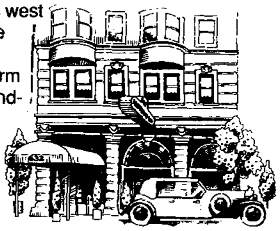

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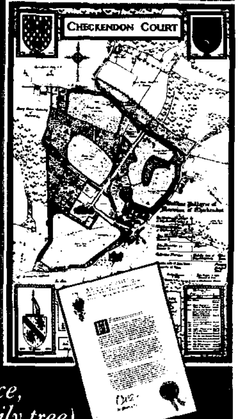

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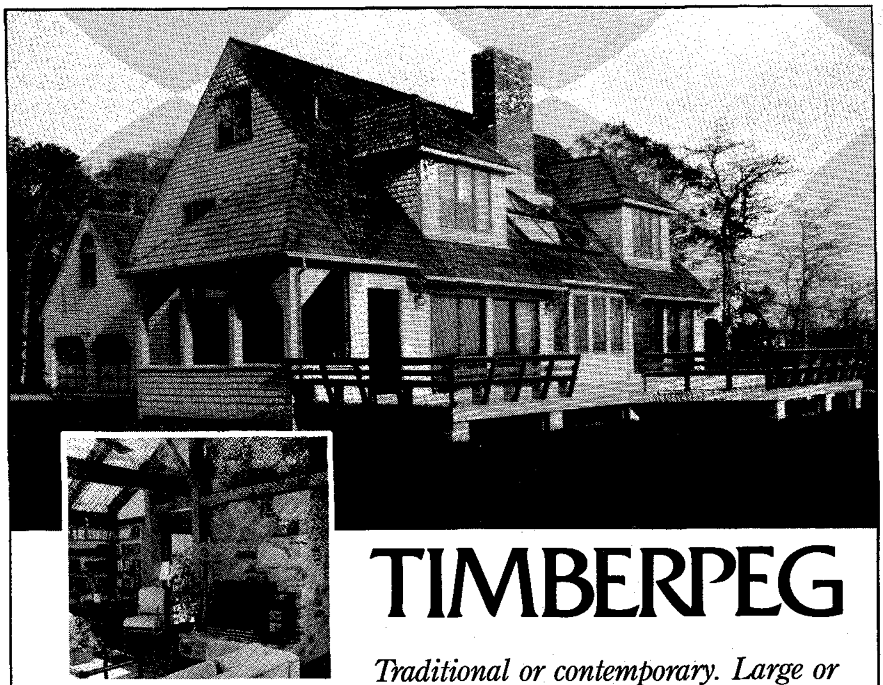
peared only a few months after the real-estate developer Donald Trump triumphantly reopened the Wollman Rink in Central Park—a job the city had announced would take several more years, at an additional cost of some twelve million dollars. Trump rebuilt it at no expense to the city and did so in less than four months. At the time the new motto appeared on Koch's desk, local letters to the editor were appearing every few days urging that Trump be encouraged to take over other projects that were apparently too much for the city administration: rebuilding the Central Park Zoo, closed since 1983; repairing the city's potholed streets; and providing housing for the homeless. (A few weeks ago, Parks Commissioner Henry Stern complained that the Wollman Rink leaked, but after a sharp exchange with Trump he agreed that it was "a tiny, trivial leak.")

After the Mayor's recent medical experience, with its intimations of mortality, the newest sign arrived on his desk—three lines from a hymn whose words are loosely based on Isaiah 43:2. They begin, "If you pass through raging waters in the sea, you will not drown," and conclude, "Know that I am with you through it all." The hymn is the same Catholic hymn whose title sat on Koch's desk in 1982, at the time he was shaken up by a different event. A few days after the new message appeared, the Inquiring Photographer for the *Daily News* asked seven New Yorkers, "What slogan would you put on Mayor Koch's desk?" A planning analyst suggested "I'm for shelters for the homeless, but not near Gracie Mansion." A bartender, obviously a supporter of Koch's helpfulness to real-estate developers in his effort to keep businesses from leaving town, proposed "If they want tax abatements to stay, give them tax abatements." An engineer suggested "The buck doesn't stop here. It's grabbed long before it gets this far."

A couple of the others had comments on Koch's stroke. Referring to a neuroradiologist's report that the Mayor had the brain of a twenty-eight-year-old, an office worker offered "When someone tells me to act my age, are they referring to my twenty-eight-year-old brain or my sixty-two-year-old body?" A clerk who had read about the doctors' insisting that Koch—who weighed a hundred and eighty-two pounds when he first ran for mayor, in 1977, and



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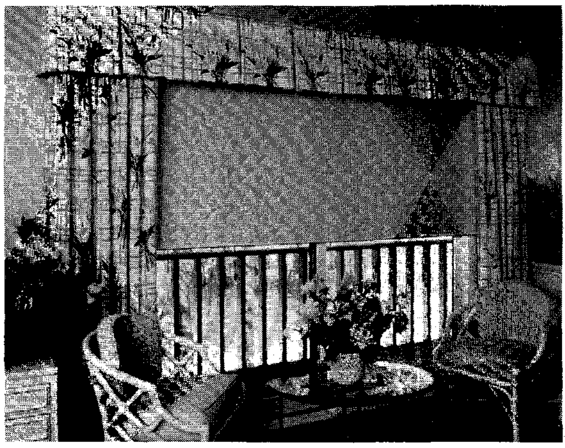

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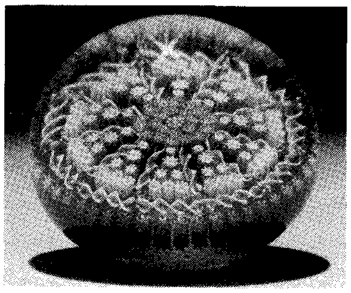

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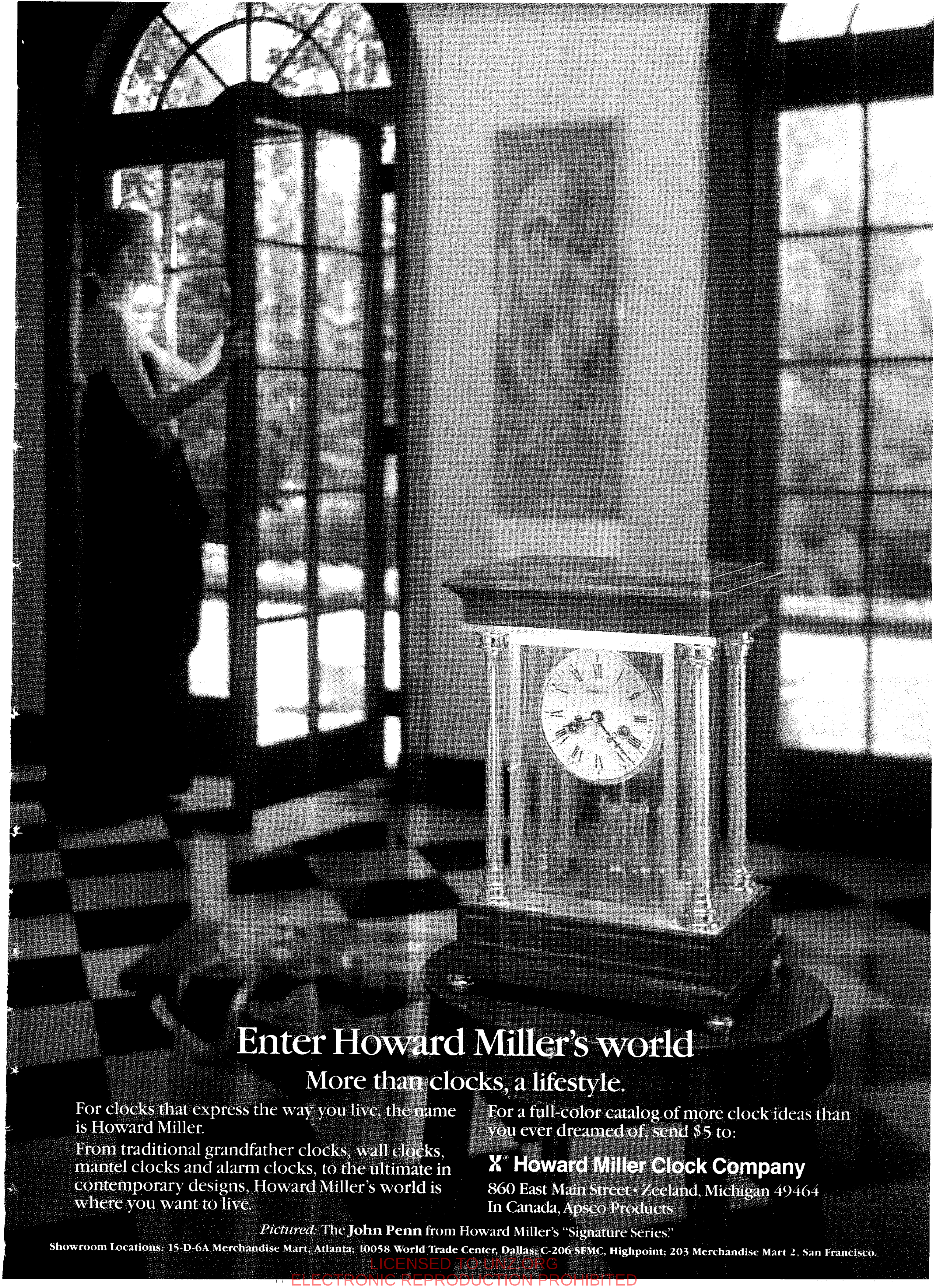
had ballooned to two hundred and twenty—would have to lose many pounds suggested "It's the lean horse that wins the long race." ("Not that I'm fat," the Mayor had commented.) A New Yorker the *News* talked to who was identified as "an office administrator" offered no desk motto for the Mayor but, rather, some advice—"You've had enough, and we've had enough"—and urged him to "retire as undefeated mayoral champion," adding, in reference to the reams of press coverage of Koch's new diet, "We don't care what you ate for breakfast." This man was out of luck. Information about the daily menus of the dieting—or, as it often seemed, non-dieting—Mayor continued to appear for weeks. News concerning the Mayor and his eating habits was, however, nothing new. In television interviews in the past, he had frequently urged listeners to write in for some favorite recipe of his—often one that required expensive ingredients, such as sun-dried tomatoes—or had put in a plug for a restaurant, usually a high-priced one, rather than a fast-food outlet. However, the bluegrass song that the Wretched Refuse String Band was playing in front of City Hall as Koch arrived back there for the first time following his stroke asked, "Are there Burger Kings in Heaven? Are there Whoppers in the sky? Do the angels lick their fingers in the sweet by-and-by?" No New Yorker approached by the Inquiring Photographer offered these lyrics as suitable for a new motto on the Mayor's desk. A teacher the *News* talked to, recalling the Mayor's greeting to the press as he arrived home from the hospital—"The monster talks! The monster walks!"—which mocked both his own performance as a sideshow artist and the press treatment of it as such, suggested that the sign on his desk read "The monster still talks; the monster still walks."

ANY stroke has serious implications, and the medical emergency remained in the forefront of the Mayor's thoughts after the doctors said he could return to work. If visitors didn't bring it up, he did. "You know, I was in the hospital," he would tell them. "I'm fully recovered." Despite this preoccupation, after his return the City Hall atmosphere was, for a time, more festive than it had been since it was overwhelmed by the municipal scandals. In the days just before the stroke—it occurred in his car, after he left a *Post* forum on AIDS, where he had given one of his usual spirited performances—there had been several developments suggesting that revelations of corruption in his administration (or, at least, of an inattentiveness to the possibility thereof) might not have come to an end. It had been discovered that Terrence Moan, the head of the city's Division of Real Property in the Department of General Services, whose job includes buying and selling property for the city, had recently begun engaging in substantial private real-estate dealings. And although Henry McCabe, the head of the city's Off-Track Betting Corporation, had not violated the regulation forbidding O.T.B. employees to own racehorses, he had seen nothing wrong in the fact that his wife, Jean, had bought horses and shared ownership of one with a man who had received eleven and a half million dollars in O.T.B. contracts in the last five years. "If Terry Moan had invested in horses, and Jean McCabe had invested in real estate—instead of the other way around—life would be a lot easier for Mayor Edward I. Koch," commented William Murphy, *Newsday's* City Hall bureau chief. It was also learned that James Payne, named by Koch in March as head of the Probation Department, which must make sure that the perpetrators it oversees are in strict compliance with all aspects of the law, had misled the Department of Investigation about his failure to file state-income-tax returns for three years. All three of these men resigned in August.

In an interview with Alan Finder and Bruce Lambert, of the *Times*, the Mayor was asked whether he still believed that, as he had said in April, his administration was "the most honest administration we have ever had in the history of government." The Mayor's answer was "I think humility requires that we say *one* of the most honest administrations." In view of the August events, some additional humility might have seemed in order if Koch hadn't taken sick, but there was little disposition to dwell on bad news out of City Hall in the era of good feeling which followed his stroke. The Mayor concluded a twenty-eight-page essay entitled "An Account of My Recent Illness," which was released the week he returned to work, with an anecdote about a friend's calling him a few days after the stroke. "He said, 'The entire town shuddered because of what happened to you. They suddenly realized



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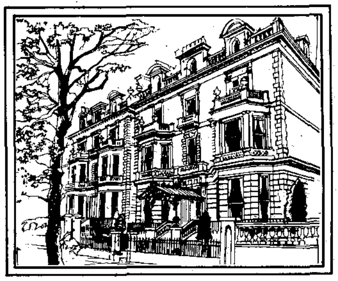
what it would be like if you were not here. You should be very moved by that.' I said, 'I am.'" Despite the gratifying response to his illness, the Mayor, in his essay, expressed regret that the event had "somewhat precluded the New York City press corps from more extended coverage" of the *Post* AIDS forum, where, he wrote, "I was . . . told that my presentation, with humor and feistiness coupled with an obvious familiarity with the facts, was well received."

A week after the stroke, Mother Teresa suddenly appeared at Gracie Mansion to wish Koch well. (She also had something else on her mind—a reserved parking space outside her Greenwich Village hospice for AIDS patients. The Mayor arranged for her to have two.) The City Club, a local group that keeps a sharp eye on public officials, zapping them with brickbats and handing out an occasional bouquet, according to their performances, formally awarded Koch a bouquet just for having been sick. As usual, the *Amsterdam News*, in Harlem, struck a different note. "We're glad that the Mayor didn't die," the editor wrote, adding that the paper was rooting for him to recover fully, "with his arrogant and divisive ways intact," so that it could continue to expose him "as one who has not served this city well."

Fortunately for the Mayor's orderly recovery, the first weeks after he got back to City Hall were dog days, in the sense of being relatively quiet. Some of the season's events even involved dogs. The Mayor had endorsed a City Council bill that would penalize in various ways the owners of pit bullterriers, and his action brought an outcry from some animal lovers and a charge by owners of pit bulls that the city was violating their civil rights and possibly the dogs'. They argued that it was constitutional to punish vicious dogs but unconstitutional to be "breed-specific" about it. The Mayor compared the pit bull to "the great white shark" —a breed without a known political constituency. Jimmy Breslin, in his *Daily News* column, offered a recipe for pit-bull stew ("Place in a pot with pepper, salt, spoonful of cooking oil. Cook for 40 minutes"), which, he said, would help solve the problems of children who were going hungry in welfare hotels—a subject that had recently been discussed at City Council hearings. Koch was also accused by some animal lovers of not having accorded due process to Archie, a part golden retriever, whom he proposed to banish from Gracie Mansion. Archie, who belonged to the Mayor's chef, had committed what Koch said was "a crime for which no pardon is possible"—biting a Sanitation Department inspector. Rising above the criticism, the Mayor had the dog sent away, to a new home, in New Jersey, after releasing the menu for Archie's final Gracie Mansion meal: flank steak. David Letterman described Archie as "the only member of the Koch administration in recent years to leave without being indicted."

LAST March, a few months after the now celebrated December 20th episode in which three young blacks who had ventured into the virtually all-white neighborhood of Howard Beach, Queens, were beaten with baseball bats and chased toward a busy highway, where one of them was killed by a passing car, Benjamin Ward, the city's black police commissioner, predicted that there would be a "long, hot summer." Although, happily, things didn't work out that way, it doesn't mean that a number of the summer's events haven't involved racial and ethnic controversy. In July, the Mayor announced that, in a three-month experiment, the estimated thirty thousand cyclists who swarm through Manhattan below Sixtieth Street every day would be banned on Fifth, Madison, and Park Avenues in midtown for six hours each weekday, beginning at 10 A.M. A large percentage of the bike riders are messengers, and most of these are black or Hispanic. Their leaders claimed that the Koch administration was violating their civil rights and discriminating against minority groups. The *Amsterdam News* complained about a *Daily News* headline, "CITY SENDS MESSAGE TO PIT BULLS ON BIKES," saying, "This is clearly racist." Charges and countercharges also continued to be exchanged concerning a fire last spring, in which seven people died, at Schomburg Plaza, a housing development in which nearly all the tenants are black. Prominent blacks have called for an independent investigation, questioning whether the Fire Department brought the blaze under control as rapidly as it would have if the tenants were white. Over in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn, a small civil war continues to simmer between black leaders and Hasidic leaders of the Lubavitcher sect, with some Hasidim declaring that black crime was making their lives intolera-



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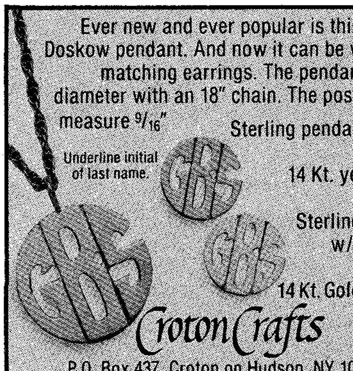

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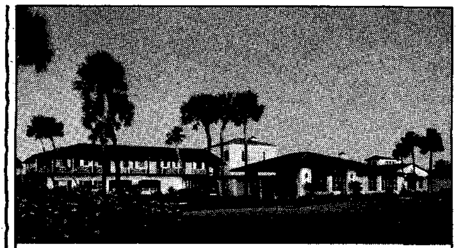
ble, and blacks complaining that a private patrol force the Jewish group had established was stopping and sometimes abusing blacks, on the theory that, being black, they must be criminals. There was some hope that a joint black-Hasidic security patrol, sponsored by the Mayor, would ease the tensions. Meanwhile, Nathan Quinones, the Hispanic chancellor of the city's schools—there has never been a black chancellor—resigned last month after accusations of inefficiency. His successor will be chosen by the Board of Education, to which each of the five borough presidents has one appointment and the Mayor two. The Board currently consists of one black and six whites. Quinones said recently that the Board "now is looking for an interesting combination of Rambo and Mother Teresa," although their ethnic backgrounds—Italian and Albanian, respectively—might seem less than appropriate in view of the fact that nearly eighty per cent of the local public-school students are black, Hispanic, or Asian.

HAVING, for the most part, opted out of Zangwill's crucible, members of ethnic communities here may cherish their differences, but that, of course, doesn't mean that treating certain attributes and behavioral tendencies—especially those involving crime—as innate in a particular group isn't perilous. Cuomo, the first Italian-American to be elected governor of this state, said a year or two ago that there was no such thing as the Mafia—a remark that, he explained later, he had made for its shock value, to counter the implication that all organized crime is presided over by people with vowels at the end of their names. However, a member of a particular ethnic group is sometimes allowed to make implications concerning the innate characteristics of that group—or a subset thereof. Cuomo, in commenting on what he saw as Mother Teresa's unrelenting pursuit of favors she wants from government—all for the benefit of her charitable endeavors—once said of her, "I think she's Sicilian." Members of a hyphenated group are also permitted to make fun of the way Americans tend to see them as all alike, appearance included. Cuomo claims that upstate, where most of New York's Wasps live, people often—especially when he is wearing his glasses—confuse him with Alfonse D'Amato, this state's first Italian-American United States senator. At



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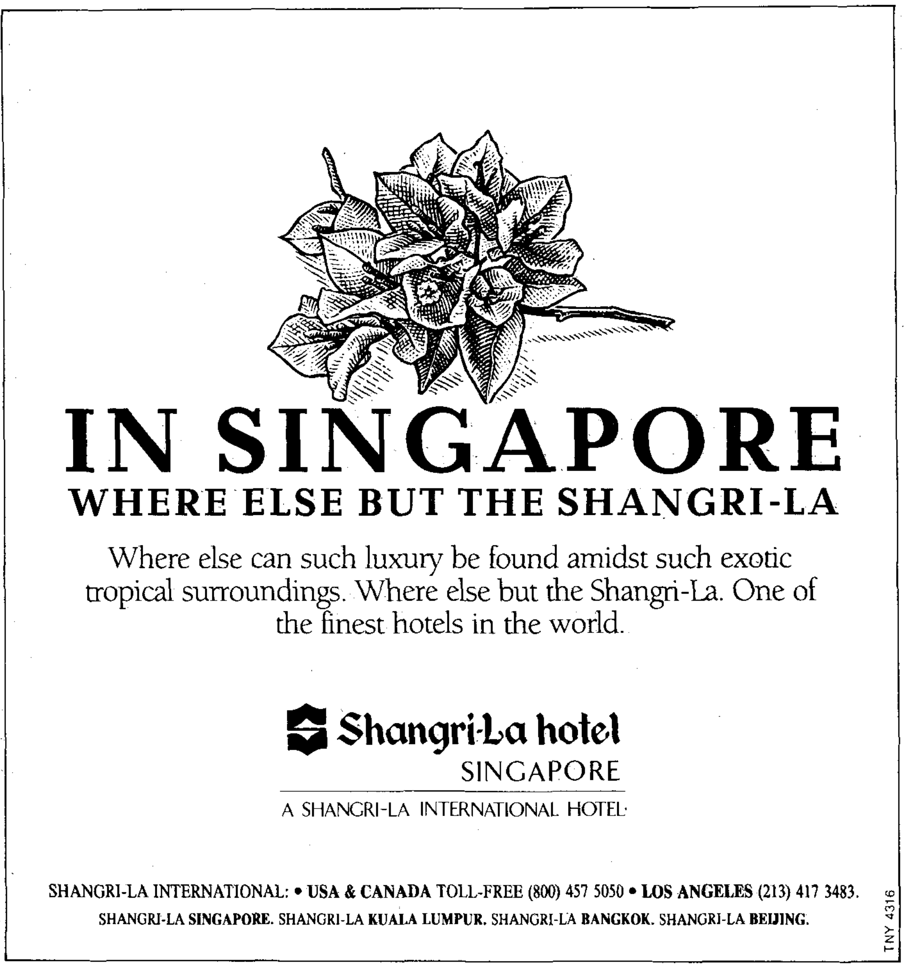
the convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which was held here this summer, Cuomo told the delegates that on one occasion, when he was at the White House and Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan began introducing him to the President, Reagan had said, "You don't have to introduce me to my friend Lee Iacocca." Said Cuomo, "We all look alike, you know"—aware that most of the N.A.A.C.P. delegates would have favorite stories about white people thinking that all blacks look alike. That afternoon at the convention, some N.A.A.C.P. members, whose lives are far removed from those of young blacks in bad trouble with the law, enjoyed a story about Larry Davis, a twenty-year-old black man who was involved in a shootout with city cops last fall and, despite an intensive police search, escaped being captured for several weeks, although he insisted that he had never left his South Bronx neighborhood. Davis's lawyer claimed that on one occasion during the search, at an open-air press conference held by Police Commissioner Ward, Davis had stood among other young blacks just behind Ward, in full view of the television cameras and of large numbers of the police force—a force that is eleven per cent black, in a city that is twenty-five per cent black, and whose members mostly live in suburban areas, far from the South Bronx.

Seeming to outsiders to be indistinguishable from other members of one's ethnic or religious group can also prove to be a convenience for defendants after a case has reached the courtroom stage. Barry Slotnick—who made his biggest headlines recently as Bernhard Goetz's lawyer—defended two local Hasidic men indicted for the attempted murder of a black teen-ager in Brooklyn. Slotnick filled the courtroom with other young Hasidim, all of them with corkscrew sideburns and wearing the traditional long black coats and flat felt hats. The judge allowed him to have the two men mingle with them. No witness was able to pick out the alleged perpetrators, and the jury, which included seven blacks and no Jews, voted to acquit. Partly for this achievement, Slotnick received *American Lawyer's* annual award for best performance by an attorney in the criminal field.

After the June 16th verdict in the Goetz case, Benjamin Hooks, Jr., the executive director of the N.A.A.C.P., said that it would be "interpreted as



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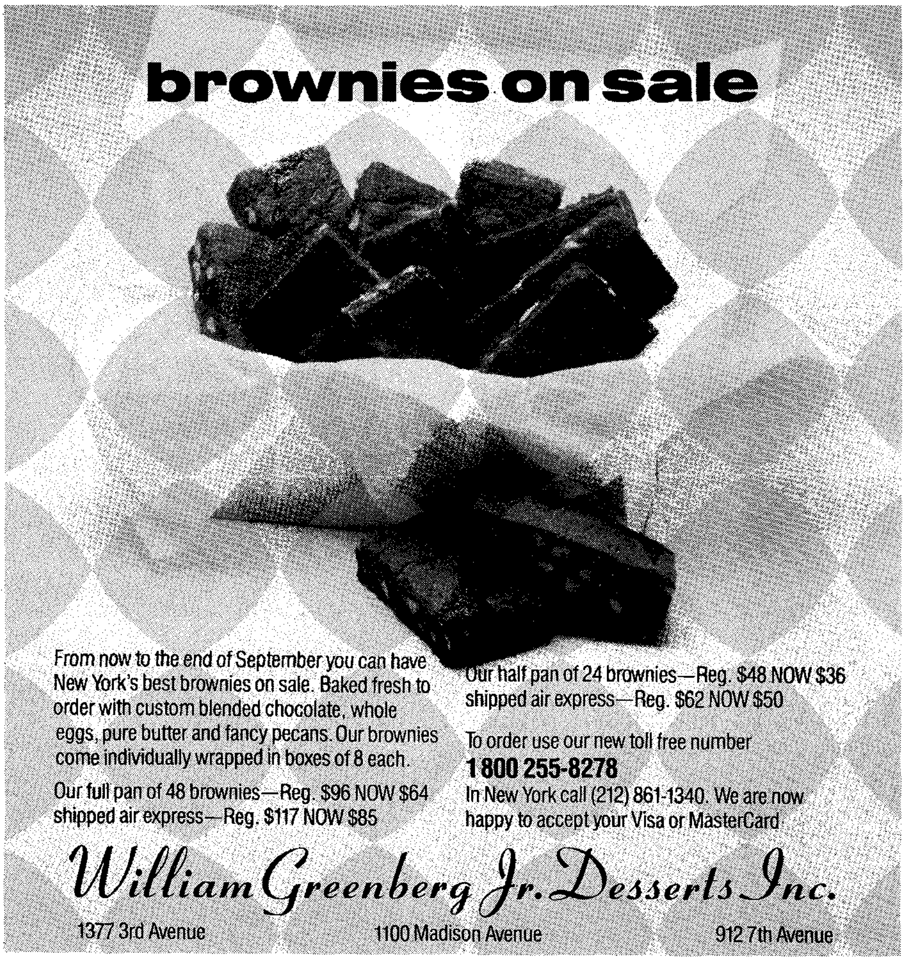

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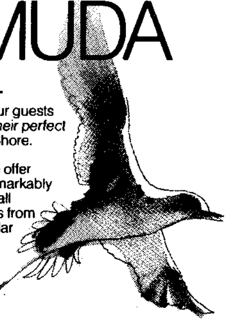

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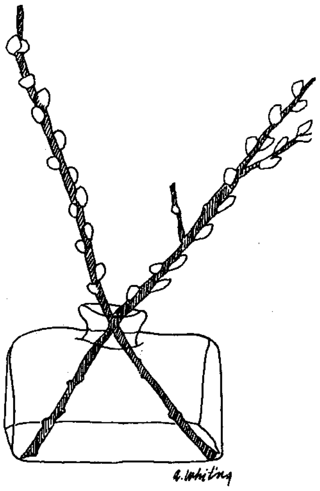
approval of an open season on black males." A month later, a prominent New York black man, Benjamin Ward, stretching the rules concerning what members of an ethnic group are supposed to say about their own, took a different position on the declaration of an open season. Speaking at a meeting of the Black Journalists Association, he said, "Most of the crime in this city is by young blacks under thirty years of age." He said it again the next day, in a black Brooklyn church. On both occasions, he also said that the major victims of young black criminals were other blacks. "That's our dirty little secret," he said. It was not a big surprise for Ward to deliver himself of views that were both unconventional and impolitic, that kind of thing having been his specialty since he took over the police force, more than three and a half years ago. Certainly he has demonstrated that he can tell one black person from another. Last winter, when other police officers were making self-congratulatory statements about their having finally captured Larry Davis, Ward said that what he saw was "a frightened twenty-year-old." Early in 1985, after a member of the department's Emergency Service Unit killed Eleanor Bumpurs, an elderly black woman, in the course of an eviction proceeding, Ward said at a City Hall press conference, "I would not have killed her. Mrs. Bumpurs looked like my mother."



The response of other black leaders to Ward's comments this summer ranged from outrage to the rueful correction that black-on-black crime had been no secret at all within the black community. Bronx Councilman Wendell Foster made the point that blacks often dwell on in discussions of black crime: Why hadn't Ward mentioned that most of the figures in the municipal scandals were Jewish? However, an unidentified prominent black leader quoted in the *Amsterdam News* earlier this year had an explanation for the absence of blacks among those indicted for city-government corruption, and it had nothing to do with ethnic criminal tendencies or the absence of them. "We never got invited to the table when the pie was being divided up," he complained. "Candidly, Koch didn't even give us an equal opportunity to steal." A member of another local ethnic group made a similar complaint recently, but it had to do with old times. Reviewing a memoir by William O'Dwyer, New York's last Irish mayor, who left office in 1950, Michael O'Neill, a former editor of the *Daily News*, wrote, in the *Times Book Review*, "It's embarrassing: Whole carloads of politicians being hauled away in New York City's current scandals and not an Irish boss in the lot. . . . The Irish have been so stripped of power in the city they don't even get a chance to steal anymore."

As New Yorkers got used to having a full-time mayor again, it was too much for City Hall to hope that the local long-running corruption story would not move back into the headlines. On August 26th, the State Commission on Integrity in Government subpoenaed the hiring records of nineteen past and present Koch employees as part of an inquiry into the administration's ties to Democratic clubhouse bosses. Currently under way in federal court is the trial of two of the Mayor's trustiest political allies, Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi and former Brooklyn Democratic boss Meade Esposito, on charges of conspiracy, bribery, and "travel in the aid of racketeering," in connection with a scheme to win Navy contracts and favorable city leases for a Brooklyn company. As far as anyone knows, Biaggi's lawyer, Barry Slotnick, has no plans to try to confuse witnesses by filling the courtroom with other Italian-Americans. However, at the outset, one of Esposito's lawyers filed a motion calling for a new jury, on the ground that the government had excluded jurors with names ending in vowels and so had deprived the defendants of that perspective on the case. The prosecution's response was that the only juror whose challenge by the prosecution the lawyer had specified was Louis DeVito, a supervisor in the Sanitation Department. He pointed out that DeVito's union is a client of Biaggi's law firm and that the nonmanagement sanitation union has its printing done and buys its insurance from Esposito

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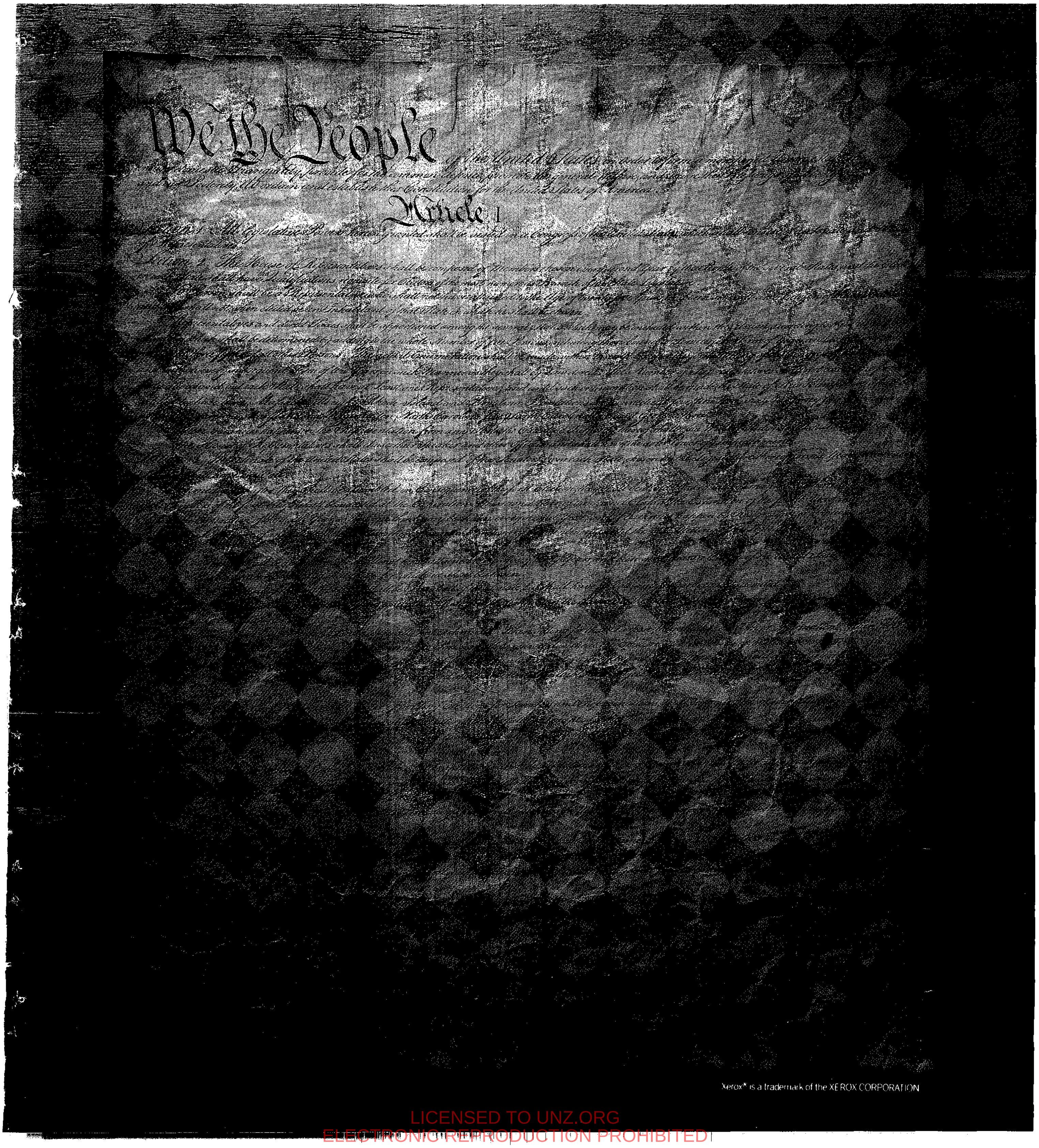

We the People

Article I

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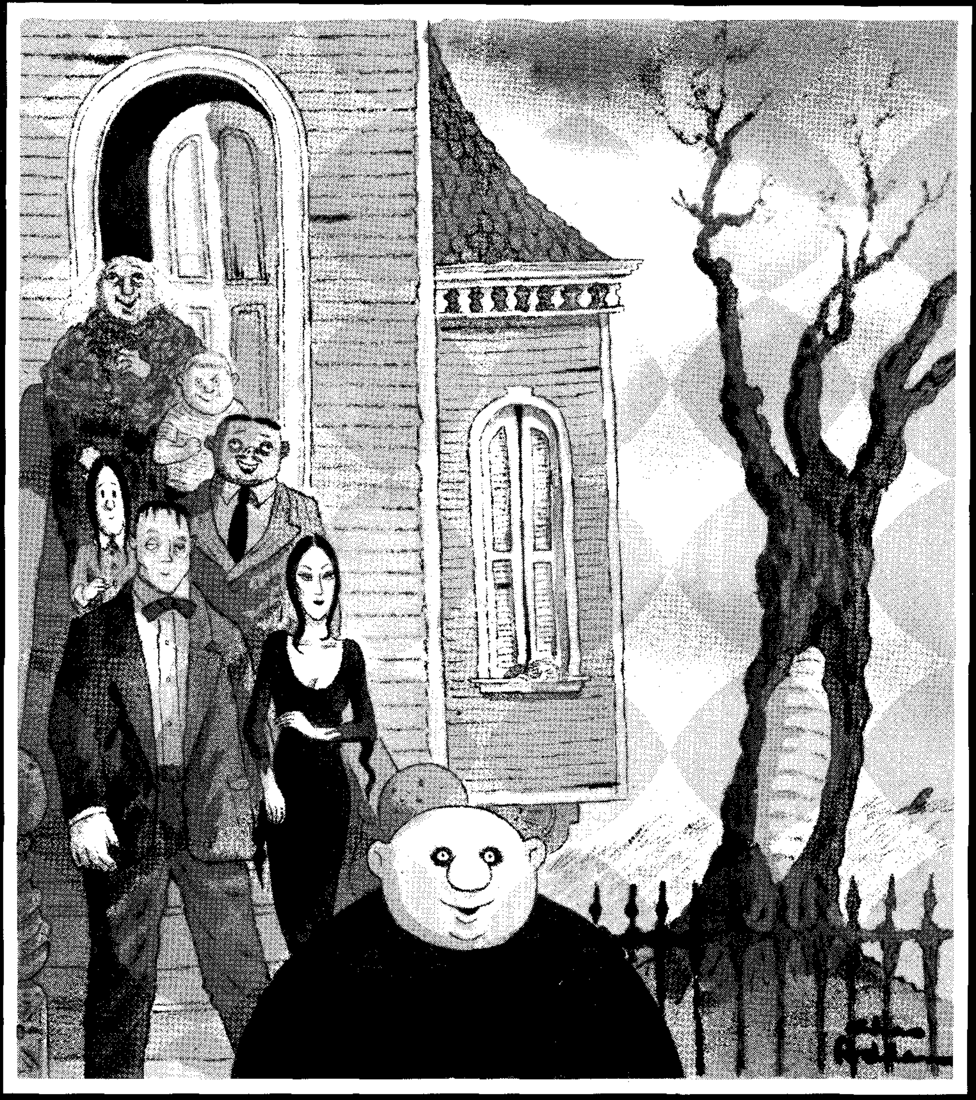

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—which would certainly have given the challenged juror another perspective on the case, though not necessarily an ethnic one.

KOCH, whose first book, "Mayor," was a best-seller, told reporters that he expected to cash in again by enlightening the public on another subject: dieting. Two weeks after he returned to work, word came of an altogether different literary project, one that he would undertake with a New Yorker, John Cardinal O'Connor. Countering the impression that the Irish are way out of things, O'Connor is, along with Cuomo and Koch, one of the three most powerful politicians—an Italian-American, a Jew, and an Irish-American—in what was once portrayed as a bubbling, seething melting pot. On August 23rd, it was announced that, at the Cardinal's suggestion, Koch and O'Connor would write a book together, called "His Eminence and Hizzoner."

A couple of days after the January, 1984, announcement that O'Connor had been chosen to head the New York Archdiocese, Koch, who tends to see all relationships, including those between church and state, from a personal point of view, told reporters, "I want to be his best friend." When this message was conveyed to O'Connor, he said, "I would like to believe that the Divine Lord is my best friend, seconded by our Blessed Mother, and I doubt Mayor Koch would assume priority over them." Nevertheless, after they met the two men did become good friends. Their coming collaboration might cause Vera, in "The Melting-Pot," once more to say happily, "Jew and Gentile." Koch, however, is not a strict observer of the customs of his religion. He goes to the synagogue only rarely and does not adhere to Jewish dietary laws. "I happen to love suckling pig," he said last month in discussing the deprivations of his new diet. When, in another medical emergency, in 1981, he choked at dinner in a restaurant, his press office put out the story that the offending food had been watercress, but it was widely understood that it had been a piece of pork. A couple of years later, referring to a City Hall administrative decision highly beneficial to a local Hasidic group, a *Times* reporter asked the Mayor, "Would you say that they brought home the bacon?" Koch suggested that since they were Hasidim that was not the way to put it. "It must have been watercress," he said—and burst out laughing.

In recent years, Koch has shown an increasing rapport with Catholic Church leaders. On a wall on the way into his office, there are five pictures of him with the Pope, four taken at a three-minute meeting during the 1979 papal visit here, when, in pouring rain, he gave the Pontiff a medal, and one taken at the Vatican in 1985, when—at his own request, and at the city's expense—he accompanied O'Connor to the ceremony installing O'Connor as a cardinal. There is also a picture on that wall of the Cardinal and the Mayor at the Vatican. In two of the windows in the Mayor's office, near the desk, where, for the second time, the laminated motto is derived from a Catholic hymn, there are large photographs of the Mayor and O'Connor together at local ethnic parades. Koch's office contains pictures of no other religious figures.

In "His Eminence and Hizzoner" the Cardinal and the Mayor plan to write alternate chapters on subjects on which they sharply disagree, such as abortion, birth control, and gay rights, with the proceeds to go, half and half, to their chosen charities. By the day after the announcement, they had signed a contract, with the Hearst Corporation, that assured them a two-hundred-thousand-dollar advance, and there were some predictions that the book might make a million dollars. Not everyone was convinced that it would be a smash. "Can a couple of bachelors over sixty argue in print about sexual matters and public policy, and entice enough readers to earn a million dollars for charity?" asked Bill Reel, a Catholic writer for the *News*, in a column headed "THE BOOK'S A KOCHAMAMIE IDEA." The Mayor had no doubt that they could. "Nothing sells like controversy," he said. "I'll also throw in a recipe."

—ANDY LOGAN

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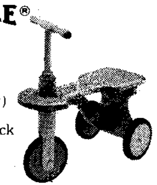

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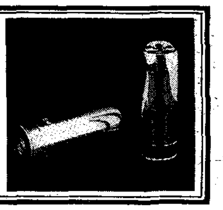

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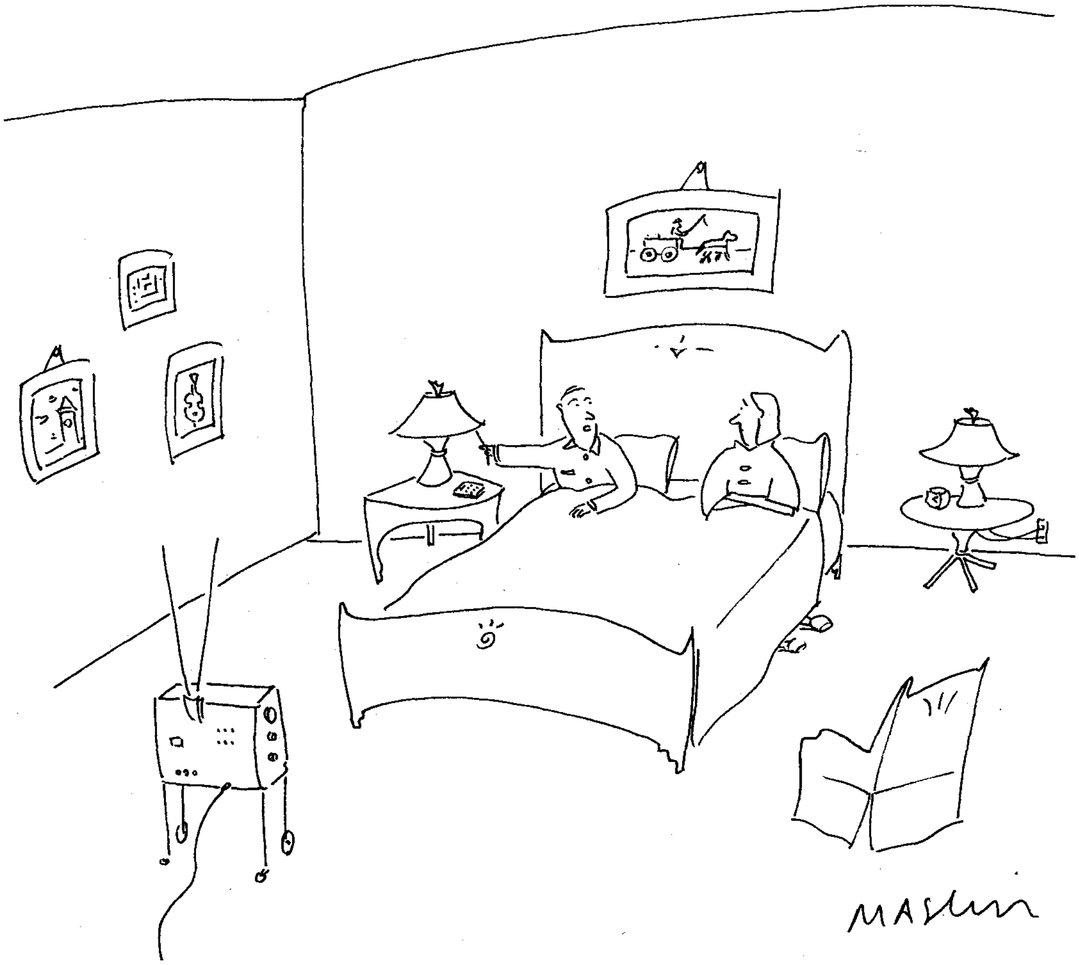
WHEN eyeglasses became available in our culture (at some point in the late thirteenth or early fourteenth century), the basic conditions of personal recognition and of disguise altered. The development of timepieces compact enough to be acquired and carried by an ordinary individual not only transformed our whole sense of temporality, of punctuality or tardiness, but, for subsequent centuries, deepened the divisions between the town, where daily existence was now chronometric, and the country, where the use of the watch spread only much later. Chamber music—the quartet in particular—has moved, since the eighteenth century, close to the very center of musical invention, theory, and execution. But the inception and evolution of the form depended on certain very specific economies of domestic space and on equally specific circumstances of social patronage, semi-amateur virtuosity, and the architectural mastering of acoustic demands.

The nature and the consequences of such changes may go far deeper than the external ebb and tide of dynastic struggles, so-called decisive battles (they hardly ever are), or political crises. It is difficult to think of any overtly political-historical metamorphosis as significant as that brought on by the gradual atrophy—historians of perception locate it in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—of the sense of smell, by which antique and medieval urban man had directed his recognitions, and its replacement by essentially visual definitions and classifications of the material world. It is not, one dares conjecture, the fatuous, vacant barbarism of nuclear armaments which is transforming our way of life; it is the slow, often agonizingly laborious dissemination and enactment of the notion that one ought not to maltreat women, children, animals, or even the flora on a polluted planet. By how much the invention of the zipper or of aspirin has outweighed the meaning of Waterloo.

It is the documentation, the analysis of these deep-seated tectonic movements in human sensibility and society, the perception and illustration of these motions of "continental drift" in the foundation of culture that fascinate the more venturesome younger historians. Such analysis draws on material and methods that radically transcend traditional techniques and specializations in professional history. Following the example set by the *Annales* school of "historians of mentality" in France, the "new historian" will enlist anthropology, sociology, economics, social psychology (often more or less vividly Freudian) in his explorations of the inner anatomy of a past society. But he will also make use of the history of the arts, of literature, of architecture, of medicine. He will want to know what men and women in a medieval or Renaissance or baroque dwelling ate, how they reared their children, what they thought they were perceiving when they looked at a painting, how they experienced changes in their own physiology, what the economics, the rituals, and the symbolism of their manners of dying and burial were. He will, at the boldest, seek evidence from what has been recorded of their dreams, of the clandestine imaginings incised in their slang, in their humor, in what we can reconstrue of their taboos and saturnalias. Horticulture, housecleaning, stranded whales may mean as much—indeed, far more—than peace treaties.

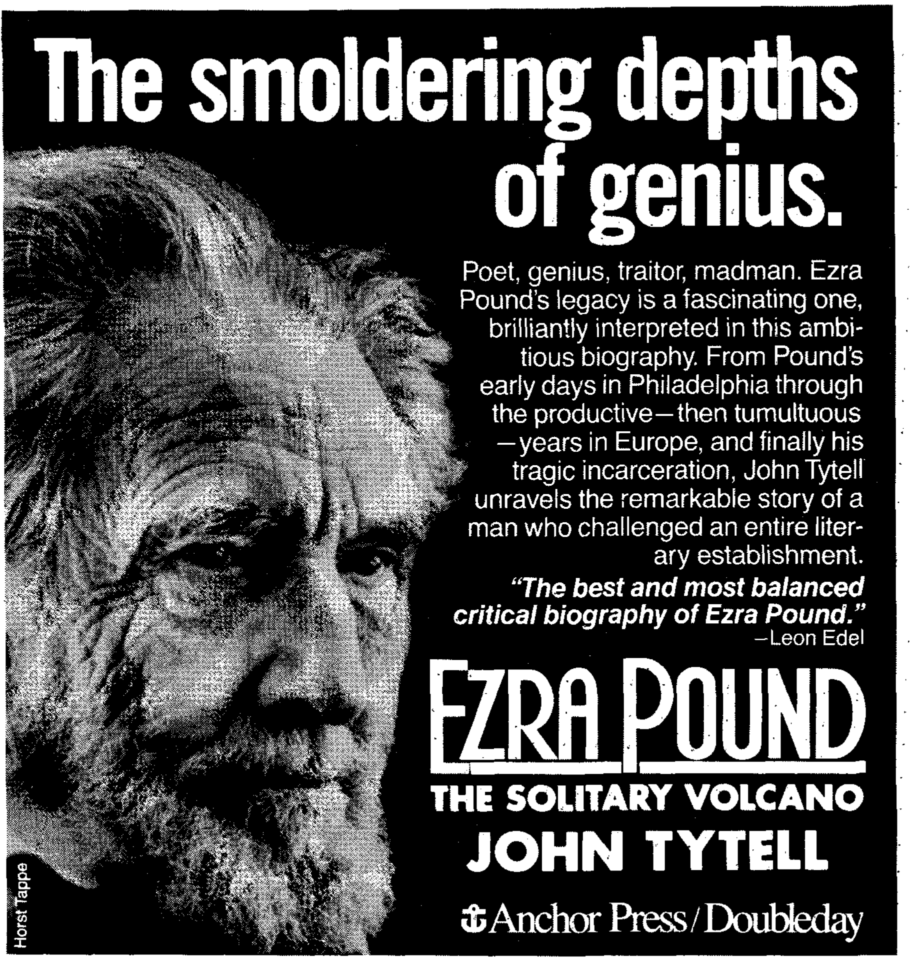
Both sets—the tulip, the broom, the beached leviathan on the one hand, the Treaty of Nijmegen on the other—figure in Simon Schama's teeming "The Embarrassment of Riches: An Interpretation of Dutch Culture in the Golden Age" (Knopf; $39.95). But it is the tulips rather than the treaties which most engage Professor Schama's panoptic zest. It is the "mysteries of the temperament" of



"*Until the morning news then, good night.*"

Dutch life—domestic, aesthetic, psychological, self-reflecting—that “this book of essays” would capture. The elusive quarry is that of “the collective conscience,” the prodigal array of shared beliefs and attitudes that lock a community into what cultural anthropology and structuralism designate as “relational patterns.” To such a quest the cookbook, the stock-market listing, the erotic poem, the apothecary’s prescription, and the Sunday sermon are as vital as—indeed, often more vital than—the parliamentary decree or the chronicle of naval warfare. Schama speaks of himself as a “magpie,” and that image is not altogether impertinent to his darting, merry appetite for the glinting trifle. But what underwrites his tome, the title being itself a gentle mock, is not only a prodigious archival and analytic industry but a subtle, questioning sensibility, at once passionately and uneasily in pursuit of those deep currents that shape the surface of historical experience.

The unifying theme is the attempt of the Dutch communities of the Golden Age to reconcile fundamentally Calvinist ideals of abstention, humility, and theological angst with the material wealth and the political triumphs of the Netherlands and its empire overseas. On the one hand, the land had to be wrested from the sea and safeguarded against repeated devastating inundations (such as those of 1726, 1728, 1740) by the construction of walls and dikes. On the other hand, the land thus reclaimed proved bounteously fertile, and the menacing sea became the highroad for Dutch commerce and naval victories. Schama movingly exemplifies the constant ambiguity of the political-psychic relations between water and earth when he shows the sense of mingled shock and pride left in Dutch remembrance by the deliberate breaking of the dikes in 1672, a sacrificial maneuver that saved the Republic from the invading armies of Louis XIV and the vengeful fleet of Britain. But this encompassing duality of sea and land, adventurous mobility and burgher rootedness, salt and sweet, was at work at a level far more basic even than that of public national action. Schama tells, in loving, almost uncontrolled detail, of the role of water in the famous cleanliness of Dutch interiors; of the obvious yet symbolically charged interplay of earth and water in Dutch horticulture; of the perennial rumors of the sadistic use of water in the punishment cells of



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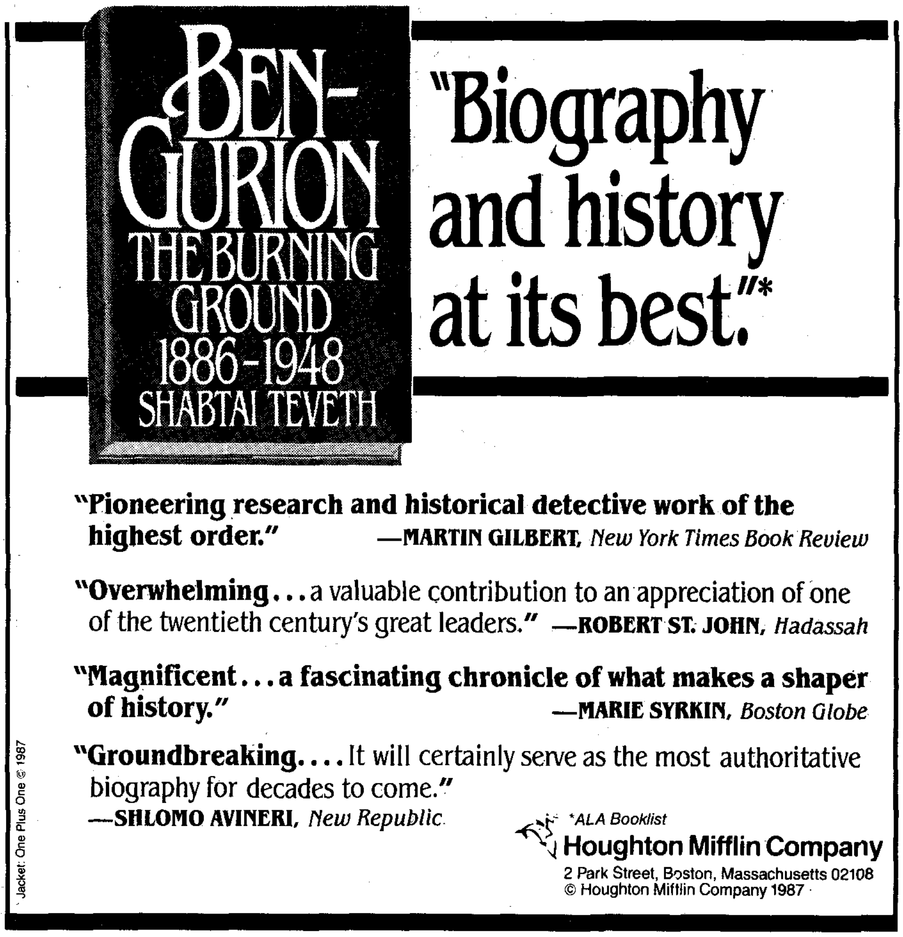

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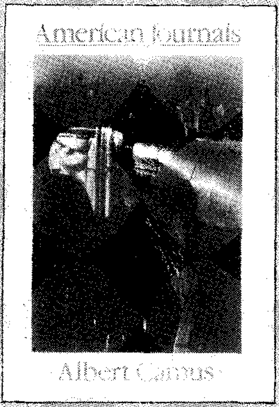

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Amsterdam prisons. A truly dazzling chapter sets out the iconographic, economic, and scientific significations of the beaching of whales on Dutch strands. Here was a leviathan out of the Book of Job drawn to and mastered by the ramparts of Holland; here was a captive and, as it were, self-surrendering font of oil and ambergris, of scientific investigation and artistic depiction. But here, equally—and out of the tale of Jonah—was a portent, presumably ominous, of the ruin that might overtake the riches, the confident mundanity, of the new Nineveh.

Attempts to reconcile the scriptural precedent and prevision with the actual tenor of public and private fortune reach into every fibre of Dutch culture. Delivered by a merciful and patriotic God out of the hands of the Pharaohs—i.e. the Spaniards—the Dutch deemed themselves Hebrews reborn, and chosen children of the Covenant. Simultaneously, their poets, painters, historians, and public rhetoricians affirmed that seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Holland was the direct reincarnation of that ancient Batavia which, in the name of familial virtue and republican liberty, had successfully defied the yoke of the Roman legions. Schama investigates the emblematic schemes on public buildings, the language of the clerics and the politicians, the paintings of Rembrandt and of lesser masters, the educational-didactic terminology of Dutch schooling to delineate just how the twofold, inherently ambiguous ideal of Zion and of Batavia, of the City on the Hill (analogies with Puritan America are evident) and of heroic Batavian republicanism, could be held in creative balance. The polarities—a more exact but pretentious term would be "the dialectical relations"—proliferate: godliness and greed, parsimony and ostentation, housewives and hussies, herring and cheese, the matchless light in a Vermeer and the thick darkness in a Rembrandt, the play of fire in tobacco and that of water in the notorious Dutch proclivity for drink. The questions "How to be strong yet pure? How to be rich yet humble?" were in essence insoluble. A "conscientious magistracy," a clerisy in the ultimate service of the state, labored to furnish an ethical and symbolic modus vivendi with materialism.

> Commodities that brought fortune, like the carcass of the whale, could be made to intimate an offsetting misfortune. Its bulky substance could even evoke the insubstantiality of worldly prosperity through scriptural and folk-lore associations as well as the torments of sin and redemptive penance. The food on which humanist morality might choke could be digested into a repertoire of ethical connotations, visual and poetic. It could work for, rather than against, the regulations of a dietary regimen in which moderation was the norm and superfluity and meagerness were both frowned on. Or it could be consumed in festive rejoicing according to the rites and customs that exonerated it from suspicions of wanton self-indulgence.

But, precisely like the dikes, these endeavors at stylized equilibrium were persistently unstable. The Dutch churches both accepted and rejected the particular pragmatic accommodations on which Dutch commerce, colonialism, banking, and quotidian opulence depended. The very insistence of Calvinism "on the dangers and lures of money" was "best served by becoming an accomplice, rather than an antagonist, of the regulators." In the last analysis, the truest image is that of the amphibian, the creature at once marvellously adapted to contrary worlds and dual.

Those who were compelled to too stringent a unity, those whom art or thought carried to extremes of uncompromising consequence, paid dearly. There have been few solitudes more sombre (and Schama does not consider this theme adequately) than those of the later Rembrandt or of Spinoza. Joost van Vondel was the most considerable of Dutch poets but he is no Milton. In the center of the Dutch economic, institutional, and, as far as painting goes, aesthetic success story lay a necessary bias toward not rocking the boat. The tolerance of dissent, of refugees or heretics from abroad, was, by contemporary European standards, preëminent. But it most assuredly had its cautionary limits. In respect to the reception of the Jews, and the safety accorded them in the Amsterdam or the Leiden of the Golden Age, Simon Schama's acute analysis will dispel illusions. Nothing could be allowed to tear "the retaining membrane" within which pulsed the complex life of the amphibian body politic. Moses' anger might be one thing; the eighteen karats' worth of the golden calf was another.

This book, whose gray type, mean, uneven margins, and profuse but pallid illustrations closely reflect the theme of "embarrassed riches," abounds in virtuoso set pieces and vignettes. Professor Schama is dazzling on the matter of the bourse and the speculative "tulip mania" of 1636-37; his structuralist readings of the practical and symbolic relations between street and garden, between the muffled interiors and the bustling courtyards of Dutch dwellings, are memorable. So is his account of the obsessive yet often ritualized gluttony of Dutch fare and feasts between the sixteen-sixties and the mid-eighteenth century, the epicurean zenith of the Netherlands' *imperium mundi*. The work closes on a notable pirouette as Schama correlates the end of the Dutch Golden Age with the boring into the timber piles of the dikes of a new enemy, the pileworm.

What does it all add up to? It is to Simon Schama's honor that he himself is sharply aware of and uneasy with this question. Does a vast accumulation of anecdote, graphic detail, and social-psychological documentation give "new history" a clue to the authentic fabric of the past? Can the techniques of structural anthropology and "psychohistory" get nearer to the core of historical actions and attitudes than the traditional methods of the diplomatic, economic, political historians do? Professor Schama would, for his part, give only a modest, tentative reply. For one thing—but it is of the essence—our understanding of the genesis of language and of linguistic change is far too rudimentary to afford us any confident access to what it was that men and women, diaries and documents, poems and tracts from the past, meant or chose not to mean by the words and the grammar that they employed. Nonetheless, the kind of total historicism practiced by Schama and the other new archeologists of sensibility is not only entertaining, in the most serious sense; it teaches us, as classical academic historians frequently fail to do, that every historical event, political move, economic development, or social struggle is ineluctably inwoven with elements and energies of daily common and private existence—elements and energies that, in turn, extend roots into the subconscious of the individual.

A tighter, even better book lodges in this compendium. The exceedingly difficult but inescapable question of entropy, of the possibility that a given ethnic composite and culture has within it only a limited potential for greatness (consider the history of the Netherlands after the Golden Age), that there are phenomena of the thermodynamic "running down" in communal destinies, is scarcely touched on. And so eminent a young historian need not indulge in the kind of catch-

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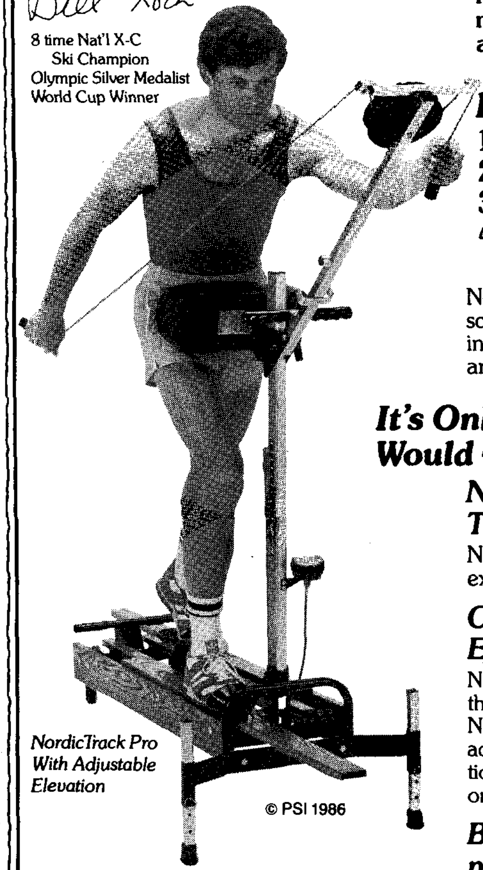

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penny, crowd-caressing tactics that makes him add "(whatever that is)" in respect of a major theorem by a Dutch public man. Time and again, the reader will suffer breathlessness at inventories of citations, illustrations, allusions where one or two incisive markers would have made the point, and made it stronger.

Such reservations should not, however, detract from one's sense of a formidable achievement. Schama's often dramatic realization of the "visceral tribal allegiance, complete with totems and dependent on rich and intricately connected sets of symbolic expressions" which generates not only a church membership or a football following but the highest representative acts and forms in a culture will stimulate both his fellow-historians and the general reader. The latter may find himself alternatively skimming and quarrying. The magpie visitation of so large a heap is nearly inevitable. No matter; for here, as in one of those Rotterdam fish markets or Bruegel-like scenes of rural revelry which this book evokes, dwells on, anatomizes, there is God's plenty.

—George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Mum and Mr. Armitage, by Beryl Bainbridge (McGraw-Hill; $15.95). A dozen mock-morbid short stories, about persistent nemeses and minor apotheoses. In the title story, a sawdust-stuffed stoat proves to be no less aggressive than an Alsatian watchdog; in "Through a Glass Brightly," a wife-stealer returns to East Croydon wearing her guilt on her sleeve. Children are at least as unloving and unlovable as their elders. In "Perhaps You Should Talk to Someone," a teen-age girl's verbal responses range from "Sort of" to "Nothing much;" in "People for Lunch," a teen-age boy's responses are somewhat less quotable. The best stories may be "Beggars Would Ride," about two third-rate tennis players who unwittingly reënact a bit of seventeenth-century witchcraft, and "Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie," in which applause resuscitates Tinkerbell, and Tinkerbell alone.

Palomino, by Elizabeth Jolley (Persea; $15.95). Schiele's tortuous "Freundschaft" adorns the dust jacket, but Schiller's "Ode to Joy" is

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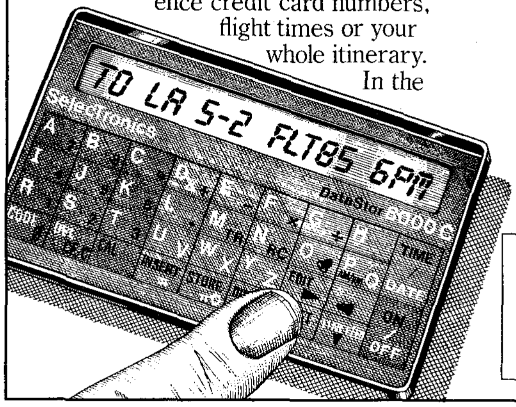

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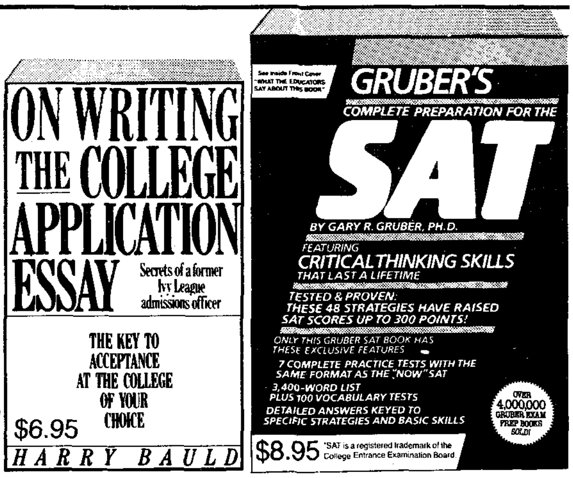
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the dominant motif throughout this gentle, lyrical story of two women's romantic idyll, set on an Australian farm. The women are far apart in years, but they engage in a sort of tender solicitude that compensates for the younger woman's naïveté, which has her mistaking the older woman's wisdom for innocence. Incest and worse are revealed in tentative confessions, and a disagreeable tenant tries their patience; but Elizabeth Jolley emphasizes the harmony the two women sustain. At one point, the older woman likens the four seasons to a string quartet, and she likens her current joy to a moment, years before, in Scotland, with her father: "Suddenly in a parting in the wet grass we came upon a lark's nest with four eggs. It was a secret perfection."

GENERAL

Spillville, text by Patricia Hampl, engravings by Steven Sorman (Milkweed; $25 cloth, $9.95 paper). In 1893, Antonín Dvořák and his family summered in Spillville, Iowa, a new settlement of Czech immigrants. For the Czech composer, who had been teaching in New York City, the summer promised a new view of America, a cure for his homesickness, and a chance to enjoy the countryside. All went well until September, when a neighbor told the Dvořáks that their fifteen-year-old daughter, Otilka, had been walking out with a Kickapoo chief, Big Moon. The Dvořáks packed and were gone overnight. In this little volume a poet and an artist evoke 1893, the composer's response to place and people, and the awe and affection the settlers feel for their famous countryman. The hamlet has shrunk to the edge of nonexistence, but some of its inhabitants retain mementos of the Dvořáks' summer. Ms. Hampl's prose is enchanting; Mr. Sorman's art is elegant. Neither tries to inflate the episode, and their understatement is telling.

Embattled Courage: The Experience of Combat in the American Civil War, by Gerald F. Linderman (Free Press; $22.50). Mr. Linderman, a professor of history at the University of Michigan, persuasively proposes here that the Civil War was both the last war fought under the banner of chivalry and the first war to herald the modern conviction that winning is all. The soldiers of the Union and

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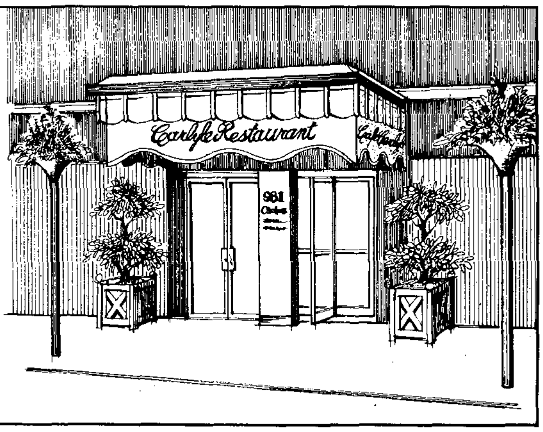

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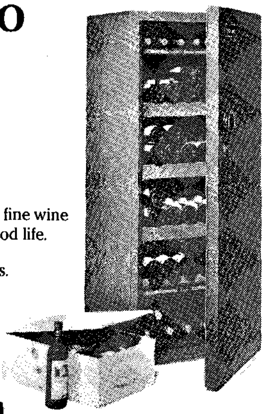

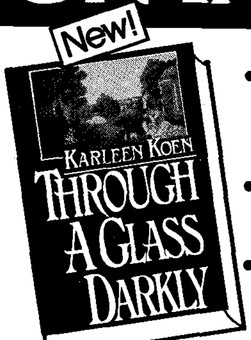

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of the Confederacy alike marched into the opening battles imbued with the golden ideals of bravery and honor, he tells us, and emerged disenchanted, embittered, and sick at heart. In powerful firsthand reports he more than demonstrates his thesis; then he turns us around again with a final irony. A generation after the war, he says, nostalgia and sentimentalism revived. In 1890, General Sherman, one of the pioneers of total war, addressed a congress of veterans: "Now my friends, there is nothing in life more beautiful than the soldier." Photographs, notes, and a comprehensive bibliography.

JACKDAW CAKE, by Norman Lewis (Penguin; $6.95 paper). Peace reigned once a week in the Welsh household of Norman Lewis's three crazy aunts, during a ritual, described in the opening pages, that lends this rare memoir its title. It is a ritual that may come to mind about a hundred pages later, when Norman Lewis finds himself, at a wedding feast in Aden in 1938, treated to a great bustard baked in clay. In between, his daft cousin launches matchboxes with a golf club and quarrels with an imaginary partner; his father, a chemist and a Spiritualist medium, dispenses a bogus elixir and conveys garbled messages from the Other Side; and his Sicilian in-laws, impressed by his father's garden aviary, install a dozen Rhode Island Reds in the Bokhara-carpeted bedroom of their Bloomsbury flat. Norman Lewis and his wife travelled widely together, in Wales, Spain, and Cuba, before Britain entered the Second World War. Then they travelled separately: she to Guatemala, and he, with the Intelligence Corps, to North Africa, where eccentrics were legion, and sometimes had to be obeyed. Toward the end of the war, a car accident left Mr. Lewis unable to stand still without losing his balance. Since then, he has kept moving; in an epilogue he mentions Cambodia, Burma, and Brazil. "Jackdaw Cake" is his eighteenth book.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

GATSBY'S VINEYARD, by A. E. Maxwell (Doubleday; $15.95). The vineyard in question is in the Napa Valley and is owned by Sandra Autry, a beautiful woman surrounded by ravening creditors. Sandra's small vineyard produces a superlative and profitable cabernet sauvignon, but she has been pushed to the edge of bankruptcy by a streak of suspiciously bad luck, culminating in a fire in a restaurant she also operates. That is the moment when her old friend and sometime lover, the independently wealthy trouble-shooter called Fiddler, arrives on the scene, accompanied by his ex-wife, Fiora. As readers of previous Fiddler books will remember, he supplies the muscle, while she contributes her impressive financial acumen, bolstered by a touch of second sight. All their talents are stretched to the fullest here, but they do find time to demonstrate their mastery of the good life à la Southern California as well as the author's knowledge of the winemaking business.

SEE CHARLIE RUN, by Brian Freemantle (Bantam; $15.95). K.G.B. killer Yuri Kozlov is planning to defect to the C.I.A., and he has persuaded his wife, also an agent, to go over to the British, on the ground that tensions between the nominal allies will force them to keep their promises to the defecting couple. That, at any rate, is the script handed to Charlie Muffin, an obstreperous British spy whose previous exploits have made him the target of his own agency's bureaucracy and of the wrath of American Intelligence. Charlie's task is to collect Irena Kozlov and prevent the Americans from kidnapping her while, if possible, he swipes Yuri for his own side. Charlie is able to cope with the duplicity of the Americans, but even he cannot easily fathom Kozlov's multilevel trickery. The finale, in which Charlie gets even with everyone, is a symphony of betrayal that would have made Machiavelli's head spin.

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[*Headline in the Hanover* (*Pa.*) *Evening Sun*]

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[*From the Richmond Times Dispatch*]

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